

with



Selections

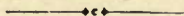
of

American

Humour

in

Prose and Verse.



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PREFACE.

IN making a selection from the humorous writers of America, I have been guided mainly by my own likes and dislikes. Hence this volume lays no claim to being either exhaustive or representative. I believe, however, that some of the very choicest bits of Yankee humour will be found in these pages, though I have been compelled to omit much that I should have liked to include.

To all who love to "laugh and grow fat," to the happy thousands to whom it is given as a priceless boon to be able to see the ridiculous aspect of affairs, I present this book with the greatest confidence that it will be heartily welcomed and enjoyed.

For those to whom exaggeration and the grotesque have no charm, I have only one word of advice: Don't attempt to understand these pages. You won't succeed, and you will only end by being disappointed with the work, and angry with me for compiling it.

It is not necessary for me to say anything as to the strong method many of my authors have of calling a spade

a spade. I have not laid an impious hand upon what some might call their impiety—I have not done so because I firmly believe their apparent lack of reverence is only a matter of form—in spirit these men are more earnest and nearer the deepest truths of life than are many people of “nice sentiments but nasty thoughts.”

I have to acknowledge with thanks the courtesy of Messrs. Chatto and Windus, by whose permission I have been able to use extracts from Mark Twain’s “A Tramp Abroad” and “The Stolen White Elephant.”

LADYWELL,

May, 1883.

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SELECTIONS OF AMERICAN HUMOUR.

Mark Twain.

[Mark Twain, whose real name is Samuel Langhorne Clemens, was born 1835. He is a prolific writer; his best-known works are "The Innocents Abroad" and "The Innocents at Home," "The New Pilgrim's Progress," "Roughing It," and "A Tramp Abroad." Besides these he has written a great many short stories and sketches.]

THE ROMAN GUIDE.

From "The Innocents Abroad."

I WISH to say one word about Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. I used to worship the mighty genius of Michael Angelo—that man who was great in poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture—great in everything he undertook. But I do not want Michael Angelo for breakfast—for luncheon—for dinner—for tea—for supper—for between meals. I like a change occasionally. In Genoa he designed everything; in Milan he or his pupils designed everything; he designed the Lake of Como; in Padua, Verona, Venice, Bologna, who did we ever hear of, from guides, but Michael Angelo? In Florence he painted everything, designed everything, nearly, and what he did not design he used to sit on a favourite stone and look at, and they showed us the stone. In Pisa he designed everything but the old shot-tower, and they would have attributed that to him if it had not been so awfully out of the perpendicular. He designed the piers of Leghorn and the custom-house regulations of Civita Vecchia. But here—here it is frightful. He designed St. Peter's; he designed the Pope; he designed the Pantheon, the uniform of the Pope's soldiers, the

Tiber, the Vatican, the Coliseum, the Capitol, the Tarpeian Rock, the Barberini Palace, St. John Lateran, the Campagna, the Appian Way, the Seven Hills, the Baths of Caracalla, the Claudian Aqueduct, the Cloaca Maxima—the eternal bore designed the Eternal City, and, unless all men and books do lie, he painted everything in it! Dan said the other day to the guide, “Enough, enough, enough! Say no more! Lump the whole thing! say that the Creator made Italy from designs by Michael Angelo!”

I never felt so fervently thankful, so soothed, so tranquil, so filled with a blessed peace, as I did yesterday, when I learned that Michael Angelo was dead.

But we have taken it out of this guide. He has marched us through miles of pictures and sculpture in the vast corridors of the Vatican; and through miles of pictures and sculpture in twenty other places; he has shown us the great picture in the Sistine Chapel, and frescoes enough to fresco the heavens—pretty much all done by Michael Angelo. So with him we have played that game which has vanquished so many guides for us—imbecility and idiotic questions. These creatures never suspect; they have no idea of a sarcasm.

He shows us a figure and says: “Statoo bronzo.” (Bronze statue.) We look at it indifferently, and the doctor asks: “By Michael Angelo?” “No—not know who.” Then he shows us the ancient Roman Forum. The doctor asks: “Michael Angelo?” A stare from the guide. “No—thousan’ year before he is born!” Then an Egyptian obelisk. Again: “Michael Angelo?” “Oh, *mon Dieu*, gentlemen! Zis is *two* thousan’ year before he is born!”

He grows so tired of that unceasing question sometimes, that he dreads to show us anything at all. The wretch has tried all the ways he can think of to make us comprehend that Michael Angelo is only responsible for the creation of a *part* of the world, but somehow he has not succeeded yet. Relief for overtaxed eyes and brain from study and sight-seeing is necessary, or we shall become idiotic sure enough. Therefore this guide must continue to suffer. If he does not enjoy it so much the worse for him. We do.

In this place I may as well jot down a chapter concerning

those necessary nuisances, European guides. Many a man has wished in his heart he could do without his guide, but, knowing he could not, has wished he could get some amusement out of him as a remuneration for the affliction of his society. We accomplished this latter matter, and if our experience can be made useful to others they are welcome to it.

Guides know about enough English to tangle everything up so that a man can make neither head nor tail of it. They know their story by heart—the history of every statue, painting, cathedral, or other wonder they show you. They know it and tell it as a parrot would—and if you interrupt, and throw them off the track, they have to go back and begin over again. All their lives long they are employed in showing strange things to foreigners and listening to their bursts of admiration. It is human nature to take delight in exciting admiration. It is what prompts children to say “smart” things, and do absurd ones, and in other ways “show off” when company is present. It is what makes gossips turn out in rain and storm to go and be the first to tell a startling bit of news. Think, then, what a passion it becomes with a guide whose privilege it is every day to show to strangers wonders that throw them into perfect ecstasies of admiration! He gets so that he could not by any possibility live in a soberer atmosphere. After we discovered this, we *never* went into ecstasies any more—we never admired anything—we never showed any but impassible faces and stupid indifference in the presence of the sublimest wonders a guide had to display. We had found their weak point. We have made good use of it ever since. We have made some of those people savage at times, but we have never lost our own serenity.

The doctor asks the questions generally, because he can keep his countenance, and look more like an inspired idiot, and throw more imbecility into the tone of his voice than any man that lives. It comes natural to him.

The guides in Genoa are delighted to secure an American party, because Americans so much wonder, and deal so much in sentiment and emotion before any relic of Columbus. Our guide there fidgeted about as if he had swallowed a spring mattress. He was full of animation—full of impatience. He said—

"Come wis me, genteelmen!—come! I show you ze letter writing by Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!—write it wis his own hand!—come!"

He took us to the municipal palace. After much impressive fumbling of keys and opening of locks, the stained and aged document was spread before us. The guide's eyes sparkled. He danced about us and tapped the parchment with his finger.

"What I tell you, genteelmen! Is it not so? See! handwriting Christopher Colombo!—write it himself!"

We looked indifferent—unconcerned. The doctor examined the document very deliberately, during a painful pause.—Then he said, without any show of interest—

"Ah—Ferguson—what—what did you say was the name of the party who wrote this?"

"Christopher Colombo! ze great Christopher Colombo!"

Another deliberate examination.

"Ah—did he write it himself, or—or how?"

"He write it himself!—Christopher Colombo!—he's own handwriting, write by himself!"

Then the doctor laid the document down and said—

"Why, I have seen boys in America only fourteen years old that could write better than that."

"But zis is ze great Christo——"

"I don't care who it is! It's the worst writing I ever saw. Now you mustn't think you can impose on us because we are strangers. We are not fools, by a good deal. If you have got any specimens of penmanship of real merit, trot them out!—and if you haven't drive on!"

We drove on. The guide was considerably shaken up, but he made one more venture. He had something which he thought would overcome us. He said—

"Ah, genteelmen, you come wis me! I show you beautiful, O, magnificent bust Christopher Colombo!—splendid, grand, magnificent!"

He brought us before the beautiful bust—for it *was* beautiful—and sprang back and struck an attitude.

"Ah, look, genteelmen!—beautiful, grand,—bust Christopher Colombo!—beautiful bust, beautiful pedestal!"

The doctor put up his eye-glass—procured for such occasions.

“Ah—what did you say this gentleman’s name was?”

“Christopher Colombo!—ze great Christopher Colombo!”

“Christopher Colombo—the great Christopher Colombo.

Well, what did *he* do?”

“Discover America!—discover America. Oh, ze devil!”

“Discover America. No—that statement will hardly wash.

We are just from America ourselves. We heard nothing about it.

Christopher Colombo—pleasant name—is—is he dead?”

“Oh, corpo di Baccho!—three hundred year!”

“What did he die of?”

“I do not know!—I cannot tell.”

“Small-pox, think?”

“I do not know, genteelmen!—I do not know *what* he die of!”

“Measles, likely?”

“Maybe—maybe—I do *not* know—I think he die of some things.”

“Parents living?”

“Im-posseeble!”

“Ah—which is the bust and which is the pedestal?”

“Santa Maria!—*zis* ze bust!—*zis* ze pedestal!”

“Ah, I see, I see—happy combination—very happy combination, indeed. Is—is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?”

That joke was lost on the foreigner—guides cannot master the subtleties of the American joke.

We have made it interesting to this Roman guide. Yesterday we spent three or four hours in the Vatican again, that wonderful world of curiosities. We came very near expressing interest sometimes—even admiration—it was very hard to keep from it. We succeeded though. Nobody else ever did in the Vatican museums. The guide was bewildered—non-plussed. He walked his legs off, nearly, hunting up extraordinary things, and exhausted all his ingenuity on us, but it was a failure; we never showed any interest in anything. He had reserved what he considered to be his greatest wonder till the last—a royal Egyptian mummy, the best preserved in the world, perhaps. He took us there. He felt so

sure this time that some of his old enthusiasm came back to him—

“See, genteelmen!—Mummy! Mummy!”

The eye-glass came up as calmly, as deliberately as ever.

“Ah—Ferguson—what did I understand you to say the gentleman’s name was?”

“Name?—he got no name!—Mummy!—’Gyptian mummy!”

“Yes, yes. Born here?”

“No! ’*Gyptian* mummy!”

“Ah, just so. Frenchman, I presume?”

“No!—*not* Frenchman, not Roman!—born in Egypta!”

“Born in Egypta. Never heard of Egypta before. Foreign locality, likely. Mummy—mummy. How calm he is—how self-possessed. Is, ah—is he dead?”

“Oh, *sacré bleu*, been dead three thousan’ year!”

The doctor turned on him savagely—

“Here, now, what do you mean by such conduct as this! Playing us for Chinamen because we are strangers and trying to learn! Trying to impose your vile secondhand carcasses on *us*!—thunder and lightning, I’ve a notion to—to—if you’ve got a nice *fresh* corpse, fetch him out!—or by George we’ll brain you!”

We make it exceedingly interesting for this Frenchman. However, he paid us back, partly, without knowing it. He came to the hotel this morning to ask if we were up, and he endeavoured as well as he could to describe us, so that the landlord would know which persons he meant. He finished with the casual remark that we were lunatics. The observation was so innocent and so honest that it amounted to a very good thing for a guide to say.

There is one remark (already mentioned) which never yet has failed to disgust these guides. We use it always, when we can think of nothing else to say. After they have exhausted their enthusiasm pointing out to us and praising the beauties of some ancient bronze image or broken-legged statue, we look at it stupidly and in silence for five, ten, fifteen minutes—as long as we can hold out, in fact—and then ask—

“Is—is he dead?”

That conquers the serenest of them. It is not what they are looking for—especially a new guide. Our Roman Ferguson is the

most patient, unsuspecting, long-suffering subject we have had yet. We shall be sorry to part with him. We have enjoyed his society very much. We trust he has enjoyed ours, but we are harassed with doubts.

BLUCHER'S NOTE.

WE have had a bath in Milan, in a public bath-house. They were going to put all three of us in one bath-tub, but we objected. Each of us had an Italian farm on his back. We could have felt affluent if we had been officially surveyed and fenced in. We chose to have three bath-tubs, and large ones—tubs suited to the dignity of aristocrats who had real estate, and brought it with them. After we were stripped and had taken the first chilly dash, we discovered that haunting atrocity that has embittered our lives in so many cities and villages of Italy and France—there was no soap. I called. A woman answered, and I barely had time to throw myself against the door—she would have been in in another second. I said—

“Beware, woman! Go away from here—go away, now, or it will be the worse for you. I am an unprotected male, but I will preserve my honour at the peril of my life!”

These words must have frightened her, for she skurried away very fast.

Dan's voice rose on the ear—

“Oh, bring some soap, why don't you!”

The reply was Italian. Dan resumed—

“Soap, you know—soap. That is what I want—soap. S-o-a-p, soap; s-o-p-e, soap; s-o-u-p, soap. Hurry up! I don't know how you Irish spell it, but I want it. Spell it to suit yourself, but fetch it. I'm freezing.”

I heard the doctor say impressively—

“Dan, how often have we told you that these foreigners cannot understand English? Why will you not depend upon us? Why will you not tell *us* what you want, and let us ask for it in the language of the country? It would save us a great deal of the

humiliation your reprehensible ignorance causes us. I will address this person in his mother tongue: 'Here, cospetto! corpo di Bacco! Sacramento! Solferino!—Soap, you son of a gun!' Dan, if you would let *us* talk for you, you would never expose your ignorant vulgarity."

Even this fluent discharge of Italian did not bring the soap at once, but there was a good reason for it. There was not such an article about the establishment. It is my belief that there never had been. They had to send far up town, and to several different places, before they finally got it, so they said. We had to wait twenty or thirty minutes. The same thing had occurred the evening before at the hotel. I think I have divined the reason for this state of things at last. The English know how to travel comfortably, and they carry soap with them; other foreigners do not use the article.

At every hotel we stop at we always have to send out for soap, at the last moment, when we are grooming ourselves for dinner, and they put it in the bill along with the candles and other nonsense. In Marseilles they make half the fancy toilet soap we consume in America, but the Marseillaise only have a vague theoretical idea of its use, which they have obtained from books of travel, just as they have acquired an uncertain notion of clean shirts, and the peculiarities of the gorilla, and other curious matters. This reminds me of poor Blucher's note to the landlord in Paris:—

"PARIS, le 7 Juillet.

"*Monsieur le Landlord,—Sir: Pourquoi don't you mettez some savon in your bed-chambers? Est-ce que vous pensez I will steal it? La nuit passée you charged me pour deux chandelles when I only had one; hier vous avez charged me avec glace when I had none at all; tout les jours you are coming some fresh game or other on me, mais vous ne pouvez pas play this savon dodge on me twice. Savon is a necessary de la vie to anybody but a Frenchman, et je l'aurai hors de cet hôtel or make trouble. You hear me. Allons.*

"BLUCHER."

I remonstrated against the sending of this note, because it was so mixed up that the landlord would never be able to make head or tail of it; but Blucher said he guessed the old man would read the French of it and average the rest.

Will Carleton.

[The author of "Farm Ballads" is not much known in England. He is a good type of purely Western humour and pathos, and has done his work as Burns did, "with team afield," as well as in the study and at the desk.]

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout ;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.
We, who have worked together, so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan it's hard to tell !
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well ;
I have no other woman, she has no other man—
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree ;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime ;
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper, we both had for a start,
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart ;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone ;
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed ;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'ed the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow ;
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only
—How?

I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had ;
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke ;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl ;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup ;
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a-comin' up ;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the selfsame way ;
Always somethin' to arg'e and somethin' sharp to say ;
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak ;
And I have been thinkin' and thinkin' the whole of the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree ;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine ;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her half ;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and roam ;
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home ;
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey should never want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'erable pay :
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day ;

Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at ;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, Sir, at my givin' her so much ;
Yes, divorce is cheap, Sir, but I take no stock in such ;
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young ;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once, when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mitted a lawyer, and several other chaps ;
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon ;
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight—
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen ;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarrelled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right ;
And then, in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur :
That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her ;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy before we quarrelled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree ;
And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we quarrelled here.

HOW BETSEY AND I MADE UP.

GIVE us your hand, Mr. Lawyer : how do you do to-day ?
You drew up that paper—I s'pose you want your pay.
Don't cut down your figures ; make it an X or a V ;
For that 'ere written agreement was just the makin' of me.

Goin' home that evenin' I tell you I was blue,
Thinkin' of all my troubles, and what I was goin' to do ;
And if my hosses hadn't been the steadiest team alive,
They'd 've tipped me over, certain, for I couldn't see where to
drive.

No—for I was labourin' under a heavy load ;
No—for I was travellin' an entirely different road ;
For I was a-tracin' over the path of our lives ag'in,
And seein' where we missed the way, and where we might have
been.

And many a corner we'd turned that just to a quarrel led,
When I ought to 've held my temper; and driven straight ahead ;
And the more I thought it over the more these memories came,
And the more I struck the opinion that I was the most to blame.

And things I had long forgotten kept risin' in my mind,
Of little matters betwixt us, where Betsey was good and kind :
And these things flashed all through me, as you know things some-
times will

When a feller's alone in the darkness, and everything is still.

“But,” says I, “we're too far along to take another track,
And when I put my hand to the plow I do not oft turn back ;
And 'tain't an uncommon thing now for couples to smash in two;”
And so I set my teeth together, and vowed I'd see it through.

When I come in sight o' the house 'twas some'at in the night,
And just as I turned a hill-top I see the kitchen light ;
Which often a han'some pictur' to a hungry person makes,
But it don't interest a feller much that's goin' to pull up stakes.

And when I went in the house the table was set for me—
As good a supper's I ever saw, or ever want to see ;
And I crammed the agreement down my pocket as well as I could,
And fell to eatin' my victuals, which somehow didn't taste good.

And Betsey, she pretended to look about the house,
But she watched my side coat pocket like a cat would watch a
mouse ;

And then she went to foolin' a little with her cup,
And intently readin' a newspaper, a-holdin' it wrong side up.

And when I'd done my supper I drewed the agreement out,
And give it to her without a word, for she knowed what 'twas
about ;

And then I hummed a little tune, but now and then a note
Was bu'sted by some animal that hopped up in my throat.

Then Betsey she got her specs from off the mantel-shelf,
And read the article over quite softly to herself ;
Read it by little and little, for her eyes is gettin' old,
And lawyers' writing ain't no print, especially when it's cold.

And after she'd read a little she give my arm a touch,
And kindly said she was afraid I was 'lowin' her too much ;
But when she was through she went for me, her face a-streamin'
with tears,
And kissed me for the first time in over twenty years !

I don't know what you'll think, Sir—I didn't come to inquire—
But I picked up that agreement and stuffed it in the fire ;
And I told her we'd bury the hatchet alongside of the cow ;
And we struck an agreement never to have another row.

And I told her in the future I wouldn't speak cross or rash
If half the crockery in the house was broken all to smash ;
And she said, in regards to heaven, we'd try and learn its worth
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth.

And so we sat a-talkin' three-quarters of the night,
And opened our hearts to each other until they both grew light ;

And the days when I was winnin' her away from so many men
Was nothin' to that evenin' I courted her over again,

Next mornin' an ancient virgin took pains to call on us,
Her lamp all trimmed and a-burnin' to kindle another fuss ;
But when she went to pryin' and openin' of old sores,
My Betsey rose politely, and showed her out-of-doors.

Since then I don't deny but there's been a word or two ;
But we've got our eyes wide open, and know just what to do :
When one speaks cross the other just meets it with a laugh,
And the first one's ready to give up considerable more than half.

Maybe you'll think me soft, Sir, a-talkin' in this style,
But somehow it does me lots of good to tell it once in a while ;
And I do it for a compliment—'tis so that you can see
That that there written agreement of yours was the makin' of me.

So make out your bill, Mr. Lawyer : don't stop short of an X ;
Make it more if you want to, for I have got the cheques.
I'm richer than a National Bank, with all its treasures told,
For I've got a wife at home now that's worth her weight in gold.

UNCLE SAMMY.

SOME men were born for great things,
Some were born for small ;
Some—it is not recorded
Why they were born at all ;

But Uncle Sammy was certain he had a legitimate call.

Some were born with a talent,
Some with scrip and land ;
Some with a spoon of silver,
And some with a different brand ;

But Uncle Sammy came holding an argument in each hand.

Arguments sprouted within him,
And twinkled in his little eye ;
He lay and calmly debated
When average babies cry,
And seemed to be pondering gravely whether to live or to die.

But prejudiced on that question
He grew from day to day,
And finally he concluded
'Twas better for him to stay ;
And so into life's discussion he reasoned and reasoned his way.

Through childhood, through youth into manhood
Argued and argued he ;
And he married a simple maiden,
Though scarcely in love was she ;
But he reasoned the matter so clearly she hardly could help but
agree.

And though at first she was blooming,
And the new firm started strong,
And though Uncle Sammy loved her,
And tried to help her along,
She faded away in silence, and 'twas evident something was wrong.

Now Uncle Sammy was faithful,
And various remedies tried ;
He gave her the doctor's prescriptions,
And plenty of logic beside ;
But logic and medicine failed him, and so one day she died.

He laid her away in the church-yard,
So haggard and crushed and wan ;
And reared her a costly tombstone
With all of her virtues on ;
And ought to have added, " A victim to arguments pro and con."

For many a year Uncle Sammy
Fired away at his logical forte :
Discussion was his occupation,
And altercation his sport ;
He argued himself out of churches, he argued himself into court.

But alas for his peace and quiet,
One day, when he went it blind,
And followed his singular fancy,
And slighted his logical mind,
And married a ponderous widow that wasn't of the arguing kind !

Her sentiments all were settled,
Her habits were planted and grown,
Her heart was a starved little creature
That followed a will of her own ;
And she raised a high hand with Sammy, and proceeded to play it
alone.

Then Sammy he charged down upon her
With all of his strength and his wit,
And many a dextrous encounter,
And many a fair shoulder-hit ;
But vain were his blows and his blowing : he never could budge
her a bit.

He laid down his premises round her,
He scraped at her with his saws ;
He rained great facts upon her,
And read her the marriage laws ;
But the harder he tried to convince her, the harder and harder
she was.

She brought home all her preachers,
As many as ever she could—
With sentiments terribly settled,
And appetites horribly good—
Who sat with him long at his table, and explained to him where
he stood.

And Sammy was not long in learning
To follow the swing of her gown,
And came to be faithful in watching
The phase of her smile and her frown ;

And she, with the heel of assertion, soon tramped all his arguments
down.

And so, with his life-aspirations
Thus suddenly brought to a check—
And so, with the foot of his victor
Unceasingly pressing his neck—

He wrote on his face " I'm a victim," and drifted—a logical wreck.

And farmers, whom he had argued
To corners tight and fast,
Would wink at each other and chuckle,
And grin at him as he passed,

As to say, " My ambitious old fellow, your whiffletree's straightened
at last."

Old Uncle Sammy one morning
Lay down on his comfortless bed,
And Death and he had a discussion,
And Death came out ahead ;

And the fact that SHE failed to start him was only because he was
dead.

The neighbors laid out their old neighbor,
With homely but tenderest art ;
And some of the oldest ones faltered,
And tearfully stood apart ;

For the crusty old man had often unguardedly shown them his
heart.

But on his face an expression
Of quizzical study lay,
As if he were sounding the angel
Who travelled with him that day,

And laying the pipes down sily for an argument on the way.

And one new-fashioned old lady
Felt called upon to suggest
That the angel might take Uncle Sammy,
And give him a good night's rest,
And then introduce him to Solomon, and tell him to do his best.

THE NEW CHURCH ORGAN.

THEY'VE got a brand-new organ, Sue,
For all their fuss and search ;
They've done just as they said they'd do,
And fetched it into church.
They're bound the critter shall be seen,
And on the preacher's right
They've hoisted up their new machine,
In everybody's sight.
They've got a chorister and choir,
Ag'in' *my* voice and vote ;
For it was never *my* desire
To praise the Lord by note !

I've been a sister good an' true
For five-an'-thirty year ;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear ;
I've sung the hymns both slow and quick,
Just as the preacher read,
And twice when Deacon Tubbs was sick,
I took the fork an' led !
And now, their bold, new-fangled ways
Is comin' all about ;
And I, right in my latter days,
Am fairly crowded out !

To-day the preacher, good old dear,
With tears all in his eyes,

Read, "I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies."
I al'ays liked that blessed hymn—
I s'pose I al'ays will ;
It somehow gratifies *my* whim,
In good old Ortonville ;
But when that choir got up to sing,
I couldn't catch a word ;
They sung the most dog-gondest thing
A body ever heard !

Some worldly chaps was standin' near ;
An' when I see them grin,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And boldly waded in.
I thought I'd chase their tune along,
An' tried with all my might ;
But though my voice is good an' strong,
I couldn't steer it right ;
When they was high, then I was low,
An' also contrawise ;
An' I too fast, or they too slow,
To "mansions in the skies."

An' after every verse, you know,
They play a little tune ;
I didn't understand, an' so
I started in too soon.
I pitched it pretty middlin' high,
I fetched a lusty tone,
But oh, alas ! I found that I
Was singing there alone !
They laughed a little, I am told ;
But I had done my best ;
And not a wave of trouble rolled
Across my peaceful breast.

And Sister Brown—I could but look—
She sits right front of me ;

She never was no singin' book,
An' never went to be ;
But then she al'ays tried to do
The best she could, she said ;
She understood the time right through,
An' kep' it with her head ;
But when she tried this mornin', oh,
I had to laugh or cough !
It kep' her head a-bobbin' so,
It e'en a'most came off !

An' Deacon Tubbs—he all broke down,
As one might well suppose ;
He took one look at Sister Brown,
And meekly scratched his nose.
He looked his hymn-book through and through,
And laid it on the seat,
And then a pensive sigh he drew,
And looked completely beat.
An' when they took another bout,
He didn't even rise ;
But drewed his red bandanner out,
An' wiped his weepin' eyes.

I've been a sister, good an' true,
For five-an'-thirty year ;
I've done what seemed my part to do,
An' prayed my duty clear ;
But Death will stop my voice, I know
For he is on my track ;
And some day I to church will go,
And never more come back ;
And when the folks get up to sing—
Whene'er that time shall be—
I do not want no *patent* thing
A-squealin' over me !

THE EDITOR'S GUESTS.

THE Editor sat in his sanctum, his countenance furrowed with care,
His mind at the bottom of business, his feet at the top of a chair,
His chair-arm an elbow supporting, his right hand upholding his head,
His eyes on his dusty old table, with different documents spread :
There were thirty long pages from Howler, with underlined capitals topped,
And a short disquisition from Growler, requesting his newspaper stopped ;
There were lyrics from Gusher, the poet, concerning sweet flow'rets and zephyrs,
And a stray gem from Plodder, the farmer, describing a couple of heifers ;
There were billets from beautiful maidens, and bills from a grocer or two,
And his best leader hitched to a letter, which inquired if he wrote it, or who ?
There were raptures of praises from writers of the weakly mellifluous school,
And one of his rival's last papers, informing him he was a fool ;
There were several long resolutions, with names telling whom they were by,
Canonising some harmless old brother who had done nothing worse than to die ;
There were traps on that table to catch him, and pents to sting and to smite him ;
There were gift enterprises to sell him, and bitters attempting to bite him ;
There were long staring "ads" from the city, and money with never a one,
Which added, "Please give this insertion, and send in your bill when you're *done*,"
There were letters from organisations—their meetings, their wants, and their laws—

Which said, "Can you print this announcement for the good of our glorious cause?"

There were tickets inviting his presence to festivals, parties, and shows,

Wrapped in notes with "Please give us a notice" demurely slipped in at the close ;

In short, as his eye took the table, and ran o'er its ink-spattered trash,

There was nothing it did not encounter, excepting perhaps it was cash.

The Editor dreamily pondered on several ponderous things.

On different lines of action, and the pulling of different strings ;

Upon some equivocal doings, and some unequivocal duns ;

On how few of his numerous patrons were quietly prompt-paying ones ;

On friends who subscribed "just to help him," and wordy encouragement lent,

And had given him plenty of counsel, but never had paid him a cent ;

On vinegar, kind-hearted people were feeding him every hour,

Who saw not the work they were doing, but wondered that "printers are sour :"

On several intelligent townsmen, whose kindness was so without stint

That they kept an eye out on his business, and told him just what he should print ;

On men who had rendered him favours, and never pushed forward their claims,

So long as the paper was crowded with "locals" containing their names ;

On various other small matters, sufficient his temper to roil,

And finely contrived to be making the blood of an editor boil ;

And so one may see that his feelings could hardly be said to be smooth,

And he needed some pleasant occurrence his ruffled emotions to soothe :

He had it ; for lo ! on the threshold, a slow and reliable tread,
And a farmer invaded the sanctum, and these are the words that
he said :

“ Good-mornin’, sir, Mr. Printer ; how is your body to-day ?
I’m glad you’re to home ; for you fellers is al’ays a-runnin’
away.

Your paper last week wa’n’t so spicy nor sharp as the one week
before :

But I s’pose, when the campaign is opened, you’ll be whoopin’ it
up to ’em more.

That feller that’s printin’ *The Smasher* is goin’ for you perty
smart ;

And our folks said this mornin’ at breakfast, they thought he was
gettin’ the start,

But I hushed ’em right up in a minute, and said a good word for
you ;

I told ’em I b’lieved you was tryin’ to do just as well as you
knew ;

And I told ’em that some one was sayin’, and whoever ’twas it
is so,

That you can’t expect much of no one man, nor blame him for
what he don’t know.

But, layin’ aside *pleasure* for business, I’ve brought you my little
boy Jim ;

And I thought I would see if you couldn’t make an editor outen
of him.

“ My family stock is increasin’, while other folk’s seems to run
short.

I’ve got a right smart of a family—it’s one of the old-fashioned
sort :

There’s Ichabod, Isaac, and Israel, a-workin’ away on the farm—
They do ’bout as much as one good boy, and make things go off
like a charm.

There’s Moses and Aaron are sly ones, and slip like a couple of
eels ;

But they’re tol’able steady in one thing—they al’ays git round to
their meals.

There's Peter is busy inventin' (though *what* he invents I can't see),

And Joseph is studyin' medicine—and both of 'em boardin' with me.

There's Abram and Albert is married, each workin' my farm for myself,

And Sam smashed his nose at a shootin', and so he is laid on the shelf.

The rest of the boys are all growin', 'cept this little runt, which is Jim,

And I thought that perhaps I'd be makin' an editor outen o' him.

"He ain't no great shakes for to labour, though I've laboured with him a good deal,

And give him some strappin' good arguments I know he couldn't help but to feel ;

But he's built out of second-growth timber, and nothin' about him is big

Exceptin' his appetite only, and there he's as good as a pig.

I keep him a-carryin' luncheons, and fillin' and bringin' the jugs,

And take him among the pertatoes, and set him to pickin' the bugs;

And then there is things to be doin' a-helpin' the women indoors ;
There's churnin' and washin' of dishes, and other descriptions of chores ;

But he don't take to nothin' but victuals, and he'll never be much, I'm afraid,

So I thought it would be a good notion to larn him the editor's trade.

His body's too small for a farmer, his judgment is rather too slim,
But I thought we perhaps could be makin' an editor outen o' him !

"It ain't much to get up a paper—it wouldn't take him long for to learn ;

He could feed the machine, I'm thinkin', with a good strappin' fellow to turn ;

And things that was once hard in doin' is easy enough now to do ;
Just keep your eye on your machinery, and crack your arrangements right through.

I used for to wonder at readin', and where it was got up, and how ;
But 'tis most of it made by machinery—I can see it all plain
enough now.

And poetry, too, is constructed by machines o' different designs,
Each one with a gauge and a chopper to see to the length of the
lines ;

And I hear a New York clairvoyant is runnin' one sleeker than
grease,

And *a rentin'* her heaven-born productions at a couple of dollars
apiece ;

An' since the whole trade has growed easy, 'twould be easy enough,
I've a whim,

If you was agreed, to be makin' an editor ouden of Jim ! ”

The Editor sat in his sanctum and looked the old man in the eye,
Then glanced at the grinning young hopeful, and mournfully
made his reply :

“ Is your son a small unbound edition of Moses and Solomon
both ?

Can he compass his spirit with meekness, and strangle a natural
oath ?

Can he leave all his wrongs to the future, and carry his heart in
his cheek ?

Can he do an hour's work in a minute, and live on a sixpence a
week ?

Can he courteously talk to an equal, and browbeat an impudent
dunce ?

Can he keep things in apple-pie order, and do half a dozen at once ?

Can he press all the springs of knowledge, with quick and reliable
touch,

And be sure that he knows how much *to* know, and knows how to
not know too much ?

Does he know how to spur up his virtue, and put a check-rein
on his pride ?

Can he carry a gentleman's manners within a rhinoceros' hide ?

Can he know all, and do all, and be all, with cheerfulness, courage,
and vim ?

If so we perhaps can be makin' an editor ' ouden of him. ’ ”

The farmer stood curiously listening, while wonder his visage o'erspread ;

And he said, "Jim, I guess we'll be goin' ; he's probably out of his head."

But lo ! on the rickety stair-case, another reliable tread,
And entered another old farmer, and these are the words that *he* said :

"Good morning, sir, Mr. Editor, how is the folks to-day?

I owe you for next year's paper ; I thought I'd come in and pay.

And Jones is agoin' to take it, and this is his money here ;

I shut down on lendin' it to him, and coaxed him to try it a year.

And here is a few little items that happened last week in our town ;

I thought they'd look good for the paper, and so I just jotted 'em down.

And here is a basket of cherries my wife picked expressly for you ;

And a small bunch of flowers from Jennie—she thought she must send somethin' too.

You're doin' the politics bully, as all our family agree ;

Just keep your old goose-quill a-floppin', and give 'em a good one for me.

And now you are chuck full of business, and I won't be takin' your time ;

I've things of my own I must 'tend to—good-day, sir, I b'lieve I will climb."

The Editor sat in his sanctum, and brought down his fist with a thump :

"God bless that old farmer," he muttered, "he's a regular Editor's trump."

And 'tis thus with our noble profession, and thus it will ever be still ;

There are some who appreciate its labours, and some who perhaps never will.

But in the great time that is coming, when loudly the trumpet shall sound,

And they who have laboured and rested shall come from the quivering ground ;
 When they who have striven and suffered to teach and ennoble the race,
 Shall march at the front of the column, each one in his God-given place,
 As they pass through the gates of The City with proud and victorious tread,
 The editor, printer, and "devil," will travel not far from the head.

PLUM PITS.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

It iz a grate art to kno how tew listen.

This seems to be about the way it iz did : When we are yung, we *run* into difikultys, and when we git old, we *fall* into them.

Love seems tew hav this effekt, it makes a yung man sober, and an old man gay.

Love iz a lighted kandel, and coquets fly around it, just az a miller duz, till by-and-by they dive into it, and then what a burnt coquet and miller we hav.

It ain't bekauze lovers are so sensitiff that they quarrel so often, it iz bekauze thare iz so mutch phun in making up.

I don't kno but a Prude may possibly fall in love, but if they ever do, they don't kno it.

About the last thing a man duz tew korrekt hiz faults iz tew quit them.

I should jist az soon expekt tew see a monkey fall in love as to see a dandy.

The wimmen ought tew ketch all them phellows who part their hair in the middle, and clap a red flannel pettycoat on them.

The chief end ov woman, now daze, seems tew be to wear new silk clothes, and the chief end ov man seems to be to pay for them.

About all that this far-famed *Philosophy* kan teach us, iz tew suffer pain, and not own it, and it seems to hav reached the hight of its ambishun when it courts sorrow, for the sake ov being a martyr.

Artemus Ward.

[Charles Farrer Browne, who adopted this pseudonym, lived 1832—1867. He died of consumption, from which he was suffering severely when he delivered his "Lecture" in London. His chief works are his "Travels among the Mormons" and his "Life in London." He was the forerunner of the many American humourists who, since his day, have written in peculiar forms of orthography and syntax.]

TO CALIFORNIA AND BACK.

I.—ON THE STEAMER.

NEW YORK, *Oct. 13, 1863.*

THE steamer Ariel starts for California at noon.

Her decks are crowded with excited passengers, who instantly undertake to "look after" their trunks and things; and what with our smashing against each other, and the yells of the porters, and the wails over lost baggage, and the crash of boxes, and the roar of the boilers, we are for the time being about as unhappy a lot of maniacs as were ever thrown together.

I am one of them. I am rushing round with a glaring eye in search of a box.

Great jam, in which I find a sweet young lady with golden hair, clinging to me fondly, and saying, "Dear George, farewell!"—Discovers her mistake, and disappears.

I should like to be George some more.

Confusion so great that I seek refuge in a state room, which contains a single lady of forty-five summers, who says, "Base man! leave me!" I leave her.

By-and-by we cool down, and become somewhat regulated.

Next day.

When the gong sounds for breakfast we are fairly out on the sea, which runs roughly, and the Ariel rocks wildly. Many of the passengers are sick, and a young naval officer establishes a reputation as a wit by carrying to one of the invalids a plate of raw salt pork, swimming in cheap molasses. I am not sick; so I roll round the deck in the most cheerful sea-dog manner.

The next day and the next pass by in a serene manner. The waves are smooth now, and we can all eat and sleep. We might have enjoyed ourselves very well, I fancy, if the *Ariel*, whose capacity was about three hundred and fifty passengers, had not on this occasion carried nearly nine hundred, a hundred at least of whom were children of an unpleasant age. Captain Semmes captured the *Ariel* once, and it is to be deeply regretted that that thrifty buccaneer hadn't made mince-meat of her, because she is a miserable tub at best, and hasn't much more right to be afloat than a second-hand coffin has. I do not know her proprietor, Mr. C. Vanderbilt. But I know of several excellent mill privileges in the State of Maine, and not one of them is so thoroughly *Dam'd* as he was all the way from New York to Aspinwall.

I had far rather say a pleasant thing than a harsh one ; but it is due to the large number of respectable ladies and gentlemen who were on board the steamer *Ariel* with me that I state here that the accommodations on that steamer were very vile. If I did not so state, my conscience would sting me through life, and I should have horrid dreams, like Richard III. Esq.

The proprietor apparently thought we were undergoing transportation for life to some lonely island, and the very waiters who brought us meats that any warder of any penitentiary would blush to offer convicts, seemed to think it was a glaring error our not being in chains.

As a specimen of the liberal manner in which this steamer was managed, I will mention that the purser (a very pleasant person, by the way) was made to unite the positions of purser, baggage clerk, and doctor ; and I one day had a lurking suspicion that he was among the waiters in the dining-cabin, disguised in a white jacket and slipshod pumps.

I have spoken my Piece about the *Ariel*, and I hope Mr. Vanderbilt will reform ere it is too late. Dr. Watts says the vilest sinner may return as long as the gas-meters work well, or words to that effect.

We were so densely crowded on board the *Ariel*, that I cannot conscientiously say we were altogether happy. And sea-voyages at

best are a little stupid. On the whole I should prefer a voyage on the Erie Canal, where there isn't any danger, and where you can carry picturesque scenery along with you—so to speak.

II.—THE ISTHMUS.

ON the ninth day we reached Aspinwall in the Republic of Grenada. The President of New Grenada is a Central American named Mosquero. I was told that he derived quite a portion of his income by carrying passengers' valises and things from the steamer to the hotel in Aspinwall. It was an infamous falsehood. Fancy A. Lincoln carrying carpet bags and things! and indeed I should rather trust him with them than Mosquero, because the former gentleman, as I think some one has before observed, is "honest."

I entrust my bag to a speckled native, who confidentially gives me to understand that he is the only strictly honest person in Aspinwall. The rest, he says, are niggers—which the coloured people of the Isthmus regard as about as scathing a thing as they can say of one another.

I examined the New Grenadian flag, which waves from the chamber-window of a refreshment saloon. It is of simple design. You can make one.

Take half of a cotton shirt, that has been worn two months, and dip it in molasses of the Day and Martin brand. Then let the flies gambol over it for a few days, and you have it. It is an emblem of Sweet Liberty.

At the Howard House the man of sin rubbeth the hair of the horse to the bowels of the cat, and our girls are waving their lily-white hoofs in the dazzling waltz.

We have a quadrille, in which an English person slips up and jams his massive brow against my stomach. He apologizes, and I say, "all right, my lord." I subsequently ascertain that he superintended the shipping of coals for the British steamers, and owned fighting cocks.

The ball stops suddenly.

Great excitement. One of our passengers intoxicated and

riotous in the street. Openly and avowedly desires the entire Republic of New Grenada to "come on."

In case they do come on, agrees to make it lively for them. Is quieted down at last, and marched off to prison by a squad of Grenadian troops. Is musical as he passes the hotel, and smiling sweetly upon the ladies and children on the balcony, expresses a distinct desire to be an Angel, and with the Angels stand. After which he leaps nimbly into the air, and imitates the war-cry of the red man.

The natives amass wealth by carrying valises, &c., then squander it for liquor. My native comes to me as I sit on the verandah of the Howard House smoking a cigar, and solicits the job of taking my things to the cars next morning. He is intoxicated, and has been fighting, to the palpable detriment of his wearing apparel; for he has only one pair of tattered pantaloons and a very small quantity of shirt left.

We go to bed. Eight of us are assigned to a small den upstairs, with only two lame apologies for beds.

Mosquitoes and even rats annoy us fearfully. One bold rat gnaws at the feet of a young Englishman in the party. This was more than the young Englishman could stand, and rising from his bed he asked us if New Grenada wasn't a Republic? We said it was. "I thought so," he said. "Of course I mean no disrespect to the United States of America in the remark, but I think I prefer a bloated monarchy!" He smiled sadly—then handing his purse and his mother's photograph to another English person, he whispered softly, "If I am eaten up, give them to Me mother—tell her I died like a true Briton, with no faith whatever in the success of a republican form of government!" And then he crept back to bed again.

We start at seven the next morning for Panama.

My native comes bright and early to transport my carpet sack to the railway station. His clothes have suffered still more during

the night, for he comes to me now dressed only in a small rag and one boot.

At last we are off. "Adios, Americanos!" the natives cry; to which I pleasantly reply, "*Adous!* and long may it be before you have the chance to Do us again."

The cars are comfortable on the Panama railway, and the country through which we pass is very beautiful. But it will not do to trust it much, because it breeds fevers and other unpleasant disorders, at all seasons of the year. Like a girl we most all have known, the Isthmus is fair but false.

There are mud huts all along the route, and half-naked savages gaze patronisingly upon us from their door-ways. An elderly lady in spectacles appears to be much scandalised by the scant dress of these people, and wants to know why the Select men don't put a stop to it. From this, and a remark she incidentally makes about her son who has invented a washing machine which will wash, wring, and dry a shirt in ten minutes, I infer that she is from the hills of Old New England, like the Hutchinson family.

The Central American is lazy. The only exercise he ever takes is to occasionally produce a Revolution. When his feet begin to swell and there are premonitory symptoms of gout, he "revolushes" a spell, and then serenely returns to his cigarette and hammock under the palm trees.

These Central American Republics are queer concerns. I do not of course precisely know what a last year's calf's ideas of immortal glory may be, but probably they are about as lucid as those of a Central American in regard to a republican form of government.

And yet I am told they are a kindly people in the main. I never met but one of them—a Costa-Rican, on board the Ariel. He lay sick with fever, and I went to him and took his hot hand gently in mine. I shall never forget his look of gratitude. And the next day he borrowed five dollars of me, shedding tears as he put it in his pocket.

At Panama we lost several of our passengers, and among them three Peruvian ladies, who go to Lima, the city of volcanic eruptions and veiled black-eyed beauties.

The Señoritas who leave us at Panama are splendid creatures. They taught me Spanish, and in the soft moonlight we walked on deck and talked of the land of Pizarro. (You know old Piz. conquered Peru! and although he was not educated at West Point, he had still some military talent.) I feel as though I had lost all my relations, including my grandmother and the cooking stove, when these gay young Señoritas go away.

They do not go to Peru on a Peruvian bark, but on an English steamer.

We find the St. Louis, the steamer awaiting us at Panama, a cheerful and well-appointed boat, and commanded by Capt. Hudson.

III.—MEXICO.

WE make Acapulco, a Mexican coast town of some importance, in a few days, and all go ashore.

The pretty peasant girls peddle necklaces made of shells, and oranges, in the streets of Acapulco, on steamer days. They are quite naïve about it. Handing you a necklace they will say, "Me give you *pres-ent*, Señor," and then retire with a low curtsy. Returning, however, in a few moments, they say quite sweetly, "You give me *pres-ent*, Señor, of quarter dollar!" which you at once do unless you have a heart of stone.

Acapulco was shelled by the French a year or so before our arrival there, and they effected a landing. But the gay and gallant Mexicans peppered them so persistently and effectually from the mountains near by, that they concluded to sell out and leave.

Napoleon has no right in Mexico. Mexico may deserve a licking. That is possible enough. Most people do. But nobody has any right to lick Mexico except the United States. We have a right, I flatter myself, to lick this entire continent, including ourselves, any time we want to.

The signal gun is fired at 11, and we go off to the steamer in small boats.

In our boat is an inebriated United States official, who flings

his spectacles overboard and sings a flippant and absurd song about his grandmother's spotted calf, with his ri-fol-lol-tiddery-i-do. After which he crumbles, in an incomprehensible manner, into the bottom of the boat, and howls dismally.

We reach Manzanillo, another coast place, twenty-four hours after leaving Acapulco. Manzanillo is a little Mexican village, and looked very wretched indeed, sweltering away there on the hot sands. But it is a port of some importance, nevertheless, because a great deal of merchandise finds its way to the interior from there. The white and green flag of Mexico floats from a red steam-tug (the navy of Mexico, by the way, consists of two tugs, a disabled raft, and a basswood life-preserver) and the Captain of the Port comes off to us in his small boat, climbs up the side of the *St. Louis*, and folds the healthy form of Captain Hudson to his breast. There is no wharf here, and we have to anchor off the town.

There was a wharf, but the enterprising Mexican peasantry, who subsist by poling merchandise ashore in dug-outs, indignantly tore it up. We take on here some young Mexicans, from Colima, who are going to California. They are of the better class, and one young man (who was educated in Madrid) speaks English rather better than I write it. Be careful not to admire any article of an educated Mexican's dress, because if you do he will take it right off and give it to you, and sometimes this might be awkward.

I said: "What a beautiful cravat you wear!"

"It is yours!" he exclaimed, quickly unbuckling it; and I could not induce him to take it back again.

I am glad I did not tell his sister, who was with him and with whom I was lucky enough to get acquainted, what a beautiful white hand she had. She might have given it to me on the spot; and that, as she had soft eyes, a queenly form, and a half million or so in her own right, would have made me feel bad.

Reports reach us here of high-handed robberies by the banditti all along the road to the City of Mexico. They steal clothes as well as coin. A few days since the mail coach entered the city with all the passengers stark-naked! They must have felt mortified.

IV.—CALIFORNIA.

WE reach San Francisco one Sunday afternoon. I am driven to the Occidental Hotel by a kind-hearted hackman, who states that inasmuch as I have come out there to amuse people, he will only charge me five dollars. I pay it in gold, of course, because greenbacks are not current on the Pacific coast.

Many of the citizens of San Francisco remember the Sabbath day to keep it jolly ; and the theatres, the circus, the minstrels, and the music-halls are all in full blast to-night.

I "compromise" and go to the Chinese theatre, thinking perhaps there can be no great harm in listening to worldly sentiments when expressed in a language I don't understand.

The Chinaman at the door takes my ticket with the remark, "Ki hi-hi ki ! Shoolah !"

And I tell him that on the whole I think he is right.

The Chinese play is "continued," like a Ledger story, from night to night. It commences with the birth of the hero or heroine, which interesting event occurs publicly on the stage ; and then follows him or her down to the grave, where it cheerfully ends.

Sometimes a Chinese play lasts six months. The play I am speaking of had been going on for about two months. The heroine had grown up into womanhood, and was on the point, as I inferred, of being married to a young Chinaman in spangled pantaloons and a long black tail. The bride's father comes in with his arms full of tea chests, and bestows them, with a blessing, upon the happy couple. As this play is to run four months longer, however, and as my time is limited, I go away at the close of the second act, while the orchestra is performing an overture on gongs and one-stringed fiddles.

The door-keeper again says, "Ki hi-hi ki ! Shoolah !" adding, this time, however, "Chow-wow." I agree with him in regard to the ki hi and hi ki, but tell him I don't feel altogether certain about the chow-wow.

To Stockton from San Francisco.

Stockton is a beautiful town, that has ceased to think of becoming a very large place, and has quietly settled down into a state of serene prosperity. I have my boots repaired here by an artist who

informs me that he studied in the penitentiary ; and I visit the lunatic asylum, where I encounter a vivacious maniac who invites me to ride in a chariot drawn by eight lions and a rhinoceros.

John Phoenix was once stationed at Stockton, and put his mother aboard the San Francisco boat one morning with the sparkling remark, "Dear mother, be virtuous and you will be happy !"

Forward to Sacramento—which is the capital of the State, and a very nice old town.

They had a flood here some years ago, during which several blocks of buildings sailed out of town and have never been heard from since. A Chinaman concluded to leave in a wash-tub, and actually set sail in one of those fragile barks. A drowning man hailed him piteously, thus : "Throw me a rope, oh throw me a rope !" To which the Chinaman excitedly cried, "No have got—how can do ?" and went on, on with the howling current. He was never seen more ; but a few weeks after his tail was found by some Sabbath-school children in the north part of the State.

I go to the mountain towns. The sensational mining days are over, but I find the people jolly and hospitable nevertheless.

At Nevada I am called upon, shortly after my arrival, by an athletic scarlet-faced man, who politely says his name is Blaze.

"I have a little bill against you, sir," he observes.

"A bill—what for ?"

"For drinks."

"Drinks ?"

"Yes, sir—at my bar, I keep the well-known and highly-respected coffee-house down street."

"But, my dear sir, there is a mistake—I never drank at your bar in my life."

"I know it, sir. That isn't the point. The point is this : I pay out money for good liquors, and it is people's own fault if they don't drink them. There are the liquors—do as you please about drinking them *but you must pay for them !* Isn't that fair ?"

His enormous body (which Puck wouldn't put a girdle round for forty dollars) shook gleefully while I read this eminently original bill.

Years ago Mr. Blaze was an agent of the California Stage Company. There was a formidable and well-organised opposition to the California Stage Company at that time, and Mr. Blaze rendered them such signal service in his capacity of agent that they were very sorry when he tendered his resignation.

"You are some sixteen hundred dollars behind in your accounts, Mr. Blaze," said the President, "but in view of your faithful and efficient services, we shall throw off eight hundred dollars of that amount."

Mr. Blaze seemed touched by this generosity. A tear stood in his eye and his bosom throbbed audibly.

"You *will* throw off eight hundred dollars—you *will*?" he at last cried, seizing the President's hand and pressing it passionately to his lips.

"I will," returned the President.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Blaze, "I'm a gentleman, *I am*, you bet! And I won't allow no Stage Company to surpass me in politeness. *I'll throw off the other eight hundred dollars, and we'll call it square!* No gratitude, sir—no thanks; it is my duty."

I get back to San Francisco in a few weeks, and am to start home Overland from here.

The distance from Sacramento to Atchison, Kansas, by the Overland stage route, is twenty-two hundred miles, but you can happily accomplish a part of the journey by railroad. The Pacific railroad is completed twelve miles to Folsham, leaving only two thousand and one hundred and eighty-eight miles to go by stage. This breaks the monotony; but as it is midwinter, and there are well-substantiated reports of Overland passengers freezing to death, and of the Piute savages being in one of their sprightly moods when they scalp people, I do not—I may say that I do not leave the capital of California in a light-hearted and joyous manner. But "leaves have their time to fall," and I have my time to leave, which is now.

We ride all day and all night, and ascend and descend some of the most frightful hills I ever saw. We make Johnson's Pass, which is 6,752 feet high, about two o'clock in the morning, and go down the great Kingsbury grade with locked wheels. The driver, with whom I sit outside, informs me, as we slowly roll down this fearful mountain road, which looks down on either side into an appalling ravine, that he has met accidents in his time, and cost the California Stage Company a great deal of money; "because," he says, "juries is agin us on principle, and every man who sues us is sure to recover. But it will never be so agin, not with *me*, you bet."

"How is that?" I said.

It was frightfully dark. It was snowing withal, and notwithstanding the brakes were kept hard down, the coach slewed wildly, often fairly touching the brink of the black precipice.

"How is that?" I said.

"Why, you see," he replied, "that corpses never sue for damages, but maimed people do. And the next time I have a overturn I shall go round and keerfully examine the passengers. Them as is dead I shall let alone; but them as is mutilated I shall finish with the king-bolt! Dead folks don't sue. They ain't on it."

Thus with anecdote did this driver cheer me up.

V.—WASHOE.

We reach Carson City about nine o'clock in the morning. It is the capital of the Silver-producing territory of Nevada.

They shoot folks here somewhat, and the law is rather partial than otherwise to first-class murderers.

I visited the territorial Prison, and the Warden points out the prominent convicts to me, thus:

"This man's crime was horse-stealing. He is here for life.

"This man is in for murder. He is here for three years."

But shooting isn't as popular in Nevada as it once was. A few years since they used to have a dead man for breakfast every morning. A reformed desperado told me that he supposed he had killed men enough to stock a grave-yard. "A feeling of remorse," he said, "sometimes comes over me! But I'm an altered man

now. I hain't killed a man for over two weeks ! What'll yer poison yourself with ?" he added, dealing a resonant blow on the bar.

There used to live near Carson City a notorious desperado, who never visited town without killing somebody. He would call for liquor at some drinking-house, and if anybody declined joining him he would at once commence shooting. But one day he shot a man too many. Going into the St. Nicholas drinking-house he asked the company present to join him in a North-American drink. One individual was rash enough to refuse. With a look of sorrow rather than of anger the desperado revealed his revolver, and said "Good God ! *Must* I kill a man every time I come to Carson ?" and so saying he fired and killed the individual on the spot. But this was the last murder the bloodthirsty miscreant ever committed, for the aroused citizens pursued him with rifles and shot him down in his own door-yard.

I lecture in the theatre at Carson, which opens out of a drinking and gambling house. On each side of the door where my ticket-taker stands there are montè-boards and sweat cloths, but they are deserted to-night, the gamblers being evidently of a literary turn of mind.

Five years ago there was only a pony-path over the precipitous hills on which now stands the marvellous city of Virginia, with its population of twelve thousand persons, and perhaps more. Virginia, with its stately warehouses and gay shops ; its splendid streets, paved with silver ore ; its banking houses and faro-banks ; its attractive coffee-houses and elegant theatre ; its music-halls, and its three daily newspapers.

Virginia is very wild, but I believe it is now pretty generally believed that a mining city must go through with a certain amount of unadulterated cussedness before it can settle down and behave itself in a conservative and seemly manner. Virginia has grown up in the heart of the richest silver regions in the world, the El Dorado of the hour ; and of the immense numbers who are swarming thither not more than half carry their mother's Bible or any settled religion with them. The gambler and the strange woman

as naturally seek the new sensational town as ducks take to that element which is so useful for making cocktails and bathing one's feet; and these people make the new town rather warm for awhile. But by-and-by the earnest and honest citizens get tired of this ungodly nonsense and organise a Vigilance Committee, which hangs the more vicious of the pestiferous crowd to a sour apple-tree; and then come good municipal laws, ministers, meeting-houses, and a tolerably sober police in blue coats with brass buttons. About five thousand able-bodied men are in the mines underground, here; some as far down as five hundred feet. The Gould and Curry Mine employs nine hundred men, and annually turns out about twenty million dollars' worth of "demnition gold and silver," as Mr. Mantalini might express it—though silver chiefly.

There are many other mines here and at Gold Hill (another startling silver city, a mile from here), all of which do nearly as well. The silver is melted down into bricks of the size of common house bricks; then it is loaded into huge wagons, each drawn by eight and twelve mules, and sent off to San Francisco. To a young person fresh from the land of greenbacks this careless manner of carting off solid silver is rather of a startler. It is related that a young man who came Overland from New Hampshire a few months before my arrival became so excited about it that he fell in a fit, with the name of his Uncle Amos on his lips! The hardy miners supposed he wanted his uncle there to see the great sight, and faint with him. But this was pure conjecture, after all.

I visit several of the adjacent mining towns, but I do not go to Aurora. No, I think not. A lecturer on psychology was killed there the other night by the playful discharge of a horse-pistol in the hands of a degenerated and intoxicated Spaniard. This circumstance, and a rumour that the citizens are *agin* literature, induce me to go back to Virginia.

I had pointed out to me at a Restaurant a man who had killed four men in street broils, and who had that very day cut his own brother's breast open in a dangerous manner with a small supper

knife. He was a gentleman, however. I heard him tell some men so. He admitted it himself. And I don't think he would lie about a little thing like that.

The theatre at Virginia will attract the attention of the stranger, because it is an unusually elegant affair of the kind, and would be so regarded anywhere. It was built, of course, by Mr. Thomas Maguire, the Napoleonic manager of the Pacific, and who has built over twenty theatres in his time, and will perhaps build as many more, unless somebody stops him—which, by the way, will not be a remarkably easy thing to do.

As soon as a mining camp begins to assume the proportions of a city; at about the time the whisky-vendor draws his cork or the gambler spreads his green cloth, Maguire opens a theatre, and with a hastily-organised "Vigilance Committee" of actors, commences to execute Shakespeare.

VI.—MR. PEPPER.

My arrival at Virginia City was signalled by the following incident :

I had no sooner achieved my room in the garret of the International Hotel than I was called upon by an intoxicated man, who said he was an Editor. Knowing how rare it was for an Editor to be under the blighting influence of either spirituous or malt liquors, I received this statement doubtfully. But I said,—

"What name?"

"Wait!" he said, and went out.

I heard him pacing unsteadily up and down the hall outside.

In ten minutes he returned, and said :

"Pepper!"

Pepper was indeed his name. He had been out to see if he could remember it; and he was so flushed with his success that he repeated it joyously several times, and then, with a short laugh, he went away.

I have often heard of a man being "so drunk that he didn't know what town he lived in," but here was a man so hideously inebriated that he didn't know what his name was.

I saw him no more, but I heard from him. For he published a notice of my lecture, in which he said I had a *dissipated air*.

VII. —HORACE GREELEY'S RIDE TO PLACERVILLE.

WHEN Mr. Greeley was in California ovations awaited him at every town. He had written powerful leaders in the *Tribune* in favor of the Pacific Railroad, which had greatly endeared him to the citizens of the Golden State. And therefore they made much of him when he went to see them.

At one town the enthusiastic populace tore his celebrated white coat to pieces, and carried the pieces home to remember him by.

The citizens of Placerville prepared to fête the great journalist, and an extra coach, with extra relays of horses, was chartered of the California Stage Company to carry him from Folsom to Placerville—distance, forty miles. The extra was in some way delayed, and did not leave Folsom until late in the afternoon. Mr. Greeley was to be fêted at 7 o'clock that evening by the citizens of Placerville, and it was altogether necessary that he should be there by that hour. So the Stage Company said to Henry Monk, the driver of the extra, "Henry, this great man must be there by 7 to-night." And Henry answered, "The great man shall be there."

The roads were in an awful state, and during the first few miles out of Folsom slow progress was made.

"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "are you aware that I *must* be at Placerville at 7 o'clock to-night?"

"I've got my orders!" laconically returned Henry Monk.

Still the coach dragged slowly forward.

"Sir," said Mr. Greeley, "this is not a trifling matter. I *must* be there at 7!"

Again came the answer, "I've got my orders!"

But the speed was not increased, and Mr. Greeley chafed away another half hour; when, as he was again about to remonstrate with the driver, the horses suddenly started into a furious run, and all sorts of encouraging yells filled the air from the throat of Henry Monk.

"That is right, my good fellow!" cried Mr. Greeley. "I'll give you ten dollars when we get to Placerville. Now we *are* going!"

They were indeed, and at a terrible speed.

Crack, crack! went the whip, and again "that voice" split the air. "Git up! Hi yi! G'long! Yip—yip!"

And on they tore, over stones and ruts, up hill and down, at a rate of speed never before achieved by stage-horses.

Mr. Greeley, who had been bouncing from one end of the coach to the other like an india-rubber ball, managed to get his head out of the window, when he said :

"Do—on't—on't—on't you—u—u think we—e—e—e shall g 't there by seven if we do—on't—on't go so fast?"

"I've got my orders!" That was all Henry Monk said. And on tore the coach.

It was becoming serious. Already the journalist was extremely sore from the terrible jolting, and again his head "might have been seen" at the window.

"Sir, he said, "I don't care—care—*air*, if we *don't* get there at seven!"

"I have got my orders!" Fresh horses. Forward again, faster than before. Over rocks and stumps, on one of which the coach narrowly escaped turning a somerset.

"See here!" shrieked Mr. Greeley, "I don't care if we don't get there at all!"

"I've got my orders! I work for the Californy Stage Company, I do. That's wot I *work* for. They said, 'git this man through by seving.' An' this man's goin' through. You bet! Gerlong! Whoo-ep!"

Another frightful jolt, and Mr. Greeley's bald head suddenly found its way through the roof of the coach, amidst the crash of small timbers and the ripping of strong canvas.

"Stop you ——— maniac!" he roared.

Again answered Henry Monk :

"I've got my orders! *Keep your seat, Horace!*"

At Mud Springs, a village a few miles from Placerville, they met a large delegation of the citizens of Placerville, who had come out to meet the celebrated editor, and escort him into town. There was a military company, a brass band, and a six-horse wagon-load of beautiful damsels in milk-white dresses, representing all the States in the Union. It was nearly dark now, but the delegation were amply provided with torches, and bonfires blazed all along the road to Placerville.

The citizens met the coach in the out-skirts of Mud Springs, and Mr. Monk reined in his foam-covered steeds.

"Is Mr. Greeley on board?" asked the chairman of the committee.

"*He was, a few miles back!*" said Mr. Monk; "yes," he added, after looking down through the hole which the fearful jolting had made in the coach-roof—"yes, I can see him! He is there!"

"Mr. Greeley," said the Chairman of the Committee, presenting himself at the window of the coach, "Mr. Greeley, sir! We are come to most cordially welcome you, sir——why, God bless me, sir, you are bleeding at the nose!"

"I've got my orders!" cried Mr. Monk. "My orders is as follers: "Git him there by seving! It wants a quarter to seving. Stand out of the way!"

"But, sir," exclaimed the Committee-man, seizing the off-leader by the reins—"Mr. Monk, we are come to escort him into town! Look at the procession, sir, and the brass band, and the people, and the young women, sir!"

"*I've got my orders!*" screamed Mr. Monk. "My orders don't say nothin' about no brass bands and young women. My orders says, 'git him there by seving!' Let go them lines! Clear the way there! Whoo-ep! KEEP YOUR SEAT, HORACE!" and the coach dashed wildly through the procession, upsetting a portion of the brass band, and violently grazing the wagon which contained the beautiful young women in white.

Years hence grey-headed men, who were little boys in this procession, will tell their grandchildren how this stage tore through Mud Springs, and how Horace Greeley's bald head ever and anon showed itself, like a wild apparition, above the coach-roof.

Mr. Monk was in time. There is a tradition that Mr. Greeley was very indignant for a while; then he laughed, and finally presented Mr. Monk with a bran-new suit of clothes.

Mr. Monk himself is still in the employ of the California Stage Company, and is rather fond of relating a story that has made him famous all over the Pacific coast. But he says he yields to no man in his admiration for Horace Greeley.

VIII.—TO REESE RIVER.

I LEAVE Virginia for Great Salt Lake City, viâ the Reese River Silver Diggings.

There are eight passengers of us inside the coach—which, by the way, isn't a coach, but a Concord covered mud-wagon.

Among the passengers is a genial man of the name of Ryder, who has achieved a wide-spread reputation as a strangler of unpleasant bears in the mountain fastnesses of California, and who is now an eminent Reese River miner.

We ride night and day, passing through the land of the Piute Indians. Report reaches us that fifteen hundred of these savages are on the Rampage, under the command of a red usurper named Buffalo Jim, who seems to be a sort of Jeff Davis, inasmuch as he and his followers have seceded from the regular Piute organisation. The seceding savages have announced that they shall kill and scalp all pale-faces (which makes our faces pale, I reckon) found loose in that section. We find the guard doubled at all the stations where we change horses, and our passengers nervously examine their pistols and readjust the long glittering knives in their belts. I felt in my pockets to see if the key which unlocks the carpet-bag containing my revolvers is all right—for I had rather brilliantly locked my deadly weapons up in that article, which was strapped with the other baggage to the rack behind. The passengers frown on me for this carelessness, but the kind-hearted Ryder gives me a small double-barrelled gun, with which I narrowly escape murdering my beloved friend Hingston in cold blood. I am not used to guns and things, and in changing the position of this weapon I pulled the trigger rather harder than was necessary.

When this wicked rebellion first broke out I was among the first to stay at home—chiefly because of my utter ignorance of fire-arms. I should be valuable to the Army as a Brigadier-General only so far as the moral influence of my name went.

However, we pass safely through the land of the Piutes, unmolested by Buffalo James. This celebrated savage can read and write, and is quite an orator, like *Metamora*, or the last of the

Wampanoags. He went on to Washington a few years ago, and called Mr. Buchanan his Great Father, and the members of the Cabinet his dear Brothers. They gave him a great many blankets, and he returned to his beautiful hunting-grounds and went to killing stage-drivers. He made such a fine impression upon Mr. Buchanan during his sojourn in Washington that that statesman gave a young English tourist, who crossed the plains a few years since, a letter of introduction to him. The great Indian chief read the English person's letter with considerable emotion, and then ordered him to be scalped, and stole his trunks.

Mr. Ryder knows me only as "Mr. Brown," and he refreshes me during the journey by quotations from my books and lectures.

"Never seen Ward?" he said.

"Oh no."

"Ward says he likes little girls, but he likes large girls just as well. Haw, haw, haw! I should like to see the d—— fool!"

He referred to me.

He even woke me up in the middle of the night to tell me one of Ward's jokes.

I lecture at Big Creek.

Big Creek is a straggling, wild little village; and the house in which I had the honour of speaking a piece had no other floor than the bare earth. The roof was of sage-brush. At one end of the building a huge wood fire blazed, which, with half-a-dozen tallow-candles, afforded all the illumination desired. The lecturer spoke from behind the drinking-bar. Behind him long rows of decanters glistened; above him hung pictures of race-horses and prize-fighters; and beside him, in his shirt-sleeves and wearing a cheerful smile, stood the bar-keeper. My speeches at the Bar before this had been of an elegant character, perhaps, but quite brief. They never extended beyond "I don't care if I do," "No sugar in mine," and short gems of a like character.

I had a good audience at Big Creek, who seemed to be pleased—the bar-keeper especially; for at the close of any "point" that I sought to make, he would deal the counter a vigorous blow with his fist and exclaim, "Good boy from the New England States! listen to William W. Shakspeare!"

Back to Austin. We lose our way, and hitching our horses to a tree, go in search of some human beings. The night is very dark. We soon stumble upon a camp-fire, and an unpleasantly modulated voice asks us to say our prayers, adding that we are on the point of going to Glory with our boots on. I think perhaps there may be some truth in this, as the mouth of a horse-pistol almost grazes my forehead, while immediately behind the butt of the death-dealing weapon I perceive a large man with black whiskers. Other large men begin to assemble, also with horse-pistols. Dr. Hingston hastily explains, while I go back to the carriage to say my prayers, where there is more room. The men were miners on a prospecting tour, and as we advanced upon them without sending them word they took us for highway robbers.

I must not forget to say that my brave and kind-hearted friend Ryder of the mail coach, who had so often alluded to "Ward" in our ride from Virginia to Austin, was among my hearers at Big Creek. He had discovered who I was, and informed me that he had debated whether to wollop me or give me some rich silver claims.

IX.—GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

How was I to be greeted by the Mormons? That was rather an exciting question with me. I had been told on the plains that a certain humorous sketch of mine (written some years before) had greatly incensed the Saints, and a copy of the *Sacramento Union* newspaper had a few days before fallen into my hands, in which a Salt Lake correspondent quite clearly intimated that my reception at the new Zion might be unpleasantly warm. I ate my dinner moodily and sent out for some cigars. The venerable clerk brought me six. They cost only two dollars. They were procured at a store near by. The Salt Lake House sells neither cigars nor liquors.

I smoke in my room, having no heart to mingle with the people in the office.

Dr. Hingston "thanks God he never wrote against the Mormons," and goes out in search of a brother Englishman. Comes back at night and says there is a prejudice against me. Advises me to keep in. Has heard that the Mormons thirst for my blood and are on the look-out for me

Under these circumstances I keep in.

The next day is Sunday, and we go to the Tabernacle in the morning. The Tabernacle is located on — street, and is a long rakish building of adobe, capable of seating some twenty-five hundred persons. There is a wide platform and a rather large pulpit at one end of the building, and at the other end is another platform for the choir. A young Irishman of the name of Sloan preaches a sensible sort of discourse, to which a Presbyterian could hardly have objected. Last night this same Mr. Sloan enacted a character in a rollicking Irish farce at the theatre! And he played it well, I was told; not so well, of course, as the great Dan Bryant could: but I fancy he was more at home in the Mormon pulpit than Daniel would have been.

The Mormons, by the way, are pre-eminently an amusement loving people, and the Elders pray for the success of their theatre with as much earnestness as they pray for anything else. The congregation doesn't startle us. It is known, I fancy, that the heads of the Church are to be absent to-day, and the attendance is slim. There are no ravishingly beautiful women present, and no positively ugly ones. The men are fair to middling. They will never be slain in cold blood for their beauty, nor shut up in jail for their homeliness.

There are some good voices in the choir to-day, but the orchestral accompaniment is unusually slight. Sometimes they introduce a full brass and string band in Church. Brigham Young says the devil has monopolised the good music long enough, and it is high time the Lord had a portion of it. Therefore trombones are tooted on Sundays in Utah as well as on other days; and there are some splendid musicians there. The orchestra in Brigham Young's theatre is quite equal to any in Broadway. There is a youth in Salt Lake City (I forget his name) who plays the cornet like a North American angel.

Mr. Stenhouse relieves me of any anxiety I had felt in regard to having my swan-like throat cut by the Danites, but thinks my wholesale denunciation of a people I had never seen was rather hasty. The following is the paragraph to which the Saints objected. It occurs in an "Artemus Ward" paper on Brigham Young, written some years ago:

"I girded up my Lions and fled the Seen. I packt up my duds and left Salt Lake, which is a 2nd Soddum and Germorer, inhabited by as theavin' & onprincipled a set of retchis as ever drew Breth in eny spot on the Globe."

I had forgotten all about this, and as Elder Stenhouse read it to me "my feelings may be better imagined than described," to use language I think I have heard before. I pleaded, however, that it was a purely burlesque sketch, and that this strong paragraph should not be interpreted literally at all. The Elder didn't seem to see it in that light, but we parted pleasantly.

X.—THE MOUNTAIN FEVER.

I GO back to my hotel and go to bed, and I do not get up again for two weary weeks. I have the mountain fever (so called in Utah, though it closely resembles the old-style typhus), and my case is pronounced dangerous. I don't regard it so. I don't, in fact, regard anything. I am all right, *myself*. My poor Hingston shakes his head sadly, and Dr. Williamson, from Camp Douglas, pours all kinds of bitter stuff down my throat. I drink his health in a dose of the cheerful beverage known as jalap, and thresh the sheets with my hot hands. I address large assemblages, who have somehow got into my room, and I charge Dr. Williamson with the murder of Luce, and Mr. Irwin, the actor, with the murder of Shakespeare. I have a lucid spell now and then, in one of which James Townsend, the landlord, enters. He whispers, but I hear what he says far too distinctly: "This man can have anything and everything he wants; but I'm no hand for a sick room. *I never could see anybody die.*"

That was cheering, I thought. The noble Californian, Jerome Davis—he of the celebrated ranch—sticks by me like a twin brother, although I fear that in my hot frenzy I more than once anathematised his kindly eyes. Nurses and watchers, Gentile and Mormon, volunteer their services in hoops, and rare wines are sent to me from all over the city, which if I can't drink, the venerable and excellent Thomas can, easy.

I lay there in this wild, broiling way for nearly two weeks, when one morning I woke up with my head clear and an immense

plaster on my stomach. The plaster had *operated*. I was so raw that I could by no means say to Dr. Williamson, *Well done*, thou good and faithful servant. I wished he had lathered me before he plastered me. I was fearfully weak. I was frightfully thin. With either one of my legs you could have cleaned the stem of a meerschauum pipe. My backbone had the appearance of a clothes-line with a quantity of English walnuts strung upon it. My face was almost gone. My nose was so sharp that I didn't dare stick it into other people's business for fear it would stay there. But by borrowing my agent's overcoat I succeeded in producing a shadow.

I have been looking at Zion all day, and my feet are sore and my legs are weary. I go back to the Salt Lake House and have a talk with landlord Townsend about the State of Maine. He came from that bleak region, having skinned his infantile eyes in York County. He was at Nauvoo, and was forced to sell out his entire property there for \$50. He has thrived in Utah, however, and is much thought of by the Church. He is an Elder, and preaches occasionally. He has only two wives. I hear lately that he has sold his property for \$25,000 to Brigham Young, and gone to England to make converts. How impressive he may be as an expounder of the Mormon gospel, I don't know. His beefsteaks and chicken-pies, however, were first-rate. James and I talk about Maine, and cordially agree that so far as pine boards and horse-mackerel are concerned it is equalled by few and excelled by none. There is no place like home, as Clara, the Maid of Milan, very justly observes; and while J. Townsend would be unhappy in Maine, his heart evidently beats back here now and then.

I heard the love of home oddly illustrated in Oregon, one night, in a country bar-room. Some well-dressed men, in a state of strong drink, were boasting of their respective places of nativity.

"I," said one, "was born in Mississippi, where the sun ever shines and the magnolias bloom all the happy year round."

"And I," said another, "was born in Kentucky—Kentucky, the home of impassioned oratory: the home of Clay: the State of splendid women, of gallant men!"

"And I," said another, "was born in Virginia, the home of Washington: the birthplace of statesmen: the State of chivalric deeds and noble hospitality!"

"And I," said a yellow-haired and sallow-faced man, who was not of this party at all, and who had been quietly smoking a short black pipe by the fire during their magnificent conversation—"and I was born in the garden spot of America."

"Where is that?" they said.

"*Skeouhegan, Maine!*" he replied; "kin I sell you a razor strop?"

XI.—"I AM HERE."

THERE is no mistake about that, and there is a good prospect of my staying here for some time to come. The snow is deep on the ground, and more is falling.

The Doctor looks glum, and speaks of his ill-starred countryman, Sir J. Franklin, who went to the Arctic once too much.

"A good thing happened down here the other day," said a miner from New Hampshire to me. "A man of Boston dressin' went through there, and at one of the stations there wasn't any mules. Says the man who was fixed out to kill in his Boston dressin', 'Where's them mules?' Says the driver, 'Them mules is into the sage-brush. You go catch 'em—that's wot *you* do.' Says the man, of Boston dressin', 'Oh no!' Says the driver, 'Oh yes!' and he took his long coach-whip and licked the man of Boston dressin' till he went and caught them mules. How does that strike you as a joke?"

It didn't strike me as much of a joke to pay a hundred and seventy-five dollars in gold fare, and then be horse-whipped by stage-drivers for declining to chase mules. But people's ideas of humour differ, just as people's ideas differ in regard to shrewdness—which "reminds me of a little story." Sitting in a New England country store one day I overheard the following dialogue between two brothers:

"Say, Bill, wot you done with that air sorrel mare of yourn?"

"Sold her," said William, with a smile of satisfaction.

"Wot 'd you git?"

"Hund'd an' fifty dollars, cash deown!"

"Show! Hund'd an' fifty for that kickin' spavin'd critter? Who'd you sell her to?"

"Sold her to Mother!"

"Wot!" exclaimed brother No. 1, "did you raily sell that kickin' spavin'd critter to mother? Wall, you *air* a shrewd one!"

A Sensation-Arrival by the Overland Stage of two Missouri gals, who have come unescorted all the way through. They are going to Nevada territory to join their father. They are pretty, but, merciful heavens! how they throw the meat and potatoes down their throats. "This is the first Squar' meal we've had since we left Rocky Thompson's," said the eldest. Then addressing herself to me, she said:

"Air you the literary man?"

I politely replied that I was one of "them fellers."

"Wall, don't make fun of our clothes in the papers. We air goin' right straight through in these here clothes, *we* air! We ain't goin' to *rag out* till we git to Nevady! Pass them sassiges!"

XII.—BRIGHAM YOUNG.

BRIGHAM YOUNG sends word I may see him to-morrow. So I go to bed singing the popular Mormon hymn:

Let the chorus still be sung,
Long live Brother Brigham Young,
And blessed be the Vale of Deserét—rét—rét!
And blessed be the Vale of Deserét.

At two o'clock the next afternoon Mr. Hiram B. Clawson, Brigham Young's son-in-law and the chief business manager, calls for me with the Prophet's private sleigh, and we start for that distinguished person's block.

I am shown into the Prophet's chief office. He comes forward, greets me cordially, and introduces me to several influential Mormons who are present.

Brigham Young is 62 years old, of medium height, and with sandy hair and whiskers. An active, iron man, with a clear sharp eye. A man of consummate shrewdness—of great executive ability. He was born in the State of Vermont, and so by the way was Heber C. Kimball, who will wear the Mormon Belt when Brigham leaves the ring.

Brigham Young is a man of great natural ability. If you ask me, How pious is he? I treat it as a conundrum, and give it up.

Personally he treated me with marked kindness throughout my sojourn in Utah.

His power in Utah is quite as absolute as that of any living sovereign, yet he uses it with such consummate shrewdness that his people are passionately devoted to him.

He was an Elder at the first formal Mormon "stake" in this country, at Kirtland, Ohio, and went to Nauvoo with Joseph Smith. That distinguished Mormon handed his mantle and the Prophet business over to Brigham when he died at Nauvoo.

Smith did a more flourishing business in the Prophet line than B. Y. does. Smith used to have his little Revelation almost every day—sometimes two before dinner. B. Y. only takes one once in a while.

The gateway of his block is surmounted by a brass American eagle, and they say ("they say" here means anti-Mormons) that he receives his spiritual despatches through this piece of patriotic poultry. They also say that he receives revelations from a stuffed white calf that is trimmed with red ribbons and kept in an iron box. I don't suppose these things are true. Rumour says that when the Lion House was ready to be shingled, Brigham received a message from the Lord stating that the carpenters must all take hold and shingle it and not charge a red cent for their services. Such carpenters as refused to shingle would go to hell, and no postponement on account of the weather. They say that Brigham, whenever a train of emigrants arrives in Salt Lake City, orders all the women to march up and down before his block, while he stands on the portico of the Lion House and gobbles up the prettiest ones.

He is an immensely wealthy man. His wealth is variously estimated at from ten to twenty millions of dollars. He owns saw mills, grist mills, woollen factories, brass and iron foundries, farms, brick-yards, &c., and superintends them all in person. A man in Utah individually owns what he grows and makes with the exception of a one-tenth part: that must go to the Church; and Brigham Young, as the first President, is the Church's treasurer. Gentiles of course say that he abuses this blind confidence of his people, and speculates with their money, and absorbs the interest if he doesn't the principal. The Mormons deny this, and say that

whatever of their money he does use is for the good of the Church ; that he derays the expenses of emigrants from far over the seas ; that he is foremost in all local enterprises tending to develop the resources of the territory, and that, in short, he is incapable of wrong in any shape.

Nobody seems to know how many wives Brigham Young has. Some set the number as high as eighty, in which case his children must be too numerous to mention. Each wife has a room to herself. These rooms are large and airy, and I suppose they are supplied with all the modern improvements. But never having been invited to visit them I can't speak very definitely about this. When I left the Prophet, he shook me cordially by the hand, and invited me to call again. This was flattering, because if he dislikes a man at the first interview he never sees him again. He made no allusion to the "letter" I had written about his community. Outside guards were pacing up and down before the gateway, but they smiled upon me sweetly. The verandah was crowded with Gentile miners, who seemed to be surprised that I didn't return in a wooden overcoat, with my throat neatly laid open from ear to ear.

I go to the Theatre to-night. The play is Othello. This is a really fine play, and was a favorite of G. Washington, the father of his country. On this stage, as upon all other stages, the good old conventionalities are strictly adhered to. The actors cross each other at oblique angles from L. U. E. to R. I. E., on the slightest provocation. Othello howls, Iago scowls, and the boys all laugh when Roderigo dies. I stay to see charming Mrs. Irwin (Desdemona) die, which she does very sweetly.

I was an actor once, myself. I supported Edwin Forrest at a theatre in Philadelphia. I played a pantomimic part. I removed the chairs between the scenes, and I did it so neatly that Mr. F said I would make a cabinet-maker if I "applied" myself.

The parquette of the theatre is occupied exclusively by the Mormons and their wives, and children. They wouldn't let a Gentile in there any more than they would a serpent. In the side seats are those of President Young's wives who go to the play, and a large and varied assortment of children. It is an odd sight to see a jovial old Mormon file down the parquette aisle with ten or twenty robust wives at his heels. Yet this spectacle may be witnessed every night the theatre is opened. The dress circle is chiefly occupied by the officers from Camp Douglas and the Gentile Merchants. The upper circles are filled by the private soldiers and Mormon boys. I feel bound to say that a Mormon audience is quite as appreciative as any other kind of an audience. They prefer comedy to tragedy. Sentimental plays, for obvious reasons, are unpopular with them. It will be remembered that when C. Melnotte, in the *Lady of Lyons*, comes home from the wars, he folds Pauline to his heaving heart and makes several remarks of an impassioned and slobbering character. One night when the *Lady of Lyons* was produced here, an aged Mormon arose and went out with his twenty-four wives, angrily stating that he wouldn't sit and see a play where a man made such a *cussed fuss over one woman*. The prices of the theatre are: Parquette, 75 cents; dress circle, \$1; 1st upper circle, 50; 2nd and 3rd upper circles, 25. In an audience of two thousand persons (and there are almost always that number present) probably a thousand will pay in cash, and the other thousand in grain and a variety of articles: all which will command money, however.

Brigham Young usually sits in the middle of the parquette, in a rocking-chair, and with his hat on. He does not escort his wives to the theatre. They go alone. When the play drags he either falls into a tranquil sleep or walks out. He wears in winter time a green wrapper, and his hat is the style introduced into this country by Louis Kossuth, Esq., the liberator of Hungaria. (I invested a dollar in the liberty of Hungaria nearly fifteen years ago.)

XIII.—A PIECE IS SPOKEN.

A PIECE hath its victories no less than war.

"Blessed are the Piece-makers." That is Scripture.

The night of the "comic oration" is come, and the speaker is arranging his black hair in the star-dressing-room of the theatre. The orchestra is playing selections from the Gentile opera of *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and the house is full. Mr. John F. Caine, the excellent stage-manager, has given me an elegant drawing-room scene in which to speak my little piece.

[In Iowa, I once lectured in a theatre, and the heartless manager gave me a *Dungeon scene*.]

The curtain goes up, and I stand before a Salt Lake of up-turned faces.

I can only say that I was never listened to more attentively and kindly in my life than I was by this audience of Mormons.

Among my receipts at the box-office this night were—
20 bushels of wheat.

5 " " corn.

4 " " potatoes.

2 " " oats.

4 " " salt.

2 hams.

1 live pig (Dr. Hingston changed him in the box office).

1 wolf-skin.

5 pounds honey in the comb.

16 strings of sausages—2 pounds to the string.

1 cat-skin.

1 churn (two families went in on this ; it is an ingenious churn, and fetches butter in five minutes by rapid grinding).

1 set children's under-garments, embroidered.

1 firkin of butter.

1 keg of apple-sauce.

One man undertook to pass a dog (a cross between a Scotch terrier and a Welsh rabbit) at the box-office, and another presented a German-silver coffin-plate, but the Doctor very justly repulsed them both.

XIV.—THE BALL.

THE Mormons are fond of dancing. Brigham and Heber C. dance. So do Daniel H. Wells and the other heads of the Church. Balls are opened with prayer, and when they break up a benediction is pronounced.

I am invited to a ball at Social Hall, and am escorted thither by Brothers Stenhouse and Clawson.

Social Hall is a spacious and cheerful room. The motto of "Our Mountain Home" in brilliant evergreen capitals adorns one end of the hall, while at the other a platform is erected for the musicians, behind whom there is room for those who don't dance, to sit and look at the festivities. Brother Stenhouse, at the request of President Young, formally introduces me to company from the platform. There is a splendour of costumery about the dancers I had not expected to see. Quadrilles only are danced. The Mazourka is considered sinful. Even the old-time round waltz is tabooed. I dance.

The Saints address each other here, as elsewhere, as Brother and Sister. "This way, Sister:" "Where are you going, Brother?" etc., etc. I am called Brother Ward. This pleases me, and I dance with renewed vigour.

The Prophet has some very charming daughters, several of whom are present to-night.

I was told they spoke French and Spanish.

The Prophet is more industrious than graceful as a dancer. He exhibits, however, a spryness of legs quite remarkable in a man at his time of life. I didn't see Heber C. Kimball on the floor. I am told he is a loose and reckless dancer, and that many a lily-white toe has felt the crushing weight of his cowhide monitors.

The old gentleman is present, however, with a large number of wives. It is said he calls them his "heifers." "Ain't you goin' to dance with some of my wives?" said a Mormon to me. These things make a Mormon ball more spicy than a Gentile one. The supper is sumptuous, and bear and beaver adorn the bill of fare. I go away at the early hour of two in the morning. The moon is shining brightly on the snow-covered streets. The lamps are out, and the town is still as a graveyard.

XV.—PHELPS'S ALMANAC.

THERE is an eccentric Mormon at Salt Lake City of the name of W. W. Phelps. He is from Cortland, State of New York, and has been a Saint for a good many years. It is said he enacts the character of the Devil, with a pea-green tail, in the Mormon initiation ceremonies. He also publishes an Almanac, in which he blends astronomy with short moral essays, and suggestions in regard to the proper management of hens. He also contributes a poem entitled "The Tombs" to his Almanac for the current year, from which I quote the last verse :

"Choose ye ; to rest with stately grooms ;
Just such a place there is for sleeping ;
Where everything, in common keeping,
Is free from want and worth and weeping ;
There folly's harvest is a reaping,
Down in the grave, among the tombs."

Now, I know that poets and tin-pedlars are "licensed," but why does W. W. P. advise us to sleep in the barn with the ostlers ? These are the most dismal Tombs on record, not excepting the Tomb of the Capulets, the Tombs of New York, or the Toombs of Georgia.

Under the head of "*Old Sayings*," Mr. P. publishes the following. There is a modesty about the last "saying" which will be pretty apt to strike the reader :

"The Lord does good and Satan evil, said Moses.
Sun and Moon, see me conquer, said Joshua.
Virtue exalts a woman, said David.
Fools and folly frolic, said Solomon.
Judgments belong to God, said Isaiah.
The path of the just is plain, said Jeremiah.
The soul that sins dies, said Ezekiel.
The wicked do wicked, said Daniel.
Ephraim fled and hid, said Hosea.
The Gentiles war and waste, said Joel.
The second reign is peace and plenty, said Amos.
Zion is the house of the Gods, said Obadiah.
A fish saved me, said Jonah.
Our Lion will be terrible, said Micah.
Doctor, cure yourself, said the Saviour.
Live to live again, said W. W. Phelps."

XVI.—HURRAH FOR THE ROAD.

TIME, Wednesday afternoon, February 10. The Overland Stage, Mr. William Glover on the box, stands before the veranda of the Salt Lake House. The genial Nat Stein is arranging the way-bill. Our baggage (the overland passenger is only allowed twenty-five pounds) is being put aboard, and we are shaking hands, at a rate altogether furious, with Mormon and Gentile. Among the former are brothers Stenhouse, Caine, Clawson, and Townsend; and among the latter are Harry Riccard, the big-hearted English mountaineer (though once he wore white kids and swallow-tails in Regent Street, and in his boyhood went to school to Miss Edgeworth, the novelist); the daring explorer Rood, from Wisconsin; the Rev. James McCormick, missionary, who distributes paste-board tracts among the Bannock miners; and the pleasing child of gore, Capt. D. B. Stover, of the Commissary department.

We go away on wheels, but the deep snow compels us to substitute runners twelve miles out.

There are four passengers of us. We pierce the Wahsatch mountains by Parley's Cañon.

A snow-storm overtakes us as the night thickens, and the wind shrieks like a brigade of strong-lunged maniacs. Never mind. We are well covered up—our cigars are good—I have on deerskin pantaloons, a deerskin overcoat, a beaver cap and buffalo over-shoes; and so, as I tersely observed before, Never mind. Let us laugh the winds to scorn, brave boys! But why is William Glover, driver, lying flat on his back by the roadside, and why am I turning a handspring in the road, and why are the horses tearing wildly down the Wahsatch mountains? It is because William Glover has been thrown from his seat, and the horses are running away. I see him fall off, and it occurs to me that I had better get out. In doing so, such is the velocity of the sleigh, I turn a handspring.

Far ahead I hear the runners clash with the rocks, and I see Dr. Hingston's lantern (he always *would* have a lantern) bobbing about like the binnacle light of an oyster sloop, very close in a chopping sea. Therefore I did not laugh the winds to scorn as much as I did, brave boys.

William G. is not hurt, and together we trudge on after the runaways in the hope of overtaking them, which we do some two miles off. They are in a snowbank, and "nobody hurt."

We are soon on the road again, all serene ; though I believe the doctor did observe that such a thing could not have occurred under a monarchical form of government.

We reach Weber station, thirty miles from Salt Lake City, and wildly situated at the foot of the grand Echo Canon, at 3 o'clock the following morning. We remain over a day here with James Bromley, agent of the Overland Stage line, and who is better known on the plains than Shakspeare is ; although Shakspeare has done a good deal for the stage. James Bromley has seen the Overland line grow up from its ponyicy ; and, as Fitz-Green Halleck happily observes, none know him but to like his style. He was intended for an agent. In his infancy he used to lisp the refrain,

" I want to be an agent,
And with the agents stand."

I part with this kind-hearted gentleman, to whose industry and ability the Overland line owes much of its success, with sincere regret ; and I hope he will soon get rich enough to transplant his charming wife from the Desert to the "White Settlements."

Forward to Fort Bridger, in an open sleigh. Night clear, cold, and moonlit. Driver Mr. Samuel Smart. Through Echo Cañon to Hanging Rock Station. The snow is very deep, there is no path, and we literally shovel our way to Robert Pollock's station, which we achieve in the Course of Time. Mr. P. gets up and kindles a fire, and a snowy nightcap and a pair of very bright black eyes beam upon us from the bed. That is Mrs. Robert Pollock. The long cabin is a comfortable one. I make coffee in my French coffee-pot, and let loose some of the roast chickens in my basket. (Tired of fried bacon and saleratus bread, the principal bill of fare at the stations, we had supplied ourselves with chicken, boiled ham, onions, sausages, sea-bread, canned butter, cheese, honey, &c., &c., an example all Overland traders would do well to follow.) Mrs. Pollock tells me where I can find cream for the coffee, and cups and saucers for the same, and appears

so kind, that I regret our stay is so limited that we can't see more of her.

On to Yellow Creek Station. Then Needle Rock—a desolate hut on the Desert, house and barn in one building. The station-keeper is a miserable, toothless wretch, with shaggy yellow hair, but says he's going to get married. I think I see him.

To Bear River. A pleasant Mormon named Myers keeps this station, and he gives us a first-rate breakfast. Robert Curtis takes the reins from Mr. Smart here, and we get on to wheels again. Begin to see groups of trees—a new sight to us.

Pass Quaking Asp Springs and Muddy to Fort Bridger. Here are a group of white buildings, built round a plaza, across the middle of which runs a creek. There are a few hundred troops here under the command of Major Gallagher, a gallant officer, and a gentleman well worth knowing. We stay here two days.

We are on the road again, Sunday the 14th, with a driver of the highly floral name of Primrose. At 7 the next morning we reach Green River Station, and enter Idaho territory. This is the Bitter Creek division of the Overland route, of which we had heard so many unfavourable stories. The division is really well managed by Mr. Stewart, though the country through which it stretches is the most wretched I ever saw. The water is liquid alkali, and the roads are soft sand. The snow is gone now, and the dust is thick and blinding. So drearily, wearily we drag onward.

We reach the summit of the Rocky Mountains at midnight on the 17th. The climate changes suddenly, and the cold is intense. We resume runners, have a break-down, and are forced to walk four miles.

I remember that one of the numerous reasons urged in favour of General Fremont's election to the Presidency in 1856, was his finding the path across the Rocky Mountains. Credit is certainly due to that gallant explorer in this respect: but it occurred to me, as I wrung my frost-bitten hands on that dreadful night, that for me to deliberately go over that path in mid-winter was a sufficient reason for my election to any lunatic asylum, by an overwhelming vote. Dr. Hingston made a similar remark, and

wondered if he should ever clink glasses with his friend Lord Palmerston again.

Another sensation. Not comic this time. One of our passengers, a fair-haired German boy, whose sweet ways had quite won us all, sank on the snow, and said—"Let me sleep." We knew only too well what that meant, and tried hard to rouse him. It was in vain. "Let me sleep," he said. And so in the cold starlight he died. We took him up tenderly from the snow, and bore him to the sleigh that awaited us by the roadside, some two miles away. The new moon was shining now, and the smile on the sweet white face told how painlessly the poor boy had died. No one knew him. He was from the Bannock mines, and was ill clad, had no baggage or money, and his fare was paid to Denver. He had said that he was going back to Germany. That was all we knew. So at sunrise the next morning we buried him at the foot of the grand mountains that are snow-covered and icy all the year round, far away from the Faderland, where, it may be, some poor mother is crying for her darling who will not come.

We strike the North Platte on the 18th. The fare at the stations is daily improving, and we often have antelope steaks now. They tell us of eggs not far off, and we encourage (by a process not wholly unconnected with bottles) the drivers to keep their mules in motion.

Antelope by the thousand can be seen racing the plains from the coach-windows.

At Elk Mountain we encounter a religious driver named Edward Witney, who never swears at the mules. This has made him distinguished all over the plains. This pious driver tried to convert the Doctor, but I am mortified to say that his efforts were not crowned with success. Fort Halleck is a mile from Elk, and here are some troops of the Ohio 11th regiment, under the command of Major Thomas L. Mackey.

On the 20th we reach Rocky Thomas's justly celebrated station at 5 in the morning, and have a breakfast of hashed black-tailed deer, antelope steaks, ham, boiled bear, honey, eggs, coffee, tea,

and cream. That was the squarest meal on the road, except at Weber. Mr. Thomas is a Baltimore "slosher," he informed me. I don't know what that is, but he is a good fellow, and gave us a breakfast fit for a lord, emperor, czar, count, etc. A better couldn't be found at Delmonico's or Parker's. He pressed me to linger with him a few days and shoot bears. It was with several pangs that I declined the generous Baltimorean's invitation.

To Virginia Dale. Weather clear and bright. Virginia Dale is a pretty spot, as it ought to be with such a pretty name; but I treated with no little scorn the advice of a hunter I met there, who told me to give up "literatoor," form a matrimonial alliance with some squaws, and "settle down thar."

Bannock on the brain! That is what is the matter now. Wagon-load after wagon-load of emigrants, bound to the new Idaho gold regions, meet us every hour. Canvas-covered, and drawn for the most part by fine large mules, they make a pleasant panorama, as they stretch slowly over the plains and uplands. We strike the South Platte Sunday, the 21st, and breakfast at Latham, a station of one-horse proportions. We are now in Colorado ("Pike's Peak"), and we diverge from the main route here and visit the flourishing and beautiful city of Denver. Messrs. Langrish and Dougherty, who have so long and so admirably catered to the amusement-lovers of the Far West, kindly withdraw their dramatic corps for a night, and allow me to use their pretty little theatre.

We go to the Mountains from Denver, visiting the celebrated gold-mining towns Black Hawk and Central City. I leave this queen of all the territories, quite firmly believing that its future is to be no less brilliant than its past has been.

I had almost forgotten to mention that on the way from Latham to Denver, Dr. Hingston, and Dr. Seaton (late a highly admired physician and surgeon in Kentucky, and now a prosperous gold-miner) had a learned discussion as to the formation of the membranes of the human stomach, in which they used words that were over a foot long by actual measurement. I never heard such splendid words in my life; but such was their grandiloquent profundity, and their far-reaching lucidity, that I understood rather less about it when they had finished than I did when they commenced.

Back to Latham again over a marshy road, and on to Nebraska by the main stage-line.

I met Col. Chivington, commander of the district of Colorado, at Latham.

Col. Chivington is a Methodist clergyman, and was once a Presiding Elder. A thoroughly earnest man, an eloquent preacher, a sincere believer in the war, he of course brings to his new position a great deal of enthusiasm. This, with his natural military tact, makes him an officer of rare ability; and on more occasions than one he has led his troops against the enemy with resistless skill and gallantry. I take the liberty of calling the President's attention to the fact that this brave man ought to have long ago been a Brigadier-general.

There is, however, a little story about Col. Chivington that I must tell. It involves the use of a little blank profanity, but the story would be spoilt without it; and as in this case "nothing was meant by it," no great harm can be done. I rarely stain my pages with even mild profanity. It is wicked in the first place, and not funny in the second. I ask the boon of being occasionally stupid, but I could never see the fun of being impious.

Col. Chivington vanquished the rebels, with his brave Colorado troops, in New Mexico last year, as most people know. At the commencement of the action, which was hotly contested, a shell from the enemy exploded near him, tearing up the ground, and causing Capt. Rogers to swear in an awful manner.

"Captain Rogers," said the Colonel, "gentlemen do not swear on a solemn occasion like this. We may fall, but, falling in a glorious cause, let us die as Christians, not as rowdies, with oaths upon our lips. Captain Rogers, let us ——"

Another shell, a sprightlier one than its predecessor, tears the earth fearfully in the immediate vicinity of Col. Chivington, filling his eyes with dirt, and knocking off his hat.

"Why, d—— their souls to h——," he roared, "they've put my eyes out—as *Captain Rogers would say!*"

But the Colonel's eyes were not seriously damaged, and he went in. Went in, only to come out victorious.

We reach Julesberg, Colorado, the 1st of March. We are in the country of the Sioux Indians now, and encounter them by the hundred. A Chief offers to sell me his daughter (a fair young Indian maiden) for six dollars and two quarts of whisky. I decline to trade.

Meals which have hitherto been \$1.00 each are now 75 cents, Eggs appear on the table occasionally, and we hear of chickens farther on. Nine miles from here we enter Nebraska territory. Here is occasionally a fenced farm, and the ranches have bar-rooms. Buffalo skins and buffalo tongues are for sale at most of the stations. We reach South Platte on the 2nd, and Fort Kearney on the 3rd. The 7th Iowa Cavalry are here, under the command of Major Wood. At Cottonwood, a day's ride back, we had taken aboard Major O'Brien, commanding the troops there, and a very jovial warrior he is, too.

Meals are now down to 50 cents, and a great deal better than when they were \$1.00.

Kansas, 105 miles from Atchison. Atchison! No traveller by sea ever longed to set his foot on shore as we longed to reach the end of our dreary coach-ride over the wildest part of the whole continent. How we talked Atchison, and dreamed Atchison for the next fifty hours! Atchison, I shall always love you. You were evidently mistaken, Atchison, when you told me that in case I "lectured" there, immense crowds would throng to the hall: but you are very dear to me. Let me kiss you for your maternal parent!

We are passing through the reservation of the Otoe Indians, who long ago washed the war-paint from their faces, buried the tomahawk, and settled down into quiet, prosperous farmers.

We rattle leisurely into Atchison on a Sunday evening. Lights gleam in the windows of milk-white churches, and they tell us, far better than anything else could, that we are back to civilization again.

An overland journey in winter is a better thing to have done than to do. In the spring, however, when the grass is green on the great prairies, I fancy one might make the journey a pleasant one, with his own outfit and a few choice friends.

XVII.—VERY MUCH MARRIED.

ARE the Mormon women happy?

I give it up. I don't know.

It is at Great Salt Lake City as it is in Boston. If I go out to tea at the Wilkinses in Boston, I am pretty sure to find Mr. Wilkins all smiles and sunshine, or Mrs. Wilkins all gentleness and politeness. I am entertained delightfully, and after tea little Miss Wilkins shows me her Photograph Album, and plays the March from Faust on the piano for me. I go away highly pleased with my visit; and yet the Wilkinses may fight like cats and dogs in private. I may no sooner have struck the sidewalk than Mr. W. will be reaching for Mrs. W.'s throat.

Thus it is in the City of the Saints. Apparently, the Mormon women are happy. I saw them at their best, of course—at balls, tea-parties, and the like. They were like other women as far as my observation extended. They were hooped, and furbelowed, and shod, and white-collared, and bejewelled; and, like women all over the world, they were softer-eyed and kinder-hearted than men can ever hope to be.

The Mormon girl is reared to believe that the plurality-wife system (as it is delicately called here) is strictly right; and in linking her destiny with a man who has twelve wives, she undoubtedly considers she is doing her duty. She loves the man, probably, for I think it is not true, as so many writers have stated, that girls are forced to marry whomsoever "the Church" may dictate. Some parents no doubt advise, connive, threaten, and in aggravated cases incarcerate here, as some parents have always done elsewhere, and always will do as long as petticoats continue to be an institution.

How these dozen or twenty wives get along without heart-burnings and hair-pullings, I can't see.

There are instances on record, you know, where a man don't live in a state of uninterrupted bliss with *one* wife. And to say that a man can possess twenty wives without having his special favourite, or favourites, is to say that he is an angel in boots—which is something I have never been introduced to. You never saw an angel with a Beard, although you may have seen the Bearded Woman.

The Mormon woman is early taught that man, being created in the image of the Saviour, is far more godly than she can ever be, and that for her to seek to monopolise his affections is a species of rank sin. So she shares his affections with five or six or twenty other women, as the case may be.

A man must be amply able to support a number of wives before he can take them. Hence, perhaps, it is that so many old chaps in Utah have young and blooming wives in their seraglios, and so many young men have only one.

I had a man pointed out to me who married an entire family. He had originally intended to marry Jane, but Jane did not want to leave her widowed mother. The other three sisters were not in the matrimonial market for the same reason; so this gallant man married the whole crowd, including the girls' grandmother, who had lost all her teeth, and had to be fed with a spoon. The family were in indigent circumstances, and they could not but congratulate themselves on securing a wealthy husband. It seemed to affect the grandmother deeply, for the first words she said on reaching her new home, were: "Now, thank God! I shall have my gruel reg'lar!"

The name of Joseph Smith is worshipped in Utah; and "they say" that although he has been dead a good many years, he still keeps on marrying women by *proxy*. He "reveals" who shall act as his earthly agent in this matter, and the agent faithfully executes the defunct Prophet's commands.

A few years ago I read about a couple being married by telegraph—the young man was in Cincinnati, and the young woman was in New Hampshire. They did not see each other for a year afterwards. I don't see what fun there is in this sort of thing.

I have somewhere stated that Brigham Young is said to have eighty wives. I hardly think he has so many. Mr. Hyde, the backslider, says in his book that "Brigham always sleeps by himself, in a little chamber behind his office;" and if he has eighty wives I don't blame him. He must be bewildered. I know very well that if I had eighty wives of my bosom I should be confused, and shouldn't sleep anywhere. I undertook to count the long stockings, on the clothes-line, in his back-yard one day, and I used up the multiplication table in less than half-an-hour.

J. T. Trowbridge.

[Paul Creyton is the real name of this author, who is well known in the States as a novelist and poet, and also as the Editor of a popular juvenile magazine.]

THE VAGABONDS.

WE are two travellers, Roger and I,
Roger's my dog.—Come here, you scamp ;
Jump for the gentlemen—mind your eye !
Over the table—look out for the lamp !
The rogue is growing a little old :
Five years we've tramp'd through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learn'd what comfort is, I tell you !
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow !
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle
(This out-door business is bad for strings),
Then a few nice buckwheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings.

No, thank ye, Sir—I never drink ;
Roger and I are exceedingly moral—
Aren't we, Roger?—see him wink,—
Well, something hot, then—we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too—see him nod his head ;
What a pity, Sir, that dogs can't talk !
He understands every word that's said ;
And he knows good milk from water-and-chalk.

The truth is, Sir, now I reflect,
I've been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, Sir) even of my dog.

But he sticks by, through thick and thin ;
And this old coat, with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove, through every disaster,
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving,
To such a miserable, thankless master !
No, Sir ! see him wag his tail, and grin !
By George ! it makes my old eyes water ;
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow. But no matter.

We'll have some music, if you're willing,
And Roger here (what a plague a cough is, Sir)
Shall march a little.—Start, you villain !
Paws up ! Eyes front ! Salute your officer !
'Bout face ! Attention ! Take your rifle !
(Some dogs have arms, you see.) Now hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle
To aid a poor old patriot soldier.

March ! Halt ! Now show how the Rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence.
Now tell us how many drams it takes
To honour a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps—that's five ; he's mighty knowing !
The night's before us, fill the glasses !
Quick, Sir ! I'm ill—my brain is going !
Some brandy—thank you—there ! it passes.

Why not reform ? That's easily said ;
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform ;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think ?
At your age, Sir, home, fortune, friends,
A dear girl's love—but I took to drink ;—
The same old story ; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features—
You needn't laugh, Sir ; they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures ;
I was one of your handsome men !

If you had seen HER, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast !
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you wouldn't have guess'd
That ever I, Sir, should be straying
From door to door, with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog !

She's married since—a parson's wife :
'Twas better for her that we should part—
Better the soberest, prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
I have seen her ! Once : I was weak and spent
On the dusty road : a carriage stopped :
But little she dream'd, as on she went,
Who kiss'd the coin that her fingers dropp'd !

You've set me talking, Sir ; I'm sorry :
It makes me wild to think of the change !
What do you care for a beggar's story ?
It is amusing ? you find it strange ?
I had a mother so proud of me !
'Twas well she died before—Do you know
If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruin and wretchedness here below ?

Another glass, and strong, to deaden
This pain ; then Roger and I will start.

I wonder, has he such a lumpish, leaden,
 Aching thing, in place of a heart !
 He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,
 No doubt, remembering things that were—
 A virtuous kennel, with plenty of food,
 And himself a sober, respectable cur.

I'm better now ; that glass was warming.
 You rascal ! limber your lazy feet !
 We must be fiddling and performing
 For supper and bed, or starve in the street.
 Not a very gay life to lead, you think ?
 But soon we shall go where lodgings are free,
 And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink ;
 The sooner the better for Roger and me.

RAMRODS.

BY JOSH BILLINGS.

PURE ignoranse, after all, iz the best alloy for vanity, for a vain phool iz quite harmless. It iz better that we be grater than our condishun in life, than tew hav our condishun appear too grate for us.

There iz nothing that a man kan do that should cut him off from pittty, the fakt that he iz human should always entitle him to commiserashun.

Prudes hoard their virtews, the same az mizers do their money, more for the sake ov recounting them, than for use.

If yu seek wisdum, mi yung friend, studdy men, and things, if yu desire larning, studdy dikshionarys.

I think opportunities are made full az often az they happen.

It iz a grate deal eazier tew look upon thoze who are below us with pittty, than tew look upon thoze who are abuv us without envy.

Nathaniel Parker Willis.

[Mr. Willis, poet, critic, and journalist, was born in 1817 and died in 1867. His best known works on this side the Atlantic are his poems and his descriptive sketches, "Pencillings by the Way." His sister wrote some sparkling papers under the pseudonym of "Fanny Fern."]

THE DECLARATION.

'Twas late, and the gay company was gone,
And light lay soft on the deserted room
From alabaster vases, and a scent
Of orange leaves, and sweet verbenas came
Through the unshutter'd window on the air,
And the rich pictures with their dark old tints
Hung like a twilight landscape, and all things
Seem'd hush'd into a slumber. Isabel,
The dark-eyed spiritual Isabel
Was leaning on her harp, and I had stay'd
To whisper what I could not when the crowd
Hung on her look like worshippers. I knelt,
And with the fervour of a lip unused
To the cool breath of reason, told my love.
There was no answer, and I took the hand
That rested on the strings, and press'd a kiss
Upon it unforbidden—and again
Besought her, that this silent evidence
That I was not indifferent to her heart,
Might have the seal of one sweet syllable.
I kiss'd the small white fingers as I spoke,
And she withdrew them gently, and upraised
Her forehead from its resting-place, and look'd
Earnestly on me—*She had been asleep!*

LOVE IN A COTTAGE.

THEY may talk of love in a cottage,
 And bowers of trellised vine—
 Of nature bewitchingly simple,
 And milkmaids half-divine ;
 They may talk of the pleasure of sleeping
 In the shade of a spreading tree,
 And a walk in the fields at morning,
 By the side of a footstep free !

But give me a sly flirtation
 By the light of a chandelier—
 With music to play in the pauses
 And nobody very near :
 Or a seat on a silken sofa,
 With a glass of pure old wine
 And mamma too blind to discover
 The small white hand in mine

Your love in a cottage is hungry
 Your vine is a nest for flies—
 Your milkmaid shocks the Graces,
 And simplicity talks of pies !
 You lie down to your shady slumber
 And wake with a fly in your ear
 And your damsel that walks in the morning
 Is shod like a mountaineer.

True love is at home on a carpet,
 And mightily likes his ease—
 And true love has an eye for a dinner,
 And starves beneath shady trees.
 His wing is the fan of a lady,
 His foot's an invisible thing,
 And his arrow is tipp'd with a jewel,
 And shot from a silver string.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

[Dr. Holmes is a physician born in 1809 and still living. His humorous writings have long been known in this country, especially his poems and his "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." He is also the author of a remarkable tale called "Elsie Venner."]

MY AUNT.

My aunt ! my dear unmarried aunt !
 Long years have o'er her flown ;
Yet still she strains the aching clasp
 That binds her virgin zone ;
I know it hurts her,—though she looks
 As cheerful as she can ;
Her waist is ampler than her life,
 For life is but a span.

My aunt ! my poor deluded aunt !
 Her hair is almost gray ;
Why will she train that winter curl
 In such a spring-like way ?
How can she lay her glasses down,
 And say she reads as well,
When, through a double convex lens,
 She just makes out to spell ?

Her father—grandpapa ! forgive
 This erring lip its smiles—
Vowed she should make the finest girl
 Within a hundred miles ;
He sent her to a stylish school ;
 'Twas in her thirteenth June ;
And with her, as the rules required,
 "Two towels and a spoon."

They braced my aunt against a board,
 To make her straight and tall ;
They laced her up, they starved her down,
 To make her light and small ;

They pinched her feet, they singed her hair,
They screwed it up with pins ;—
Oh, never mortal suffered more
In penance for her sins !

So, when my precious aunt was done,
My grandsire brought her back
(By daylight, lest some rabid youth
Might follow on the track) ;
“ Ah ! ” said my grandsire as he shook
Some powder in his pan,
“ What could this lovely creature do
Against a desperate man ! ”

Alas ! nor chariot, nor barouche,
Nor bandit cavalcade,
Tore from the trembling father's arms
His all-accomplished maid.
For her how happy had it been !
And heaven had spared to me
To see one sad, ungathered rose
On my ancestral tree.

THE DORCHESTER GIANT.

THERE was a giant in time of old,
A mighty one was he ;
He had a wife, but she was a scold,
So he kept her shut in his mammoth fold ;
And he had children three.

It happened to be an election day,
And the giants were choosing a king ;
The people were not democrats then,
They did not talk of the rights of men,
And all that sort of thing.

Then the giant took his children three,
And fastened them in the pen ;

The children roared ; quoth the giant, " Be still ! "
 And Dorchester Heights and Milton Hill
 Rolled back the sound again.

Then he brought them a pudding stuffed with plums,
 As big as the State-House dome ;
 Quoth he, " There's something for you to eat ;
 So stop your mouths with your 'lection treat,
 And wait till your dad comes home."

So the giant pulled him a chestnut stout,
 And whittled the boughs away ;
 The boys and their mother set up a shout,
 Said he, " You're in, and you can't get out,
 Bellow as loud as you may."

Off he went, and he growled a tune
 As he strode the fields along ;
 'Tis said a buffalo fainted away,
 And fell as cold as a lump of clay,
 When he heard the giant's song.

But whether the story's true or not,
 It isn't for me to show ;
 There's many a thing that's twice as queer
 In somebody's lectures that we hear,
 And those are true, you know.

.

What are those lone ones doing now,
 The wife and the children sad ?
 Oh, they are in a terrible rout,
 Screaming, and throwing their pudding about,
 Acting as they were mad.

They flung it over to Roxbury hills,
 They flung it over the plain,
 And all over Milton and Dorchester too
 Great lumps of pudding the giants threw ;
 They tumbled as thick as rain.

.

Giant and mammoth have passed away,
 For ages have floated by ;
 The suet is hard as a marrow-bone,
 And every plum is turned to a stone,
 But there the puddings lie.

And if, some pleasant afternoon,
 You'll ask me out to ride,
 The whole of the story I will tell,
 And you shall see where the puddings fell,
 And pay for the punch beside.

THE SEPTEMBER GALE.

I'm not a chicken ; I have seen
 Full many a chill September,
 And though I was a youngster then,
 That gale I well remember ;
 The day before, my kite-string snapped,
 And I, my kite pursuing,
 The wind whisked off my palm-leaf hat ;—
 For me two storms were brewing !

It came as quarrels sometimes do,
 When married folks get clashing ;
 There was a heavy sigh or two,
 Before the fire was flashing,—
 A little stir among the clouds,
 Before they rent asunder,—
 A little rocking of the trees,
 And then came on the thunder.

Lord ! how the ponds and rivers boiled !
 They seemed like bursting craters !
 And oaks lay scattered on the ground
 As if they were p'taters ;
 And all above was in a howl,
 And all below a clatter,—

The earth was like a frying-pan,
Or some such hissing matter.

It chanced to be our washing-day,
And all our things were drying ;
The storm came roaring through the lines,
And set them all a flying ;
I saw the shirts and petticoats
Go riding off like witches ;
I lost, ah ! bitterly I wept,—
I lost my Sunday breeches !

I saw them straddling through the air,
Alas ! too late to win them ;
I saw them chase the clouds as if
The devil had been in them ;
They were my darlings and my pride,
My boyhood's only riches,—
"Farewell, farewell," I faintly cried,—
"My breeches ! O my breeches !"

That night I saw them in my dreams,
How changed from what I knew them !
The dews had steeped their faded threads,
The winds had whistled through them :
I saw the wide and ghastly rents
Where demon claws had torn them ;
A hole was in their amplest part,
As if an imp had worn them.

I have had many happy years,
And tailors kind and clever,
But those young pantaloons have gone
For ever and for ever !
And not till fate has cut the last
Of all my earthly stitches,
This aching heart shall cease to mourn
My loved, my long-lost breeches !

THE SWEET LITTLE MAN.

DEDICATED TO THE STAY-AT-HOME RANGERS.

Now, while our soldiers are fighting our battles,
Each at his post to do all that he can,
Down among rebels and contraband chattels,
What are you doing, my sweet little man ?

All the brave boys under canvas are sleeping,
All of them pressing to march with the van,
Far from the home where their sweethearts are weeping ;
What are you waiting for, sweet little man ?

You with the terrible warlike mustaches,
Fit for a colonel or chief of a clan,
You with the waist made for sword belts and sashes,
Where are your shoulder-straps, sweet little man ?

Bring him the buttonless garment of woman !
Cover his face lest it freckle and tan ;
Muster the Apron-string Guards on the Common,
That is the corps for the sweet little man !

Give him for escort a file of young misses,
Each of them armed with a deadly rattan ;
They shall defend him from laughter and hisses,
Aimed by low boys at the sweet little man.

All the fair maidens about him shall cluster,
Pluck the white feathers from bonnet and fan,
Make him a plume like a turkey-wing duster,—
That is the crest for the sweet little man !

Oh, but the Apron-string Guards are the fellows !
Drilling each day since our troubles began,—
“ Handle your walking-sticks ! ” “ Shoulder umbrellas ! ”
That is the style for the sweet little man.

Have we a nation to save ? In the first place
Saving ourselves is the sensible plan,—
Surely the spot where there's shooting's the worst place
Where I can stand, says the sweet little man.

Catch me confiding my person with strangers !
Think how the cowardly Bull-Runners ran !
In the brigade of the Stay-at-home Rangers
Marches my corps, says the sweet little man.

Such was the stuff of the Malakoff-takers,
Such were the soldiers that scaled the Redan ;
Truculent housemaids and bloodthirsty Quakers,
Brave not the wrath of the sweet little man !

Yield him the sidewalk, ye nursery maidens !
Sauve qui peut ! Bridget, and right about ! Ann ;—
Fierce as a shark in a school of menhadens,
See him advancing, the sweet little man !

When the red flails of the battlefield's threshers
Beat out the continent's wheat from the bran,
While the wind scatters the chaffy seceshers,
What will become of our sweet little man ?

When the brown soldiers come back from the borders,
How will he look while his features they scan ?
How will he feel when he gets marching orders,
Signed by his lady love ? sweet little man !

Fear not for him, though the rebels expect him,—
Life is too precious to shorten its span ;
Woman her broomstick shall raise to protect him,
Will she not fight for the sweet little man !

Now then, nine cheers for the Stay-at-home Ranger !
Blow the great fish-horn and beat the big pan !
First in the field that is farthest from danger,
Take your white-feather plume, sweet little man !

THE SPECTRE PIG.

A BALLAD.

It was the stalwart butcher man,
That knit his swarthy brow,
And said the gentle Pig must die,
And sealed it with a vow.

And oh ! it was the gentle Pig
Lay stretched upon the ground,
And ah ! it was the cruel knife,
His little heart that found.

They took him then, those wicked men,
They trailed him all along ;
They put a stick between his lips,
And through his heels a thong ;

And round and round an oaken beam
A hempen cord they flung,
And, like a mighty pendulum,
All solemnly he swung !

Now say thy prayers, thou sinful man,
And think what thou hast done,
And read thy catechism well,
Thou bloody-minded one ;

For if his sprite should walk by night,
It better were for thee,
That thou wert mouldering in the ground,
Or bleaching in the sea.

It was the savage butcher then,
That made a mock of sin,
And swore a very wicked oath,
He did not care a pin.

It was the butcher's youngest son,—
His voice was broke with sighs,

And with his pocket-handkerchief
He wiped his little eyes ;

All young and ignorant was he,
But innocent and mild,
And, in his soft simplicity,
Out spoke the tender child :—

“ O father, father, list to me ;
The Pig is deadly sick,
And men have hung him by his heels
And fed him with a stick.”

It was the bloody butcher then,
That laughed as he would die,
Yet did he soothe the sorrowing child,
And bid him not to cry ;—

“ O Nathan, Nathan, what's a pig,
That thou shouldst weep and wail ?
Come, bear thee like a butcher's child,
And thou shalt have his tail ! ”

It was the butcher's daughter then,
So slender and so fair,
That sobbed as if her heart would break,
And tore her yellow hair ;

And thus she spoke in thrilling tone,—
Fast fell the tear-drops big ;—

“ Ah ! woe is me ! Alas ! Alas !
The Pig ! The Pig ! The Pig ! ”

Then did her wicked father's lips
Make merry with her woe,
And call her many a naughty name,
Because she whimpered so.

Ye need not weep, ye gentle ones,
In vain your tears are shed,
Ye cannot wash his crimson hand,
Ye cannot soothe the dead.

The bright sun folded on his breast
His robes of rosy flame,
And softly over all the west
The shades of evening came.

He slept, and troops of murdered Pigs
Were busy with his dreams ;
Loud rang their wild, unearthly shrieks,
Wide yawned their mortal seams.

The clock struck twelve ; the Dead hath heard ;
He opened both his eyes,
And sullenly he shook his tail
To lash the feeding flies.

One quiver of the hempen cord,—
One struggle and one bound,—
With stiffened limb and leaden eye,
The Pig was on the ground !

And straight towards the sleeper's house
His fearful way he wended ;
And hooting owl, and hovering bat,
On midnight wing attended.

Back flew the bolt, up rose the latch,
And open swung the door,
And little mincing feet were heard
Pat, pat along the floor.

Two hoofs upon the sanded floor,
And two upon the bed ;
And they are breathing side by side,
The living and the dead !

“Now wake, now wake, thou butcher man !
What makes thy cheek so pale ?
Take hold ! take hold ! thou dost not fear
To clasp a spectre's tail ?”

Untwisted every winding coil ;
The shuddering wretch took hold,

All like an icicle it seemed,
So tapering and so cold.

“Thou com'st with me, thou butcher man!”—
He strives to loose his grasp,
But, faster than the clinging vine,
Those twining spirals clasp.

And open, open swung the door,
And, fleeter than the wind,
The shadowy spectre swept before,
The butcher trailed behind.

Fast fled the darkness of the night,
And morn rose faint and dim ;
They called full loud, they knocked full long,
They did not waken him.

Straight, straight towards that oaken beam,
A trampled pathway ran ;
A ghastly shape was swinging there,—
It was the butcher man.

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN.

It was a tall young oysterman lived by the river side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on the tide ;
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a sitting in the shade ;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
“I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away.”

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
“I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see ;
I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont,—and I will swim this here.”

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,
 And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam ;
 Oh, there were kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain,—
 But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again !

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—“ Oh, what was that, my daughter ? ”

“ 'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water.”

“ And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast ? ”

“ It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a swimming past.”

Out spoke the ancient fisherman,—“ Now bring me my harpoon !
 I'll get into my fishing-boat, and fix the fellow soon.”

Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb,
 Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones ! she waked not from her swoond,
 And he was taken with the cramp, and in the waves was drowned ;
 But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their woe,
 And now they keep an oyster-shop for mermaids down below.

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE ; OR, THE WONDERFUL “ ONE-HOSS SHAY.”

A LOGICAL STORY.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 That was built in such a logical way
 It ran a hundred years to a day,
 And then, of a sudden, it——ah, but stay,
 I'll tell you what happened without delay,
 Scaring the parson into fits,
 Frightening people out of their wits,—
 Have you ever heard of that, I say ?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five,
Georgius Secundus was then alive,—
 Snuffy old drone from the German hive.

That was the year when Lisbon-town
 Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
 And Braddock's army was done so brown,
 Left without a scalp to its crown.
 It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
 That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.
 Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
 There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot,—
 In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
 In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
 In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace,—lurking still,
 Find it somewhere you must and will,—
 Above or below, or within or without,—
 And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
 That a chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out*.
 But the Deacon swore, (as Deacons do,
 With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell yeou,")
 He would build one shay to beat the taown
 'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
 It should be so built that it *couldn't* break daown :
 —"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
 Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain ;
 'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
 Is only jest
 T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
 Where he could find the strongest oak,
 That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke,—
 That was for spokes and floor and sills ;
 He sent for lancewood to make the thills ;
 The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
 The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
 But lasts like iron for things like these ;
 The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum,"—
 Last of its timber,—they couldn't sell 'em,
 Never an axe had seen their chips,
 And the wedges flew from between their lips,

Their blunt ends frizzled like celery tips ;
 Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
 Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
 Steel of the finest, bright and blue ;
 Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide ;
 Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
 Found in the pit when the tanner died.
 That was the way he " put her through."—
 " There ! " said the Deacon, " naow she'll dew ! "

Do ! I tell you, I rather guess
 She was a wonder, and nothing less !
 Colts grew horses, beards turned grey,
 Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
 Children and grandchildren—where were they ?
 But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
 As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day !

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED ;—it came and found
 The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
 Eighteen hundred increased by ten ;—
 " Hahnsum kerridge " they called it then.
 Eighteen hundred and twenty came ;—
 Running as usual ; much the same.
 Thirty and forty at last arrive,
 And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
 Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
 Without both feeling and looking queer.
 In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
 So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
 (This is a moral that runs at large ;
 Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER,—the Earthquake-day—
 There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
 A general flavour of mild decay,
 But nothing local, as one may say.

There couldn't be,—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whipple-tree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out* !

First of November, 'Fifty-five !
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way !
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
“Huddup !” said the parson.—Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text,—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill ;
—First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill,—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock,—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock !
—What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around ?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
As if it had been to the mill and ground !
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once,—
All at once, and nothing first,—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

HOW THE OLD HORSE WON THE BET.

DEDICATED BY A CONTRIBUTOR TO THE "COLLEGIAN," 1830, TO
THE EDITORS OF THE "HARVARD ADVOCATE," 1876.

'Twas on the famous trotting-ground,
The betting men were gathered round
From far and near ; the "cracks" were there,
Whose deeds the sporting prints declare :
The swift g. m., Old Hiram's nag,
The fleet s. h., Dan Pfeiffer's brag,
With these a third—and who is he
That stands beside his fast b. g. ?

Budd Doble, whose catarrhal name,
So fills the nasal trump of fame.
There too stood many a noted steed
Of Messenger and Morgan breed ;
Green horses also, not a few ;
Unknown as yet what they could do ;
And all the hacks that know so well
The scourgings of the Sunday swell.

Blue are the skies of opening day ;
The bordering turf is green with May ;
The sunshine's golden gleam is thrown
On sorrel, chestnut, bay, and roan ;
The horses paw and prance and neigh,
Fillies and colts like kittens play,
And dance and toss their rippled manes
Shining and soft as silken skeins,
Waggons and gigs are ranged about,
And fashion flaunts her gay turn-out ;
Here stands—each youthful Jehu's dream—
The jointed tandem, ticklish team
And there in ample breadth expand
The splendours of the four-in-hand ;
On faultless ties and glossy tiles
The lovely bonnets beam their smiles ;

(The style's the man, so books avow ;
 The style's the woman, anyhow ;)
 From flounces frothed with creamy lace
 Peeps out the pug-dog's smutty face,
 Or spaniel rolls his liquid eye,
 Or stares the wiry pet of Skye.—
 O woman, in your hours of ease
 So shy with us, so free with these !
 "Come on ! I'll bet you two to one
 I'll make him do it !" "Will you? Done !

What was it who was bound to do ?
 I did not hear and can't tell you,—
 Pray listen till my story's through.

Scarce noticed, back behind the rest,
 By cart and waggon rudely prest,
 The parson's lean and bony bay
 Stood harnessed in his one-horse shay—
 Lent to his sexton for the day ;
 (A funeral—so the sexton said ;
 His mother's uncle's wife was dead.)

Like Lazarus bid to Dives' feast,
 So looked the poor forlorn old beast ;
 His coat was rough, his tail was bare,
 The gray was sprinkled in his hair ;
 Sportsmen and jockeys knew him not,
 And yet they say he once could trot
 Among the fleetest of the town,
 Till something cracked and broke him down,—
 The steed's, the statesman's common lot !
 "And are we then so soon forgot ?"
 Ah me ! I doubt if one of you
 Has ever heard the name "Old Blue,"
 Whose fame through all this region rung
 In those old days when I was young !
 "Bring forth the horse !" Alas ! he showed
 Not like the one Mazeppa rode ;

Scant-maned, sharp-backed, and shaky-knee'd,
The wreck of what was once a steed,
Lips thin, eyes hollow, stiff in joints,
Yet not without his knowing points.
The sexton, laughing in his sleeve,
As if 'twere all a make-believe,
Led forth the horse, and as he laughed,
Unhitched the breeching from a shaft,
Unclasped the rusty belt beneath,
Drew forth the snaffle from his teeth,
Slipped off his head-stall, set him free
From strap and rein,—a sight to see !

So worn, so lean in every limb,
It can't be they are saddling him !
It is ! his back the pig-skin strides
And flaps his lank, rheumatic sides ;
With look of mingled scorn and mirth
They buckle round the saddle-girth ;
With horsey wink and saucy toss
A youngster throws his leg across,
And so, his rider on his back,
They lead him, limping, to the track,
Far up behind the starting-point,
To limber out each stiffened joint.

As through the jeering crowd he past
One pitying look old Hiram cast ;
“ Go it, ye cripple, while ye can ! ”
Cried out unsentimental Dan ;
“ A Fast-Day dinner for the crows ! ”
Budd Doble's scoffing shout arose.

Slowly, as when the walking-beam
First feels the gathering head of steam,
With warning cough and threatening wheeze
The stiff old charger crooks his knees ;
At first with cautious step sedate,
As if he dragged a coach of state ;

He's not a colt ; he knows full well
That time is weight and sure to tell ;
No horse so sturdy but he fears
The handicap of twenty years.

As through the throng on either hand
The old horse nears the judges' stand,
Beneath his jockey's feather-weight
He warms a little to his gait,
And now and then a step is tried
That hints of something like a stride.

"Go !"—Through his ear the summons stung
As if a battle-trump had rung ;
The slumbering instincts, long unstirred,
Start at the old familiar word ;
It thrills like flame through every limb—
What mean his twenty years to him ?
The savage blow his rider dealt
Fell on his hollow flanks unfelt ;
The spur that pricked his staring hide
Unheeded tore his bleeding side ;
Alike to him are spur and rein,—
He steps a five-year-old again !

Before the quarter pole was past,
Old Hiram said, "He's going fast."
Long ere the quarter was a half,
The chuckling crowd had ceased to laugh ;
Tighter his frightened jockey clung,
As in a mighty stride he swung,
The gravel flying in his track,
His neck stretched out, his ears laid back,
His tail extended all the while
Behind him, like a rat-tail file !
Off went a shoe,—away it spun,
Shot like a bullet from a gun ;
The quaking jockey shapes a prayer
From scraps of oaths he used to swear ;

He drops his whip, he drops his rein,
He clutches fiercely for a mane ;
He'll lose his hold—he sways and reels—
He'll slide beneath those trampling heels !
The knees of many a horseman quake,
The flowers on many a bonnet shake,
And shouts arise from left and right,
“Stick on ! Stick on !” “Hould tight ! Hould tight !”
“Cling round his neck and don't let go—
That pace can't hold—there ! steady ! whoa !”
But like the sable steed that bore
The spectral lover of Lenore,
His nostrils snorting foam and fire,
No stretch his bony limbs can tire ;
And now the stand he rushes by,
And “Stop him!—stop him!” is the cry.
Stand back ! he's only just begun—
He's having out three heats in one !

“Don't rush in front ! he'll smash your brains ;
But follow up and grab the reins !”
Old Hiram spoke. Dan Pfeiffer heard,
And sprang impatient at the word ;
Budd Doble started on his bay,
Old Hiram followed on his gray,
And off they spring and round they go,
The fast ones doing “all they know.”
Look ; twice they follow at his heels,
As round the circling course he wheels,
And whirls with him that clinging boy,
Like Hector round the walls of Troy ;
Still on, and on, the third time round !
They're tailing off ! they're losing ground !
Budd Doble's nag begins to fail !
Dan Pfeiffer's sorrel whisks his tail !
And see ! in spite of whip and shout,
Old Hiram's mare is giving out !

Now for the finish ! at the turn,
 'The old horse—all the rest astern—
 Comes swinging in with easy trot ;
 By Jove ! he's distanced all the lot !

That trot no mortal could explain ;
 Some said, " Old Dutchman come again ;"
 Some took his time,—at least they tried,
 But what it was could none decide ;
 One said he couldn't understand
 What happened to his second hand ;
 One said 2.10 ; *that* couldn't be—
 More like two twenty-two or three ;
 Old Hiram settled it at last ;
 " The time was two—too dee-vel-ish fast ! "

The parson's horse had won the bet ;
 It cost him something of a sweat.
 Back in the one-horse shay he went ;
 'The parson wondered what it meant,
 And murmured, with a mild surprise
 And pleasant twinkle of the eyes,
 " That funeral must have been a trick,
 Or corpses drive at double-quick ;
 I shouldn't wonder, I declare,
 If brother Murray made the prayer ! "
 And this is all I have to say
 About the parson's poor old bay,
 The same that drew the one-horse shay.

Moral for which this tale is told :
 A horse *can* trot, for all he's old.

GOOD common sense iz az helthy az onions ; we often see thozе who are good simply bekauze they haint got sense enuff tew be bad, and thozе who are bad just bekauze they haint got sense enuff tew be good.

The man who don't kno *himself* iz a poor judge ov the other phellow.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Charles F. Adams.

[Mr. Adams has only published one small volume of poems, and, "moving only in the mercantile world," he modestly deprecates criticism which his original genius need never cause him to fear. His style is in many ways akin to that of Hans Breitmann.]

SEQUEL TO THE "ONE-HORSE SHAY."

DOUBTLESS my readers all have heard
Of the "wonderful one-horse shay"
That "went to pieces all at once"
On the terrible earthquake-day.

But did they ever think of the horse,
Or mourn the loss of him—
The "ewe-necked bay" (who drew the "shay"),
So full of life and vim?

He was a wonderful nag, I'm told,
In spite of his old "rat-tail ;"
And though he always minded the *rein*,
He laughed at the snow and hail.

He had the finest stable in town,
With plenty of oats and hay ;
And to the parson's oft "Hud-dup"
He never would answer *neigh*.

To the parson's shay he was ever true,
Though her other *felloes* were *tired* :
To live and die with his *fiancée*
Was all that his heart desired

He was much *attached* to his ancient mate ;
So the parson "hitched them together ;"
And when they went on their *bridle* tour,
His heart was light as a feather.

We all remember her awful fate,
On that sad November day,
When nothing remained but a heap of trash,
That once was a beautiful shay.

Oh ! what could *stir-up* the equine breast
 Like this feaful, harrowing blow,
 Which put a *check* on his happiness,
 And filled his heart with *w(h)oa*.

As he *wheeled* about, a *shaft* of pain
 Entered his faithful breast,
 And he there beheld the sad remains
 Of her whom he loved the best.

With a sudden bound and fearful snort,
 He sped away like the wind ;
 And a fact most queer I'll mention here—
 No *traces* were left behind.

OUR SUMATRA CORRESPONDENCE.

(*From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."*)

Do I think that the particular form of lying often seen in newspapers, under the title, "From our Foreign Correspondent," does any harm?—Why, no,—I don't know that it does. I suppose it doesn't really deceive people any more than the *Arabian Nights* or *Gulliver's Travels* do. Sometimes the writers compile *too* carelessly, though, and mix up facts out of geographies, and stories out of the penny papers, so as to mislead those who are desirous of information. I cut a piece out of one of the papers the other day which contains a number of improbabilities and, I suspect, misstatements. I will send up and get it for you, if you would like to hear it.—Ah, this is it: it is headed—

"OUR SUMATRA CORRESPONDENCE.

"This island is now the property of the Stamford family,—having been won, it is said, in a raffle, by Sir ——— Stamford, during the stock-gambling mania of the South-Sea Scheme. The history of this gentleman may be found in an interesting series

of questions (unfortunately not yet answered) contained in the 'Notes and Queries.' This island is entirely surrounded by the ocean, which here contains a large amount of saline substance, crystallising in cubes remarkable for their symmetry, and frequently displays on its surface during calm weather the rainbow tints of the celebrated South Sea bubbles. The summers are oppressively hot, and the winters very probably cold; but this fact cannot be ascertained precisely, as, for some peculiar reason, the mercury in these latitudes never shrinks, as in more northern regions, and thus the thermometer is rendered useless in winter.

"The principal vegetable productions of the island are the pepper-tree and the bread-fruit tree. Pepper being very abundantly produced, a benevolent society was organised in London during the last century for supplying the natives with vinegar and oysters, as an addition to that delightful condiment. It is said, however, that, as the oysters were of the kind called *natives* in England, the natives of Sumatra, in obedience to a natural instinct, refused to touch them, and confined themselves entirely to the crew of the vessel in which they were brought over. This information was received from one of the oldest inhabitants, a native himself, and exceedingly fond of missionaries. He is said also to be very skilful in the *cuisine* peculiar to the island.

"During the season of gathering the pepper, the persons employed are subject to various incommodities, the chief of which is violent and long-continued sternutation or sneezing. Such is the vehemence of these attacks, that the unfortunate subjects of them are often driven backwards for great distances at immense speed, on the well-known principle of the *æolipile*. Not being able to see where they are going, these poor creatures dash themselves to pieces against the rocks or are precipitated over the cliffs, and thus many valuable lives are lost annually. As, during the whole pepper-harvest, they feed exclusively on this stimulant, they become exceedingly irritable. The smallest injury is resented with ungovernable rage. A young man suffering from the *pepper-fever*, as it is called, cudgelled another most severely for appropriating a superannuated relative of trifling value, and was only pacified by having a present made him of a pig of that peculiar species of swine called the *Peccavi* by the Catholic Jews, who, it

is well known, abstain from swine's flesh in imitation of the Mahometan Buddhists.

"The bread-tree grows abundantly. Its branches are well known to Europe and America under the familiar name of *macaroni*. The smaller twigs are called *vermicelli*. They have a decided animal flavour, as may be observed in the soups containing them. Macaroni, being tubular, is the favourite habitat of a very dangerous insect, which is rendered peculiarly ferocious by being boiled. The government of the island, therefore, never allows a stick of it to be exported without being accompanied by a piston with which its cavity may at any time be thoroughly swept out. These are commonly lost or stolen before the macaroni arrives among us. It therefore always contains many of these insects, which, however, generally die of old age in the shops, so that accidents from this source are comparatively rare.

"The fruit of the bread-tree consists principally of hot rolls. The buttered-muffin variety is supposed to be a hybrid with the cocoa-nut palm, the cream found on the milk of the cocoa-nut exuding from the hybrid in the shape of butter, just as the ripe fruit is splitting, so as to fit it for the tea-table, where it is commonly served up with cold——"

There—I don't want to read any more of it. You see that many of these statements are highly improbable.—No, I shall not mention the paper.—No, neither of them wrote it, though it reminds me of the style of these popular writers. I think the fellow who wrote it must have been reading some of their stories, and got them mixed up with his history and geography. I don't suppose *he* lies ;—he sells it to the editor, who knows how many squares off "Sumatra" is.

ENVY iz sutch a constant companyun, that if we find no one abuv us to envy, we will envy thozе below us.

Whoever iz a sedate old man at 20, will be apt tew be a frivilous yung one at 60.

Thare iz no servitude in life so oppressive az tew be obliged tew flatter thozе whom we don't respekt enuff to praze.

Wit, without sense, iz like a razor without a handle.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Washington Irving.

[One of the best known of American writers. He flourished from 1783 to 1859, and was very popular half a century ago. He was a voluminous writer, but his "Sketch Book" and his "Lives" and "Knickerbocker's History of New York" are the works by which he will live.]

RIP VAN WINKLE.

THERE lived, many years since, while America was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a simple, good-natured man; he was moreover a kind neighbour, and an obedient henpecked husband.

Certain it is, that he was a great favourite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be for the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never even refuse to assist a neighbour in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used

to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them;—in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty and keeping his farm in order, it was impossible.

In fact, he declared it was no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do. So that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail dropped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and, at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, would flee to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge-tool that grows keener by constant

use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, that held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his Majesty George III. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy summer's day, talk listlessly over village gossip, or tell endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative to escape from the labour of the farm and the clamour of his wife was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathised as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart. In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favourite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice.

For some time Rip lay musing; evening was gradually advancing, the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys, he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" — at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked down anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pairs of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and, mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence; for though the former marvelled

greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with those of the guide. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white, sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cocktail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout, old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt, and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlour of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even

ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On awaking he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. “Surely,” thought Rip, “I have not slept here all night.” He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—“Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!” thought Rip—“what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?”

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when to his astonishment he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of

strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his grey beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognised for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered ; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him : he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been ; Rip was sorely perplexed ; “ That flagon last night,” thought he, “ has addled my poor head sadly ! ”

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. “ My very dog,” sighed poor Rip, “ has forgotten me ! ”

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears ; he called loudly for his wife and children ; the lonely chambers rung for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn ; but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted—“ The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle.” Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and

from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes ; all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognised on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe ; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted, in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

The appearance of Rip, with his long grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians ; and a short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing self-important old gentleman in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels? and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas ! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him !"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory ! a tory ! a spy ! a refugee ! hustle him ! away with him !" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order ; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbours, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they? name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied,

in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder? why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotted and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stoney-Point, others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know, he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stoney-Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name?

"God knows!" exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else; that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes. I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I am changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper also about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation.

At this critical moment a fresh comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the grey-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool, the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since; his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one more question to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England pedlar."

There was a drop of comfort at least in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he; "Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now!—does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peeping under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbour. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighbourhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner.

He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon*, being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

[Perhaps the greatest author America has yet produced. His Essays have created a new school of thought. He was a great friend of Mr. Carlyle. This bit of humour is rare amongst his writings, and not much known.]

THE MOUNTAIN AND THE SQUIRREL.

THE mountain and the squirrel
 Had a quarrel,
 And the former called the latter "little prig;"
 Bun replied,
 "You are doubtless very big;
 But all sorts of things and weather
 Must be taken in together
 To make up a year,
 And a sphere.
 And I think it no disgrace
 To occupy my place.
 If I'm not so large as you,
 You are not so small as I,
 And not half so spry:
 I'll not deny you make
 A very pretty squirrel track.
 Talents differ; all is well and wisely put;
 If I cannot carry forests on my back,
 Neither can you crack a nut."

Bret Harte.

[Francis Bret Harte, born 1839, is one of the most racy, terse, and pathetic of American writers. His stories, "The Luck of Roaring Camp," &c., are marvels in their way, and his poems, for strength and originality, unequalled.]

THE HEATHEN CHINEE.

TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870.

WHICH I wish to remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name,
And I shall not deny,
In regard to the same,
What that name might imply ;
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third ;
And quite soft were the skies :
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise ;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand :
It was euchre. The same
He did not understand ;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland

Yet the cards that were stocked
In a way that I grieve,

And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve :
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see ;
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me ;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, " Can this be ?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour ;"
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand ;
But the floor it was strewed,
Like the leaves on the strand,
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game " he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts ;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,
Which the same I am free to maintain.

THE AGED STRANGER.

"I was with Grant"—the stranger said ;
Said the farmer, " Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant"—the stranger said ;
Said the farmer, " Nay, no more :
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store."

"How fares my boy, my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps ?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar !"

"I know him not," said the aged man ;
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant"—"Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer, "say no more."

"He fell in battle ;—I see, alas !
Thou'dst smooth these tidings o'er.
Nay, speak the truth, whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core."

"How fell he ? with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore ?
Oh ! say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore !"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked before,
That I was with Grant—in Illinois—
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
But beat with his fist full sore
That aged man, who had worked for Grant
Some three years before the war.

IN THE MISSION GARDEN.

(1865.)

FATHER FELIPE.

I SPEAK not the English well, but Pachita
 She speak for me ; is it not so, my Pancha ?
 Eh, little rogue ? Come, salute me the stranger
 Americano.

Sir, in my country we say, " Where the heart is,
 There live the speech." Ah ! you not understand ? So !
 Pardon an old man,—what you call " ol fogy,"—
 Padre Felipe !

Old, Señor, old ! just so old as the Mission.
 You see that pear-tree ? How old you think, Señor ?
 Fifteen year ? Twenty ? Ah, Señor, just *fifty*
 Gone since I plant him !

You like the wine ? It is some at the Mission,
 Made from the grape of the year Eighteen Hundred ;
 All the same time when the earthquake he come to
 San Juan Bautista.

But Pancha is twelve, and she is the rose-tree ;
 And I am the olive, and this is the garden :
 And Pancha we say ; but her name is Francisca,
 Same like her mother.

Eh, you knew *her* ? No ? Ah ! it is a story ;
 But I speak not, like Pachita, the English :
 So ? If I try, you will sit here beside me.
 And shall not laugh, eh ?

When the American come to the Mission,
 Many arrive at the house of Francisca ;
 One,—he was a fine man,—he buy the cattle
 Of José Castro.

So! he came much, and Francisca she saw him :
And it was Love—and a very dry season ;
And the pears bake on the tree—and the rain come,
But not Francisca ;

Not for one year ; and one night I have walk much
Under the olive-tree, when comes Francisca :
Comes to me here, with her child, this Francisca,—
Under the olive-tree.

Sir, it was sad ; . . but I speak not the English ;
So ! . . . she stay here, and she wait for her husband :
He come no more, and she sleep on the hillside ;
There stands Pachita.

Ah! there's the Angelus. Will you not enter?
Or shall you walk in the garden with Pancha?
Go, little rogue—stt—attend to the stranger.
Adios, Señor.

PACHITA (*briskly*).

So, he's been telling that yarn about mother !
Bless you, he tells it to every stranger :
Folks about yer say the old man's my father :
What's your opinion ?

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS.

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James ;
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games ;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now, nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare ;
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost
mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault ;
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault :
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown ;
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now, I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent :
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant,
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order—when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen ;
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age ;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games :
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James ;
And I've told in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislaw.

GRATITUDE iz a debt, and, like all other debts, iz paid bekauze
we are obliged to, not bekauze we love to.

Praize that ain't deserved iz no better than slander.

JOSH BILLINGS.

DOW'S FLAT.

1856.

Dow's FLAT. That's its name.
And I reckon that you
Are a stranger? The same?
Well, I thought it was true,
For thar isn't a man on the river as can't spot the place
at first view.

It was called after Dow,—
Which the same was an ass;
And as to the how
Thet the thing kem to pass,—
Just tie up your hoss to that buckeye, and sit ye down
here in the grass:

You see this 'yer Dow
Hed the worst kind of luck:
He slipped up somehow
On each thing thet he struck.
Why, ef he'd a straddled thet fence-rail, the derved thing
'ed get up and buck.

He mined on the bar
Till he couldn't pay rates;
He was smashed by a car
When he tunnelled with Bates;
And right on the top of his trouble kem his wife and five
kids from the States.

It was rough, mighty rough;
But the boys they stood by,
And they brought him the stuff
For a house, on the sly;
And the old woman,—well, she did washing, and took
on when no one was nigh.

But this yer luck of Dow's
Was so powerful mean,
That the spring near his house
Dried right up on the green ;
And he sunk forty feet down for water, but nary a drop
to be seen.

Then the bar petered out,
And the boys wouldn't stay.
And the chills got about,
And his wife fell away ;
But Dow, in his well, kept a peggin' in his usual ridiki-
lous way.

One day—it was June—
And a year ago, jest,—
This Dow kem at noon
To his work like the rest,
With a shovel and pick on his shoulder, and a derringer
hid in his breast.

He goes to the well ;
And he stands on the brink,
And stops for a spell
Jest to listen and think :
For the sun in his eyes (jest like this, sir !), you see,
kinder made the cuss blink.

His two ragged gals
In the gulch were at play,
And a gownd that was Sal's
Kinder flapped on a bay ;
Not much for a man to be leavin', but his all,—as I've
heer'd the folks say.

And—That 's a peart hoss
Thet you 've got,—aint it now ?
What might be her cost ?
Eh ? Oh !—Well, then, Dow—
Let's see,—well, that forty-foot grave wasn't his, sir, that
day, anyhow.

For a blow of his pick
 Sorter caved in the side ;
 And he looked, and turned sick,
 Then he trembled and cried.

For, you see, the dern cuss had struck—"Water?"—
 Beg your parding, young man, there you lied !

It was *gold*—in the quartz,
 And it ran all alike ;
 And I reckon five oughts
 Was the worth of that strike ;
 And that house with the coopilow's his'n,—which the
 same isn't bad for a Pike.

Thet's why it's Dow's Flat ;
 And the thing of it is,
 That he kinder got that
 Through sheer contrairiness :
 For 'twas *water* the derned cuss was seekin', and his luck
 made him certain to miss.

Thet's so. Thar's your way
 To the left of yon tree ;
 But—a—look h'yur, say ?
 Won't you come up to tea ?
 No ? Well, then the next time your passin' ; and ask after
 Dow,—and thet's *me*.

WE mingle in sosisiety, not so mutch tew meet others az to
 eskape ourselves.

The truly innosent are thozе who not only are guiltless them-
 selves, but who think others are.

To meet death without betraying enny emoshun iz tew be
 simply az courageous az a beast.

Persekuted for righthteousness sake, iz quite common in this
 world—persekuted for the devil's sake iz not so common.

Don't be afrade, yung man, tew make a blunder once in a
 while ; most all the blunders are made by the sincere and honest.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Max Adeler.

[This, one of the latest, promises to be one of the most popular of Transatlantic wits. His "Out of the Hurly-Burly," and "Elbow Room," have already had a large circulation in Great Britain.]

COOLEY'S BOY AND DOG.

WHILE we were sitting by the river discussing these and other matters, Cooley's boy, a thoroughly disagreeable urchin, who had been playing with some other boys upon the wharf near by, tumbled into the water. There was a terrible screaming among his companions, and a crowd quickly gathered upon the pier. For a few moments it seemed as if the boy would drown, for no one was disposed to leap in after him, and there was not a boat within saving distance. But fortunately the current swept him around to the front of the Battery, where the water is shallow, and before he was seriously hurt he was safely landed in the mud that stretches below the low-water mark. Then the excitement, which had been so great as to attract about half the population of the village, died away, and people who had just been filled with horror at the prospect of a tragedy, began to feel a sense of disappointment because their fears had not been realised. I cannot of course say that I was sorry to see the youngster once more upon dry land; but if fate had robbed us of him, we should have accepted the dispensation without grievous complaint.

We did not leave all the nuisances behind us in the city. Cooley's dog and his boy are two very sore afflictions which make life even here very much sadder than it ought to be in a place that pretends to be something in the nature of an earthly paradise. The boy not only preys upon my melon-patch and fruit-trees and upon those of my neighbours, but he has an extraordinary aptitude for creating a disturbance in whatever spot he happens to be. Only last Sunday he caused such a terrible commotion in church that the services had to be suspended for several minutes until he could be removed. The interior of the edifice was painted and varnished recently, and I suppose one of the workmen must have left a clot of varnish upon the back of Cooley's pew, which

is directly across the aisle from mine. Cooley's boy was the only representative of the family at church upon that day, and he amused himself during the earlier portions of the service by kneeling upon the seat and communing with Dr. Jones's boy, who occupied the pew immediately in the rear. Sometimes, when young Cooley would resume a proper position, Jones's boy would stir him up afresh by slyly pulling his hair, whereupon Cooley would wheel about and menace Jones with his fist in a manner which betrayed utter indifference to the proprieties of the place and the occasion, as well as to the presence of the congregation. When Cooley finally sank into a condition of repose, he placed his head, most unfortunately, directly against the lump of undried varnish, while he amused himself by reading the commandments and the other scriptural texts upon the wall behind the pulpit.

In a few moments he attempted to move, but the varnish had mingled with his hair, and it held him securely. After making one or two desperate but ineffectual efforts to release himself, he became very angry ; and supposing that Jones's boy was holding him, he shouted :

“Leg go o' my hair ! Leg go o' my hair, I tell you !”

The clergyman paused just as he was entering upon consideration of “secondly,” and the congregation looked around in amazement, in time to perceive young Cooley, with his head against the back of the pew, aiming dreadful blows over his shoulder with his fist at some unseen person behind him. And with every thrust he exclaimed :

“I'll smash yer nose after church ! I'll go for you, Bill Jones, when I ketch you alone ! Leg go o' my hair, I tell you, or I'll knock the stuffin' out o' yer,” &c. &c.

Meanwhile, Jones's boy sat up at the very end of his pew, far away from Cooley, and looked as solemn as if the sermon had made a deep impression upon him. Then the sexton came running up, with the idea that the boy had fallen asleep and had nightmare, while Mrs. Dr. Magruder sallied out from her pew and over to Cooley's, convinced that he had a fit. When the cause of the disturbance was ascertained, the sexton took out his knife, and after sawing off enough of Cooley's hair to release him, dragged him out of church. The victim retreated unwillingly,

glancing around at Jones's boy, and shaking his fist at that urchin as if to indicate that he cherished a deadly purpose against Jones.

Then the sermon proceeded. I suppose a contest between the two boys has been averted, for only yesterday I saw Jones and Cooley, the younger, playing hop-sotch together in the street in apparent forgetfulness of the sorrows of the sanctuary.

Judge Pitman tells me that one of the reasons why Cooley and his wife disagree is that there is such a difference in their height. Cooley is tall, and Mrs. Cooley is small. Mrs. Cooley told Mrs. Pitman, if the judge is to be believed, that Cooley continually growled because she could not keep step with him. They always start wrong, somehow, when they go out together, and then, while he tries to catch step with her, she endeavours to get in with him. After both have been shuffling about over the pavement for several minutes in a perfectly absurd manner, they go ahead out of step just as before.

When Cooley tried to take short steps like hers, his gait was so ridiculous as to excite remark ; while, if she tried to make such long strides as his, people stopped and looked at her as if they thought she was insane. Then she would strive to take two steps to his one, but she found that two and a half of hers were equal to one of his ; and when she undertook to make that fractional number in order to keep up with him, he would frown at her and say,

"Mrs. Cooley, if you are going to dance the polka mazourka upon the public highway, I'm going home."

I do not receive this statement with implicit confidence in its truthfulness. Pitman's imagination sometimes glows with unnatural heat, and he may have embellished the original narrative of Mrs. Cooley.

I shall probably never receive from any member of the Cooley family a correct account of the causes of the unpleasant differences existing therein, for we are on worse terms than ever with Cooley. His dog became such an intolerable nuisance because of his nocturnal vociferation, that some practical humanitarian in the neighbourhood poisoned him. Cooley apparently cherished the conviction that I had killed the animal, and he flung the carcass

over the fence into my yard. I threw it back. Cooley returned it. Both of us remained at home that day, and spent the morning handing the inanimate brute to each other across the fence. At noon I called my man to take my place, and Cooley hired a coloured person to relieve him. They kept it up until nightfall, by which time I suppose the corpse must have worn away to a great extent, for at sundown my man buried the tail by my rose-bush and came into the house, while Cooley's representative resigned and went home.

The departed brute left behind him but one pleasant recollection ; and when I recall it, I feel that he fully avenged my wrongs upon his master. Cooley went out a week or two ago to swim in the creek, and he took the dog with him to watch his clothing. While Cooley bathed the dog slept ; but when Cooley emerged from the water the dog did not recognise him in his nude condition, and it refused to let him come near his garments. Whenever Cooley would attempt to seize a boot, or a stocking, or a shirt, the dog flew at him with such ferocity that he dared not attempt to dress himself. So he stood in the sun until he was almost broiled ; then he went into the water and remained there, dodging up and down for the purpose of avoiding the people who passed occasionally along the road. At last the dog went to sleep again, and Cooley, creeping softly behind the brute, caught it suddenly by the tail and flung it across the stream. Before the dog could recover its senses and swim back, Cooley succeeded in getting some of his clothing on him, and then the dog came sidling up to him, looking as if it expected to be rewarded for its extraordinary vigilance. The manner in which Cooley kicked the faithful animal is said to have been simply dreadful.

I should have entertained a positive affection for that dog if it had not barked at night. But I am glad it is gone. We came here to have quietness, and that was unattainable while Cooley's dog remained within view of the moon.

JUDGE PITMAN.

My next-door neighbour upon the west is Judge Pitman. I heard his name mentioned before I became acquainted with him, and I fancied that he was either a present occupant of the bench, or else that he had gone into retirement after spending his active life in dispensing justice and unravelling the tangles of the law. But it appears that he has never occupied a judicial position, and that his title is purely complimentary, having no relation whatever to the nature of his pursuits either in the past or in the present. The judge, indeed, is merely the owner of a couple of steam-tugs, and one or two wood sloops which ply upon the river and upon Chesapeake Bay. He spends most of his time at home, living comfortably upon the receipts of a business which is conducted by his hired men, and perhaps also upon the interest of a few good investments in this and other places.

A very brief acquaintance with the judge suffices to convince any one that he has never presided in court. He is a rough, uneducated man, with small respect for grammar, an irrepressible tendency to distort the language, and very little information concerning subjects which are not made familiar by the occurrences of every-day life. But he is hearty, genial, sincere, and honest, and I very soon learned to like him and to find amusement in his quaint simplicity.

My first interview with the judge was somewhat remarkable. I came home early one afternoon for the purpose of training some roses and clematis against my fence. While I was busily engaged with the work, the judge, who had been digging potatoes in his garden, stuck his spade in the earth and came to the fence. After looking at me in silence for a few moments, he observed,

“Fine day, cap.!”

The judge has the habit of conferring titles promiscuously and without provocation, particularly upon strangers. To call me “cap.” was his method of expressing a desire for sociability.

“It *is* a beautiful day,” I observed, “but the country needs rain.”

“It never makes no difference to me,” replied the judge,

"what kinder weather there is; I'm allers satisfied. 'Twon't rain no sooner for wishin' for it."

As there was no possibility of our having a controversy upon this point, I merely replied, "That is true."

"How's yer pertaters comin' on?" inquired the judge.

"Very well, I believe. They're a little late, but they appear to be thriving."

"Mine's doin' first rate," returned the judge. "I guannered them in the spring, and I've been a-hoein' at 'em and keepin' the weeds down putty steady ever since. Mons'ous sight o' labour growin' good pertaters, cap."

"I should think so," I rejoined, "although I haven't had much practical experience in that direction thus far."

"Cap," observed the judge, after a brief interval of silence, "you're one of them fellers that writes for the papers and magazines, a'n't you?"

"Yes, I sometimes do work of that kind."

"Well, see here; I've got somethin' on my mind that's bin a-botherin' me the wust kind for a week and more. You've read the 'Atlantic Monthly,' haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, my daughter bought one of 'em, and I was a-readin' it the other night, when I saw it stated that guanner could be influenced by music, and that Professor Brown had made some git up and come to him when he played a tune on the pianner."

I remembered, as the judge spoke, that the magazine in question did contain a paragraph to the effect that the *iguana* was susceptible of such influence, and that Mrs. Brown had succeeded in taming one of these animals, so that it would run to her at the sound of music. But I permitted Mr. Pitman to continue without interruption.

"Of course," said he, "I never really believed no such nonsense as that, but it struck me as kinder sin'glar, and I thought I'd give the old thing a trial, anyhow. So I got down my fiddle, and went to the barn, and put a bag of guanner in the middle of the floor and began to rake out a tune. First I played 'A Life on the Ocean Wave and a Home on the Rollin' Deep,' three or four times; and there that guanner sot, just as I expected 'twould.

Then I begun agin and sawed out a lot o' variations, but still she didn't budge. Then I put on a fresh spurt and jammed in a passel o' extra sharps and flats and exercises; and I played that tune backward and sideways and cat-a-cornered. And I stirred in some scales, and mixed the tune up with the Old Hundred and Mary Blaine and some Sunday-school songs, until I nearly fiddled my shirt off, and nary time did that guanner bag git up off that floor. I knowed it wouldn't. I knowed that feller wa'n't tellin' the truth. But, cap., don't it strike you that a man who'd lie like that ought to have somethin' done to him? It 'pears to me 's if a month or two in jail 'd do that fellow good."

The lesson in natural history which I proceeded to give to the judge need not be repeated here. He acknowledged that the laugh was fairly against him, and ended his affirmation of his new-born faith in the integrity of the "Atlantic Monthly" by inviting me to climb over the fence and taste some of his Bartlett pears. The judge and I have been steady friends ever since.

He is the only man in the world of whom I know anything who is always satisfied with the weather. No matter what the condition of the atmosphere, he is contented and happy, and willing to affirm that the state of things at any given moment is the very best that could have been devised.

In summer, when the mercury bolted up among the nineties, the judge would come to the front door with beads of perspiration standing out all over his red face, and would look at the sky and say, "Splendid! perfectly splendid! Noble weather for the poor and for the ice companies and the washerwomen! I never saw sich magnificent weather for dryin' clothes. They don't shake up any such climate as this in Italy. Gimme my umbreller, Harriet, while I sit out yer on the steps and enjoy it."

In winter, when the mercury would creep down fifteen degrees below zero, and the cold was nearly severe enough to freeze the inside of Vesuvius solid to the centre of the globe, Pitman would sit out on my fence and exclaim, "By gracious, Adeler! did you ever see sich weather as this? I like an atmosphere that freezes up yer very marrer. It helps the coal trade an' gives us good skeetin'. Don't talk of summer-time to me. Gimme cold, and give it to me stiff."

When there was a drought, Pitman used to meet me in the street and remark, "No rain yet, I see! Magnificent, isn't it? I want my weather dry, I want it with the dampness left out. Moisture breeds fevers and ague, an' ruins yer boots. If there's anything I despise, it's to carry an umbreller. No rain for me, if you please."

When it rained for a week and flooded the country, the judge often dropped in to see me and to observe, "I dunno how you feel about this yer rain, Adeler, but it allers seems to me that the heavens never drop no blessin's but when we have a long wet spell. It makes the corn jump, an' cleans the sewers an' keeps the springs from gittin' too dry. I wouldn't give a cent to live in a climate where there was no rain. Put me on the Nile, an' I'd die in a week. Soak me through an' through to the inside of my bones, and I feel as if life was bright and beautiful, an' sorer of no account."

On a showery day, when the sun shone brightly at one moment and at the next the rain poured in torrents, the judge has been known to stand at the window and exclaim, "Harriet, if you'd 've asked me how I liked the weather, I'd 've said just as it is now. What I want is weather that is streaked like a piece of fat an' lean bacon—a little shine an' a little rain. Mix 'em up an' give us plenty of both, an' I'm yer man."

The judge is always happy in a thunder-storm, and one day, after the lightning had knocked down two of his best apple-trees and splintered them into fragments, and the wind had torn his chimney to pieces, I went over to see him. He was standing by the prostrate trees, and he at once remarked, "Did you ever know of a man havin' sich luck as this? I was goin' to chop down them two trees to morrer, an' as that chimney never draw'd well, I had concluded to have it rebuilt. An' that gorgeous old storm has fixed things just the way I want 'em. Put me in a thunder-storm an' let the lightnin' play around me an' I'm at home. I'd rather have one storm that 'd tear the bowels out of the American continent than a dozen of yer little dribblin' waterin'-pot showers. If I can't have a rippin' and roarin' storm, I don't want none."

They say here in the village, but I do not believe it, that one

day the judge was upon his roof fixing a shingle, when a tornado struck him, lifted him off, carried him a quarter of a mile, and dashed him with such terrible force against a fence that his leg was broken. As they carried him home, he opened his eyes languidly and said, "Immortal Moses! what a storm that was! When it does blow, it suits me if it blows hard. I'd give both legs if we could have a squall like that every day. I—I—" Then he fainted.

If contentment is happiness, then the life of Pitman is one uninterrupted condition of bliss.

MRS. JONES'S PIRATE.

A SANGUINARY pirate sailed upon the Spanish main
In a rakish-looking schooner which was called the "Mary Jane."
She carried lots of howitzers and deadly rifle guns,
With shot and shell and powder and percussion caps in tons.

The pirate was a homely man, and short and grum and fat ;
He wore a wild and awful scowl beneath his slouching hat.
Swords, pistols, and stilettos were arranged around his thighs,
And demoniacal glaring was quite common with his eyes.

His heavy black moustaches curled away beneath his nose,
And drooped in elegant festoons about his very toes.
He hardly ever spoke at all ; but when such was the case,
His voice 'twas easy to perceive was quite a heavy bass.

He was not a serious pirate ; and despite his anxious cares,
He rarely went to Sunday-school and seldom said his prayers.
He worshipped lovely women, and his hope in life was this :
To calm his wild, tumultuous soul with pure domestic bliss.

When conversing with his shipmates, he very often swore
That he longed to give up piracy and settle down on shore.
He tired of blood and plunder ; of the joys that they could bring ;
He sighed to win the love of some affectionate young thing.

One morning as the "Mary Jane" went bounding o'er the sea
The pirate saw a merchant bark far off upon his lee.
He ordered a pursuit, and spread all sail that he could spare,
And then went down, in hopeful mood, to shave and curl his hair.

He blacked his boots and pared his nails and tied a fresh cravat ;
He cleansed his teeth, pulled down his cuffs, and polished up his hat ;
He dimmed with flour the radiance of his fiery red nose,
For, hanging with that vessel's wash, *he saw some ladies' hose.*

Once more on deck, the stranger's hull he riddled with a ball,
And yelled, "I say ! what bark is that ?" In answer to his call
The skipper on the other boat replied in thunder tones :
"This here's the bark 'Matilda,' and her captain's name is Jones."

The pirate told his bold corsairs to man the jolly-boats,
To board the bark and seize the crew, and slit their tarry throats,
And then to give his compliments to Captain Jones, and say
He wished that he and Mrs. Jones would come and spend the day.

They reached the bark, they killed the crew, they threw them in the sea,
And then they sought the captain, who was mad as he could be,
Because his wife—who saw the whole sad tragedy, it seems—
Made all the ship vociferous with her outrageous screams.

But when the pirate's message came, she dried her streaming tears,
And said, although she'd like to come, she had unpleasant fears,
That, his social status being very evidently low,
She might meet some common people whom she wouldn't care to know.

Her husband's aged father, she admitted, dealt in bones,
But the family descended from the famous Duke de Jones ;

And such blue-blooded people, that the rabble might be checked,
Had to make their social circle excessively select.

Before she visited his ship she wanted him to say
If the Smythes had recognised him in a social, friendly way ;
Did the Jonsons ever ask him 'round to their ancestral halls?
Was he noticed by the Thomsons? Was he asked to Simms's
balls?

The pirate wrote that Thomson was his best and oldest friend,
That he often stopped at Jonson's when he had a week to spend ;
As for the Smythes, they worried him with their incessant calls ;
His very legs were weary with the dance at Simms's balls.

(The scoundrel fibbed most shamelessly. In truth he only knew
A lot of Smiths without a y—a most plebeian crew.
His Johnsons used a vulgar h, his Thompsons spelled with p,
His Simses had one m, and they were common as could be.)

Then Mrs. Jones mussed up her hair and donned her best
delaine,
And went with Captain Jones aboard the schooner "Mary Jane."
The pirate won her heart at once by saying, with a smile,
He never saw a woman dressed in such exquisite style.

The pirate's claim to status she was very sure was just
When she noticed how familiarly the Johnsons he discussed.
Her aristocratic scruples then were quickly laid aside,
And when the pirate sighed at her, reciproc'ly she sighed.

No sooner was the newer love within her bosom born
Than Jones was looked upon by her with hatred and with scorn.
She said 'twas true his ancestor was famous Duke de Jones,
But she shuddered to remember that his father dealt in bones.

So then they got at Captain Jones and hacked him with a sword,
And chopped him into little bits and tossed him overboard.
The chaplain read the service, and the captain of the bark
Before his widow's weeping eyes was gobbled by a shark.

The chaplain turned the prayer-book o'er ; the bride took off her glove ;

They swore to honour, to obey, to cherish, and to love.
And, freighted full of happiness, across the ocean's foam
The schooner glided rapidly towards the pirate's home.

And when of ecstasy and joy their hearts could hold no more,
The pirate dropped his anchor down and rowed his love ashore.
An as they sauntered up the street he gave his bride a poke,
And said, " In them there mansions live the friends of whom I spoke."

She glanced her eye along the plates of brass upon each door,
And then her anger rose as it had never done before.
She said, " That Johnson has an h ! that Thompson has a p !
The Smith that spells without a y is not the Smith for me !"

And darkly scowled she then upon that rover of the wave ;
" False ! False !" she shrieked, and spoke of him as " Monster,
traitor, slave !"

And then she wept and tore her hair, and filled the air with groans,
And cursed with bitterness the day she let them chop up Jones.

And when she'd spent on him at last the venom of her tongue,
She seized her pongee parasol and stabbed him in the lung.
A few more energetic jabs were at his heart required,
And then this scand'lous buccaneer rolled over and expired.

Still brandishing her parasol she sought the pirate boat ;
She loaded up a gun and jammed her head into its throat ;
And fixing fast the trigger, with string tied to her toe,
She breathed " Mother !" through the touch-hole, and kicked
and let her go.

A snap, a fizz, a rumble ; some stupendous roaring tones—
And where upon earth's surface was the recent Mrs. Jones ?
Go ask the moaning winds, the sky, the mists, the murmuring
sea ;
Go ask the fish, the coroner, the clams—but don't ask me.

John G. Saxe.

[Mr. Saxe was born in 1816, and has produced many volumes of poems and stories, besides innumerable fugitive pieces in the journals of his time.]

HO-HO OF THE GOLDEN BELT.

One of the "Nine Stories of China."

A BEAUTIFUL maiden was little Min-Ne,
Eldest daughter of wise Wang-Ke ;
Her skin had the colour of saffron-tea,
And her nose was flat as flat could be ;
And never was seen such beautiful eyes.
Two almond-kernals in shape and size,
Set in a couple of slanting gashes,
And not in the least disfigured by lashes ;

And then such feet !

You'd scarcely meet

In the longest walk through the grandest street

(And you might go seeking

From Nanking to Peking)

A pair so remarkably small and neat.

Two little stumps,

Mere pedal lumps,

That toddle along with the funniest thumps

In China, you know, are reckon'd trumps.

It seems a trifle, to make such a boast of it ;

But how they *will* dress it :

And bandage and press it,

By making the least, to make the most of it !

As you may suppose,

She had plenty of beaux

Bowing around her beautiful toes,

Praising her feet, and eyes, and nose

In rapturous verse and elegant prose !
 She had lots of lovers, old and young :
 There was lofty Long, and babbling Lung,
 Opulent Tin, and eloquent Tung,
 Musical Sing, and, the rest among,
 Great Hang-Yu and Yu-be-Hung.

But though they smiled, and smirk'd, and bow'd,
 None could please her of all the crowd ;
 Lung and Tung she thought too loud ;
 Opulent Tin was much too proud ;
 Lofty Long was quite too tall ;
 Musical Sing sung very small ;
 And, most remarkable freak of all,
 Of great Hang-Yu the lady made game,
 And Yu-be-Hung she mock'd the same,
 By echoing back his ugly name !

But the hardest heart is doom'd to melt ;
 Love is a passion that *will* be felt ;
 And just when scandal was making free
 To hint "What a pretty old maid she'd be,"—
 Little Min-Ne,
 Who but she ?

Married Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt !
 A man, I must own, of bad reputation,
 And low in purse, though high in station,—
 A sort of Imperial poor relation,
 Who rank'd as the Emperor's second cousin
 Multiplied by a hundred dozen ;
 And, to mark the love the Emperor felt,
 Had a pension clear
 Of three pounds a year,
 And the honour of wearing a Golden Belt !
 And gallant Ho-Ho
 Could really show
 A handsome face, as faces go
 In this Flowery Land, where, you must know,

The finest flowers of beauty grow.
 He'd the very widest kind of jaws,
 And his nails were like an eagle's claws,
 And—though it may seem a wondrous tale—
 (Truth is mighty and will prevail !)
 He'd a *queue* as long as the deepest cause
 Under the Emperor's chancery laws !

Yet how he managed to win Min-Ne
 The men declared they couldn't see ;
 But all the ladies, over their tea,
 In this one point were known to agree :
Four gifts were sent to aid his plea :
 A smoking-pipe with a golden clog,
 A box of tea and a poodle dog,
 And a painted heart that was all a-flame,
 And bore, in blood, the lover's name,
 Ah ! how could presents pretty as these
 A delicate lady fail to please ?
 She smoked the pipe with the golden clog,
 And drank the tea, and ate the dog,
 And kept the heart,—and that's the way
 The match was made, the gossips say.

I can't describe the wedding-day,
 Which fell in the lovely month of May ;
 Nor stop to tell of the Honey-moon,
 And how it vanish'd all too soon ;
 Alas ! that I the truth must speak,
 And say that in the fourteenth week,
 Soon as the wedding guests were gone,
 And their wedding suits began to doff,
 Min-Ne was weeping and "taking-on,"
 For *he* had been trying to "take her off."
 Six wives before he had sent to heaven,
 And being partial to number "seven,"
 He wish'd to add his latest pet,
 Just, perhaps, to make up the set !

Mayhap the rascal found a cause
Of discontent in a certain clause
In the Emperor's very liberal laws,
Which gives, when a Golden Belt is wed,
Six hundred pounds to furnish the bed ;
And if in turn he marry a score,
With every wife six hundred more.

First, he tried to murder Min-Ne
With a special cup of poison'd tea,
But the lady smelling a mortal foe,
Cried, " Ho-Ho !
I'm very fond of mild Souchong,
But you, my love, you make it too strong."

At last Ho-Ho, the treacherous man,
Contrived the most infernal plan
Invented since the world began ;
He went and got him a savage dog,
Who'd eat a woman as soon as a frog ;
Kept him a day without any prog,
Then shut him up in an iron bin,
Slipp'd the bolt and locked him in ;
Then giving the key
To poor Min-Ne,
Said, " Love, there's something you *mustn't* see
In the chest beneath the orange-tree."

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Poor mangled Min-Ne ! with her latest breath
She told her father the cause of her death ;
And so it reach'd the Emperor's ear,
And his highness said, " It is very clear
Ho-Ho has committed a murder here !"
And he doom'd Ho-Ho to end his life
By the terrible dog that kill'd his wife ;
But in mercy (let his praise be sung !)
His thirteen brothers were merely hung,

And his slaves bamboo'd in the mildest way,
For a calendar month, three times a day.
And that's the way that Justice dealt
With wicked Ho-Ho of the Golden Belt !

EARLY RISING.

“GOD bless the man who first invented sleep !”

So Sancho Panza said, and so say I ;
And bless him also that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself ; nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent right.

Yes—bless the man who first invented sleep
(I really can't avoid the iteration) ;
But blast the man with curses loud and deep,
Whate'er the rascal's name, or age, or station,
Who first invented, and went round advising,
That artificial cut-off—Early Rising !

“Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed,”

Observes some solemn sentimental owl.
Maxims like these are very cheaply said ;
But, ere you make yourself a fool or fowl,
Pray, just inquire about his rise and fall,
And whether larks have any beds at all !

“The time for honest folks to be abed”

Is in the morning, if I reason right ;
And he who cannot keep his precious head
Upon his pillow till it's fairly light,
And so enjoy his forty morning winks,
Is up to knavery ; or else—he drinks.

Thomson, who sung about the "Seasons," said
 It was a glorious thing to *rise* in season ;
 But then he said it—lying—in his bed,
 At ten o'clock A.M.,—the very reason
 He wrote so charmingly. The simple fact is,
 His preaching wasn't sanctioned by his practice.

'Tis, doubtless, well to be sometimes awake,—
 Awake to duty, and awake to truth,—
 But when, alas ! a nice review we take
 Of our best deeds and days, we find, in sooth,
 The hours that leave the slightest cause to weep
 Are those we passed in childhood or asleep !

'Tis beautiful to leave the world awhile
 For the soft visions of the gentle night ;
 And free, at last, from mortal care or guile,
 To live as only in the angels' sight,
 In sleep's sweet realm so cosily shut in,
 Where, at the worst, we only *dream* of sin.

So, let us sleep, and give the Maker praise,—
 I like the lad who, when his father thought
 To clip his morning nap by hackneyed phrase
 Of vagrant worm by early songster caught,
 Cried, "Served him right ! it's not at all surprising ;
 The worm was punished, sir, for early rising !"

THE BEST OF HUSBANDS.

Imitated from the German.

OH, I have a husband as good as can be ;
 No woman could wish for a better than he !
 Sometimes, indeed, he may chance to be wrong,
 But his love for me is uncommonly strong.

He has one little fault that makes me fret,
 He has always less money, by far, than debt ;
 Moreover, he thrashes me, now and then,—
 But, excepting that, he's the best of men !

I own he is dreadfully given to drink ;
 And besides he is rather too fond, I think,
 Of playing at cards and dice ; but then,
 Excepting that, he's the best of men !

He loves to chat with the girls, I know
 ('Tis the way with the men,—they're always so),—
 But what care I for his flirting, when,
 Excepting that, he's the best of men ?

I can't but say I think he is rash
 To pawn my pewter, and spend the cash ;
 But how can I scold my darling, when,
 Excepting that, he's the best of men ?

When soaked with tippie, he's hardly polite,
 But knocks the crockery left and right,
 And pulls my hair, and growls again ;
 But, excepting that, he's the best of men ;

Yes, such is the loyalty I have shown ;
 But I have a spouse who is all my own ;
 As good, indeed as a man can be,
 And who could ask for a better than he ?

I must respekt thozе, I suppose, who never make enny blunders, but I don't luv them.

I like them kind of folks who, if they do once in a while weigh out a pound with only 13 ounces in it, are just az apt tew make the next pound weigh 19 ounces.

I luv mi phailings. It is theze that make me pheel that i have that tutch ov natur in me that makes me brother tew every man living.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Mark Twain.

SPEECH ON THE BABIES,

AT THE BANQUET, IN CHICAGO, GIVEN BY THE ARMY OF THE
TENNESSEE TO THEIR FIRST COMMANDER, GENERAL U. S.
GRANT, NOVEMBER, 1879.

[The fifteenth regular toast was "The Babies.—As they comfort us in our sorrows, let us not forget them in our festivities."]

I LIKE that. We have not all had the good fortune to be ladies. We have not all been generals, or poets, or statesmen; but when the toast works down to the babies, we stand on common ground. It is a shame that for a thousand years the world's banquets have utterly ignored the baby, as if he didn't amount to anything. If you will stop and think a minute—if you will go back fifty or one hundred years to your early married life and recontemplate your first baby—you will remember that he amounted to a good deal, and even something over. You soldiers all know that when that little fellow arrived at family headquarters you had to hand in your resignation. He took entire command. You became his lackey, his mere body-servant, and you had to stand around too. He was not a commander who made allowances for time, distance, weather, or anything else. You had to execute his orders whether it was possible or not. And there was only one form of marching in his manual of tactics, and that was the double-quick. He treated you with every sort of insolence and disrespect, and the bravest of you didn't dare say a word. You could face the death-storm at Donelson and Vicksburg, and give back blow for blow; but when he clawed your whiskers, and pulled your hair, and twisted your nose, you had to take it. When the thunders of war were sounding in your ears you set your faces toward the batteries, and advanced with steady tread; but when he turned on the terrors of his war-whoop you advanced in the other direction, and mighty glad of the chance too. When he called for soothing-

syrup, did you venture to throw out any side remarks about certain services being unbecoming an officer and a gentleman? No. You got up and *got* it. When he ordered his pap bottle and it was not warm, did you talk back? Not you. You went to work and *warmed* it. You even descended so far in your menial office as to take a suck at that warm, insipid stuff yourself, to see if it was right—three parts water to one of milk, a touch of sugar to modify the colic, and a drop of peppermint to kill those immortal hiccoughs. I can taste that stuff yet. And how many things you learned as you went along! Sentimental young folks still take stock in that beautiful old saying that when the baby smiles in his sleep, it is because the angels are whispering to him. Very pretty, but too thin—simply wind on the stomach, my friends. If the baby proposed to take a walk at his usual hour, two o'clock in the morning, didn't you rise up promptly and remark, with a mental addition which would not improve a Sunday-school book *much*, that that was the very thing you were about to propose yourself? Oh! you were under good discipline, and as you went fluttering up and down the room in your undress uniform, you not only prattled undignified baby-talk, but even tuned up your martial voices and tried to *sing*!—"Rock-a-by baby in the tree-top," for instance. What a spectacle for an Army of the Tennessee! And what an affliction for the neighbours, too; for it is not everybody within a mile around that likes military music at three in the morning. And when you had been keeping this sort of thing up two or three hours, and your little velvet-head intimated that nothing suited him like exercise and noise, what did you do? ["*Go on!*"] You simply *went* on until you dropped in the last ditch. The idea that a *baby* doesn't *amount* to anything! Why, *one* baby is just a house and a front yard full by itself. *One* baby can furnish more business than you and your whole Interior Department can attend to. He is enterprising, irrepressible, brimful of lawless activities. Do what you please, you can't make him stay on the reservation. Sufficient unto the day is one baby. As long as you are in your right mind don't you ever pray for twins. Twins amount to a permanent riot. And there ain't any real difference between triplets and an insurrection.

Yes, it was high time for a toast-master to recognise the im-

portance of the babies. Think what is in store for the present crop! Fifty years from now we shall all be dead, I trust, and then this flag, if it still survive (and let us hope it may), will be floating over a Republic numbering 200,000,000 souls, according to the settled laws of our increase. Our present schooner of State will have grown into a political leviathan—a Great Eastern. The cradled babies of to-day will be on deck. Let them be well trained, for we are going to leave a big contract on their hands. Among the three or four million cradles now rocking in the land are some which this nation would preserve for ages as sacred things, if we could know which ones they are. In one of these cradles the unconscious Farragut of the future is at this moment teething—think of it!—and putting in a world of dead earnest, unarticulated, but perfectly justifiable profanity over it, too. In another the future renowned astronomer is blinking at the shining Milky Way with but a languid interest—poor little chap!—and wondering what has become of that other one they call the wet-nurse. In another the future great historian is lying—and doubtless will continue to lie until his earthly mission is ended. In another the future President is busying himself with no profounder problem of state than what the mischief has become of his hair so early; and in a mighty array of other cradles there are now some 60,000 future office-seekers, getting ready to furnish him occasion to grapple with that same old problem a second time. And in still one more cradle, somewhere under the flag, the future illustrious commander-in-chief of the American armies is so little burdened with his approaching grandeurs and responsibilities as to be giving his whole strategic mind at this moment to trying to find out some way to get his big toe into his mouth—an achievement which, meaning no disrespect, the illustrious guest of this evening turned *his* entire attention to some fifty-six years ago; and if the child is but a prophecy of the man, there are mighty few who will doubt that he *succeeded*.

AN ENCOUNTER WITH AN INTERVIEWER.

THE nervous, dapper, "pearl" young man took the chair I offered him, and said he was connected with the "Daily Thunderstorm," and added:—

"Hoping it's no harm, I've come to interview you."

"Come to what?"

"*Interview* you."

"Ah! I see. Yes—yes. Um! Yes—yes."

I was not feeling bright that morning. Indeed, my powers seemed a bit under a cloud. However, I went to the bookcase, and when I had been looking six or seven minutes I found I was obliged to refer to the young man. I said—

"How do you spell it?"

"Spell what?"

"Interview."

"Oh my goodness! what do you want to spell it for?"

"I don't want to spell it; I want to see what it means."

"Well, this is astonishing, I must say. *I* can tell you what it means, if you—if you——"

"Oh, all right! That will answer, and much obliged to you, too."

"I-n, *in*, t-e-r, *ter*, *inter*——"

"Then you spell it with an *I*?"

"Why, certainly!"

"Oh, that is what took me so long."

"Why, my *dear* sir, what did *you* propose to spell it with?"

"Well, I—I—hardly know. I had the Unabridged, and I was ciphering around in the back end, hoping I might tree her among the pictures. But it's a very old edition."

"Why, my friend, they wouldn't have a *picture* of it in even the latest e—. My dear sir, I beg your pardon, I mean no harm in the world, but you do not look as—as—intelligent as I had expected you would. No harm—I mean no harm at all."

"Oh, don't mention it! It has often been said, and by people who would not flatter, and who could have no inducement to flatter, that I am quite remarkable in that way. Yes—yes; they always speak of it with rapture."

"I can easily imagine it. But about this interview. You know it is the custom, now, to interview any man who has become notorious."

"Indeed I had not heard of it before. It must be very interesting. What do you do it with?"

"Ah, well—well—well—this is disheartening. It *ought* to be done with a club in some cases; but customarily it consists in the interviewer asking questions and the interviewed answering them. It is all the rage now. Will you let me ask you certain questions calculated to bring out the salient points of your public and private history?"

"Oh, with pleasure—with pleasure. I have a very bad memory, but I hope you will not mind that. That is to say, it is an irregular memory—singularly irregular. Sometimes it goes in a gallop, and then again it will be as much as a fortnight passing a given point. This is a great grief to me."

"Oh, it is no matter, so you will try to do the best you can."

"I will. I will put my whole mind on it."

"Thanks. Are you ready to begin?"

"Ready."

Q. How old are you?

A. Nineteen, in June.

Q. Indeed! I would have taken you to be thirty-five or six
Where were you born?

A. In Missouri.

Q. When did you begin to write?

A. In 1836.

Q. Why, how could that be, if you are only nineteen now?

A. I don't know. It does seem curious, somehow.

Q. It does, indeed. Whom do you consider the most remarkable man you ever met?

A. Aaron Burr.

Q. But you never could have met Aaron Burr, if you are only nineteen years——

A. Now, if you know more about me than I do, what do you ask me for?

Q. Well, it was only a suggestion; nothing more. How did you happen to meet Burr?

A. Well, I happened to be at his funeral one day, and he asked me to make less noise, and——

Q. But, good heavens! if you were at his funeral, he must have been dead; and if he was dead, how could he care whether you made a noise or not?

A. I don't know. He was always a particular kind of man that way.

Q. Still, I don't understand it at all. You say he spoke to you, and that he was dead.

A. I didn't say he was dead.

Q. But wasn't he dead?

A. Well, some said he was, some said he wasn't.

Q. What did you think?

A. Oh, it was none of my business! It wasn't any of my funeral.

Q. Did you—. However, we can never get this matter straight. Let me ask about something else. What was the date of your birth?

A. Monday, October 31, 1693.

Q. What! Impossible! That would make you a hundred and eighty years old. How do you account for that?

A. I don't account for it at all.

Q. But you said at first you were only nineteen, and now you make yourself out to be one hundred and eighty. It is an awful discrepancy.

A. Why, have you noticed that? (Shaking hands.) Many a time it has seemed to me like a discrepancy, but somehow I couldn't make up my mind. How quick you notice a thing!

Q. Thank you for the compliment, as far as it goes. Had you, or have you, any brothers or sisters?

A. Eh! I—I—I think so—yes—but I don't remember.

Q. Well, that is the most extraordinary statement I ever heard!

A. Why, what makes you think that?

Q. How could I think otherwise? Why, look here! Who is this a picture of on the wall? Isn't that a brother of yours?

A. Oh! yes, yes, yes! Now you remind me of it; that *was*

a brother of mine. That's William—*Bill* we called him. Poor old Bill!

Q. Why? Is he dead then?

A. Ah! well, I suppose so. We never could tell. There was a great mystery about it.

Q. That is sad, very sad. He disappeared, then?

A. Well, yes, in a sort of general way. We buried him.

Q. *Buried* him! *Buried* him, without knowing whether he was dead or not?

A. Oh, no! Not that. He was dead enough.

Q. Well, I confess that I can't understand this. If you buried him, and you knew he was dead——

A. No! no! We only thought he was.

Q. Oh, I see! He came to life again?

A. I bet he didn't.

Q. Well, I never heard anything like this. *Somebody* was dead. *Somebody* was buried. Now, where was the mystery?

A. Ah! that's just it! That's it exactly. You see we were twins—defunct and I—and we got mixed in the bath-tub when we were only two weeks old, and one of us was drowned. But we didn't know which. Some think it was Bill. Some think it was me.

Q. Well, that *is* remarkable. What do *you* think?

A. Goodness knows! I would give whole worlds to know. This solemn, this awful mystery has cast a gloom over my whole life. But I will tell you a secret now, which I never have revealed to any creature before. One of us had a peculiar mark—a large mole on the back of his left hand; that was *me*. *That child was the one that was drowned!*

Q. Very well then, I don't see that there is any mystery about it, after all.

A. You don't? Well, *I* do. Anyway, I don't see how they could ever have been such a blundering lot as to go and bury the wrong child. But, 'sh!—don't mention it where the family can hear of it. Heaven knows they have heart-breaking troubles enough without adding this.

Q. Well, I believe I have got material enough for the present, and I am very much obliged to you for the pains you have taken.

But I was a good deal interested in that account of Aaron Burr's funeral. Would you mind telling me what particular circumstance it was that made you think Burr was such a remarkable man?

A. Oh! it was a mere trifle! Not one man in fifty would have noticed it at all. When the sermon was over, and the procession all ready to start for the cemetery, and the body all arranged nice in the hearse, he said he wanted to take a last look at the scenery, and so he *got up and rode with the driver*.

Then the young man reverently withdrew. He was very pleasant company, and I was sorry to see him go.

The greatest blessing that the great and good God can bestow on enny human being iz humility.

Thare iz a grate deal ov poetry in gin; but the poetry and the gin, both ov them, are kussid poor.

Thare iz sum excuse for a man being a loafer in the country, whare even natur once in a while takes the liberty to loaf a little; but in a big citty, whare all suckcess depends upon aktivty, a loafer iz a failure, except it be to paste advertisements onto.

How natral it iz for a man, when he makes a mistake, to korrekt it by kussing sumboddy else for it.

I never diskuss politiks nor sektarianism; I beleave in letting every man fight hiz rooster hiz own way.

Pride seems tew be quite equally distributed; the man who owns the carriage and the man who drives it seem tew have it just alike.

If we giv up our minds tew little things we never shall be fit for big ones. I knew a man once who could ketch more flies with one swoop ov his hand than enny boddy else could, and he want good at ennything else.

Human happiness konsists in having what yu want, and wanting what yu hav.

JOSH BILLINGS.

James Russell Lowell.

[Mr. Lowell was born in 1819, and is the author of several volumes of Essays and Poems. He is best known as the author of "The Biglow Papers." At present (1883) he is the American Ambassador to the English Court.]

THE PIOUS EDITOR'S CREED.

I DU believe in Freedom's cause,
Ez fur away ez Payris is ;
I love to see her stick her claws
In them infarnal Phayrisees ;
It's wal enough agin a king
To dror resolves an' triggers,—
But libbaty's a kind o' thing
Thet don't agree with niggers.

I du believe the people want
A tax on teas an' coffees,
Thet nothin' aint extravygunt,—
'Purvidin' I'm in office ;
Fer I hev loved my country sence
My eye-teeth filled their sockets,
An' Uncle Sam I reverence,
Partic'larly his pockets.

I du believe in *any* plan
O' levyin' the taxes,
Ez long ez, like a lumberman,
I git jest wut I axes :
I go free-trade thru thick an' thin,
Because it kind o' rouses
'The folks to vote,—an' keeps us in
Our quiet custom-houses.

I du believe it's wise an' good
To sen' out furrin missions,

Thet is, on sartin understood
An' orthydox conditions ;—
I mean nine thousan' dolls. per ann.,
Nine thousan' more fer outfit,
An' me to recommend a man
The place 'ould jest about fit.

I du believe in special ways
O' prayin' an' convartin'
The bread comes back in many days,
An' buttered, tu, fer sartin ;
I mean in preyin' till one busts
On wut the party chooses,
An' in convartin' public trusts
To very privit uses.

I du believe hard coin the stuff
Fer 'lectioneers to spout on ;
The people's ollers soft enough
To make hard money out on ;
Dear Uncle Sam pervides fer his,
An' gives a good-sized junk to all,—
I don't care *how* hard money is,
Ez long ez mine's paid punctoal.

I du believe with all my soul
In the great Press's freedom,
To pint the people to the goal
An' in the traces lead 'em ;
Palsied the arm thet forges yokes
At my fat contracts squintin',
An' withered be the nose thet pokes
Inter the gov'ment printin'!

I du believe thet I should give
Wut's his'n unto Cæsar,
Fer it's by him I move an' live
Frum him my bread an' cheese air ;

I du believe thet all o' me
 Doth bear his superscription,—
 Will, conscience, honor, honesty,
 An' things o' thet description.

I du believe in prayer an' praise
 To him that hez the grantin'
 O' jobs,—in every thin' thet pays,
 But most of all in CANTIN';
 This doth my cup with marcies fill,
 This lays all thought o' sin to rest,—
 I *don't* believe in princerples
 But O, I *du* in interest.

I du believe in bein' this
 Or thet, ez it may happen
 One way or t'other hendiest is
 To ketch the people nappin';
 It aint by princerples nor men
 My preudunt course is steadied,—
 I scent wich pays the best, an' then
 Go into it bald-headed.

I du believe thet holdin' slaves
 Comes nat'ral tu a Presidunt,
 Let 'lone the rowdedow it saves
 To hev a wal-broke precedunt;
 Fer any office, small or gret,
 I couldn't ax with no face,
 Without I'd ben, thru dry an' wet,
 Th' unrizzest kind o' doughface.

I du believe wutever trash
 'll keep the people in blindness,—
 Thet we the Mexicuns can thrash
 Right inter brotherly kindness,

Thet bombshells, grape, an' powder 'n' ball,
 Air good-will's strongest magnets,
 Thet peace, to make it stick at all,
 Must be druv in with bagnets.

In short, I firmly du believe
 In Humbug generally,
 Fer it's a thing thet I perceive
 To hev a solid vally ;
 This heth my faithful shepherd ben,
 In pasturs sweet heth led me.
 An' this'll keep the people green
 To feed ez they hev fed me.

DOCTOR LOBSTER.

A PERCH, who had the toothache, once
 Thus moan'd, like any human dunce :
 "Why must great souls exhaust so soon
 Life's thin and unsubstantial boon ?
 Existence on such sculpin terms,—
 Their vulgar loves and hard-won worms,—
 What is it all but dross to me,
 Whose nature craves a larger sea ;
 Whose inches, six from head to tail,
 Enclose the spirit of a whale ;
 Who, if great baits were still to win,
 By watchful eye and fearless fin
 Might with the Zodiac's awful twain
 Room for a third immortal gain ?
 Better the crowd's unthinking plan,—
 The hook, the jerk, the frying-pan !
 O Death, thou ever roaming shark,
 Ingulf me in eternal dark !"

The speech was cut in two by flight ;
A real shark had come in sight ;
No metaphoric monster, one
It soothes despair to call upon,
But stealthy, sidelong, grim, I wis,
A bit of downright Nemesis ;
While it recovered from the shock,
Our fish took shelter 'neath a rock :
This was an ancient lobster's house,
A lobster of prodigious *nous*,
So old that barnacles had spread
Their white encampments o'er its head,—
And of experience so stupend,
His claws were blunted at the end,
Turning life's iron pages o'er,
That shut and can be oped no more.

Stretching a hospitable claw,
“At once,” said he, “the point I saw ;
My dear young friend, your case I rue,
Your great-great-grandfather I knew ;
He was a tried and tender friend
I know—I ate him in the end :
In this vile sea a pilgrim long,
Still my sight's good, my memory strong ;
The only sign that age is near
Is a slight deafness in this ear ;
I understand your case as well
As this my old familiar shell ;
This sorrow's a new-fangled notion,
Come in since first I knew the ocean ;
We had no radicals, nor crimes,
Nor lobster-pots, in good old times ;
Your traps and nets and hooks we owe
To Messieurs Louis Blanc and Co. ;
I say to all my sons and daughters,
Shun Red Republican hot waters ;

No lobster ever cast his lot
 Among the reds, but went to pot :
 Your trouble's in the jaw, you said ?
 Come, let me just nip off your head,
 And, when a new one comes, the pain
 Will never trouble you again :
 Nay, nay, fear naught : 'tis nature's law ;
 Four times I've lost this starboard claw ;
 And still, ere long, another grew,
 Good as the old—and better too !”

The perch consented, and next day
 An osprey, marketing that way,
 Picked up a fish without a head,
 Floating with belly up, stone dead.

MORAL.

Sharp are the teeth of ancient saws,
 And sauce for goose is gander's sauce ;
 But perch's heads aren't lobster's claws.

THE COURTIN'.

GOD makes sech nights, all white an' still
 Fur'z you can look or listen,
 Moonshine an' snow on field an' hill,
 All silence an' all glisten.

Zekle crep' up quite unbeknown,
 An' peeked in thru' the winder ;
 An' there sot Huldy all alone,
 'Ith no one nigh to hender.

A fireplace filled the room's one side
With half a cord o' wood in—
There warn't no stoves (tell comfort died)
To bake ye to a puddin'.

The wa'nut logs shot sparkles out
Towards the pootiest, bless her
An' leetle flames danced all about
The chiny on the dresser.

Again the chimbley crook-necks hung,
An' in amongst 'em rusted,
The ole queen's-arm thet gran'ther Young
Fetched back from Concord busted.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm from floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy again
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

'Twas kin' o' kingdom-come to look
On sech a blessed cretur ;
A dogrose blushin' to a brook
Ain't modester nor sweeter.

He was six foot o' man, A 1,
Clean grit an' human natur' ;
None couldn't quicker pitch a ton,
Nor dror a furrer straighter.

He'd sparked it with full twenty gals,
He'd squired 'em, danced 'em, druv 'em,
Fust this one, an' then thet, by spells—
All is, he couldn't love 'em.

But long o' her his veins 'ould run
All crinkly like curled maple ;
The side she breshed felt full o' sun
Ez a south slope in Ap'il

She thought no v'ice hed sech a swing
 Ez hisn in the choir :
 My ! when he made Ole Hunderd ring,
 She *knowed* the Lord was nigher.

An' she'd blush scarlet, right in prayer,
 When her new meetin'-bunnet
 Felt somehow thru' its crown a pair
 O' blue eyes sot upon it.

Thet night, I tell ye, she looked *some* !
 She seemed to've gut a new soul,
 For she felt sartin-sure he'd come,
 Down to her very shoe-sole.

She heered a foot, and knowed it tu,
 A-rasping on the scraper,—
 All ways to once her feelins flew,
 Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat
 Some doubtfle o' the sekle ;
 His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
 But hern went pity Zekle.

An' yit she gin her cheer a jerk
 Ez though she wished him funder,
 An' on her apples kep' to work,
 Parin' away like murder.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
 "Wal no I come dasigning'"—
 "To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
 Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why girls act so or so,
 Or don't, 'ould be presumin' ;
 Mebbe to mean *yes* an' say *no*
 Comes nateral to women

He stood a spell on one foot fust,
Then stood a spell on t'other,
An' on which one he felt the wust
He couldn't ha' told ye nuther.

Says he, "I'd better call again ;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister ;"
That last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . . . Wal, he up and kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips,
An' teary roun' the lashes.

For she was jes' the quiet kind
Whose naturs never vary,
Like streams that keep a summer mind
Snowhid in Jenooary.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
And gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy ;
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

Fortune sumtimes shows us the way, but it iz energy that achieves suckcess.

The richest man in the world is the one who dispizes riches the most.

Trusting to luck is only another name for *trusting to lazyness*.

Fortune never takes enny boddy by the hand, but she often allows them to take her by the hand.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Artemus Ward.

THE SHOWMAN'S COURTSHIP.

THARE was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squench't their thirst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forrerd's; the measles broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept reglarly every Sunday in the same meetin-house, and the nabers used to obsarve, "How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!" It was a surblime site, in the Spring of the year, to see our sevr'al mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin'd up so thay couldn't sile 'em, affecshunitly bilin sope together & aboozin the nabers.

Altho I hankerd intensely arter the objeck of my affecshuns, I darsunt tell her of the fires which was rajin in my manly buzzum. I'd try to do it, but my tung would kerwollup up agin the roof of my mowth & stick thar, like deth to a deseast Afrikan or a country postmaster to his offiss, while my hart whanged agin my ribs like a old fashioned wheat flae agin a barn door.

'Twas a carm still nite in Joon. All nater was husht and nary zeffer disturbed the sreen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her farther's pastur. We'd been rompin threw the woods, kullin flours & drivin the woodchuck from his Nativ Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall, we sot thar on the fense, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool house when it was fust painted, and lookin very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in ballunsin myself on the fense, while my rite was woundid luviny round her waste.

I cleared my throat and tremblinly sed, "Betsy, you're a Gazelle."

I thought that air was putty fine. I waitid to see what effect it would have upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and sed—

"You're a sheep!"

Sez I, "Betsy, I think very muchly of you."

"I don't b'leeve a word you say—so there now, cum!" with which obsarvashun she hitched away from me.

"I wish thar was winders to my Sole," sed I, "so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enuff in here," sed I, strikin my buzzum with my fist, "to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood. Versoovius and the Critter ain't a circumstans!"

She bowd her hed down and commenst chawin the strings to her sun bonnet.

"Ar could you know the sleepilis nites I worry threw with on your account, how vittles has seized to be attractiv to me & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gaze on this wastin form and these 'ere sunken cheeks——"

I should have continnered on in this strane probly for sum time, but unfortnitly I lost my ballunse and fell over into the pastur ker smash, tearin my close and severly damagin myself generally.

Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time and dragged me 4th. Then, drawin herself up to her full hite, she sed:

"I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Jes say rite strate out what you're drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'M IN!"

I considered that air enuff for all practical purpusses, and we proceeded immejitly to the parson's & was made 1 that very nite.

* * * * *

I've parst threw many tryin ordeels sins then, but Betsy Jane has bin troo as steel. By attendin strickly to bizniss I've amarsed a handsum Pittance. No man on this foot-stool can rise & git up & say I ever knowinly injered no man or wimmin folks, while all agree that my Show is ekalled by few and exceld by none, embracin as it does a wonderful colleckshun of livin wild Beests of Pray, snaix in grate profushun, a endliss variety of life-size wax figgers, & the only traned kangaroo in Ameriky—the most amoozin little cuss ever introjuced to a discriminatin public.

Mark Twain.

THE JUMPING FROG OF CALAVERAS COUNTY.

IN compliance with the request of a friend of mine, who wrote me from the East, I called on good-natured, garrulous old Simon Wheeler, and inquired after my friend's friend, *Leonidas W. Smiley*, as requested to do, and I hereunto append the result. I have a lurking suspicion that *Leonidas W. Smiley* is a myth; that my friend never knew such a personage; and that he only conjectured that, if I asked old Wheeler about him, it would remind him of his infamous *Jim Smiley*, and he would go to work and bore me nearly to death with some infernal reminiscence of him as long and tedious as it should be useless to me. If that was the design, it certainly succeeded.

I found Simon Wheeler dozing comfortably by the bar-room stove of the old, dilapidated tavern in the ancient mining camp of Angel's, and I noticed that he was fat, and bald-headed, and had an expression of winning gentleness and simplicity upon his tranquil countenance. He roused up and gave me good-day. I told him a friend of mine had commissioned me to make some enquiries about a cherished companion of his boyhood, named *Leonidas W. Smiley*—*Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, a young minister of the gospel, who he had heard was at one time a resident of Angel's Camp. I added that, if Mr. Wheeler could tell me anything about this Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, I would feel under many obligations to him.

Simon Wheeler backed me into a corner, and blockaded me there with his chair, and then sat me down and reeled off the monotonous narrative which follows this paragraph. He never smiled, he never frowned, he never changed his voice from the gentle-flowing key to which he tuned the initial sentence, he never betrayed the slightest suspicion of enthusiasm; but all through the interminable narrative there ran a vein of impressive earnestness and sincerity, which showed me plainly that, so far from his imagining that there was anything ridiculous or funny about his

story, he regarded it as a really important matter, and admired its two heroes as men of transcendent genius in *finesse*. To me, the spectacle of a man drifting serenely along through such a queer yarn without ever smiling was exquisitely absurd. As I said before, I asked him to tell me what he knew of Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley, and he replied as follows. I let him go on in his own way, and never interrupted him once:—

There was a feller here once by the name of *Jim* Smiley, in the winter of '49—or maybe it was the spring of '50—I don't recollect exactly, somehow, though what makes me think it was one or the other is because I remember the big flume wasn't finished when he first came to the camp; but any way, he was the curiosest man about, always betting on anything that turned up you ever see, if he could get anybody to bet on the other side; and if he couldn't, he'd change sides. Anyway that suited the other man would suit him—anyway just so's he got a bet, *he* was satisfied. But still he was lucky, uncommon lucky; he most always come out winner. He was always ready and laying for a chance; there couldn't be no solit'ry thing mentioned but that feller'd offer to bet on it, and take any side you please, as I was just telling you. If there was a horse race, you'd find him flush, or you'd find him busted at the end of it; if there was a dog-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a cat-fight, he'd bet on it; if there was a chicken-fight, he'd bet on it; why, if there was two birds setting on a fence, he would bet you which one would fly first; or if there was a camp-meeting, he would be there reg'lar, to bet on Parson Walker, which he judged to be the best exhorter about here, and so he was, too, and a good man. If he even seen a straddle-bug start to go anywheres, he would bet you how long it would take him to get wherever he was going to, and if you took him up, he would foller that straddle-bug to Mexico but what he would find out where he was bound for and how long he was on the road. Lots of the boys here has seen that Smiley, and can tell you about him. Why, it never made no difference to *him*—he would bet on *any* thing—the dangdest feller. Parson Walker's wife laid very sick once, for a good while, and it seemed as if they warn't going to save her; but one morning he come in, and

Smiley asked how she was, and he said she was considerable better—thank the Lord for his inf'nit mercy—and coming on so smart that, with the blessing of Prov'dence, she'd get well yet; and Smiley, before he thought, says, "Well, I'll risk two-and-a-half that she don't, anyway."

Thish-yer Smiley had a mare—the boys called her the fifteen-minute nag, but that was only in fun, you know, because, of course, she was faster than that—and he used to win money on that horse, for all she was so slow and always had the asthma, or the distemper, or the consumption, or something of that kind. They used to give her two or three hundred yards' start, and then pass her under way; but always at the fag-end of the race she'd get excited and desperate-like, and come cavorting and straddling up, and scattering her legs around limber, sometimes in the air, and sometimes out to one side amongst the fences, and kicking up m-o-r-e dust and raising m-o-r-e racket with her coughing and sneezing and blowing her nose—and always fetch up at the stand just about a neck ahead, as near as you could cypher it down.

And he had a little small bull pup, that to look at him you'd think he wan't worth a cent, but to set around and look ornery, and lay for a chance to steal something. But as soon as money was upon him, he was a different dog; his under-jaw'd begin to stick out like the fo'castle of a steam-boat, and his teeth would uncover, and shine savage like the furnaces. And a dog might tackle him, and bully-rag him, and bite him, and throw him over his shoulder two or three times, and Andrew Jackson—which was the name of the pup—Andrew Jackson would never let on but what *he* was satisfied, and hadn't expected nothing else—and the bets being doubled and doubled on the other side all the time, till the money was all up; and then all of a sudden he would grab that other dog jest by the j'int of his hind leg, and freeze to it—not chaw, you understand, but only jest grip and hang on till they throwed up the sponge, if it was a year. Smiley always come out winner on that pup, till he harnessed a dog once that did'nt have no hind legs, because they'd been saw'd off by a circular saw, and when the thing had gone along far enough, and the money was all up, and he come to make a snatch for his pet-holt, he saw in a minute how he'd been imposed on, and how

the other dog had him in the door, so to speak, and he 'peared surprised, and then he looked sorter discouraged-like, and didn't try no more to win the fight, and so he got shucked out bad. He give Smiley a look, as much as to say his heart was broke, and it was *his* fault, for putting up a dog that hadn't no hind legs for him to take holt of, which was his main dependence in a fight, and then he limped off a piece and laid down and died. It was a good pup, was that Andrew Jackson, and would have made a name for hisself if he'd lived, for the stuff was in him, and he had genius—I know it, because he hadn't had no opportunities to speak of, and it don't stand to reason that a dog could make such a fight as he could under them circumstances, if he hadn't no talent. It always makes me feel sorry when I think of that last fight of his'n, and the way it turned out.

Well, thish-yer Smiley had rat-terriers, and chicken cocks, and tom-cats, and all them kind of things, till you couldn't rest, and you couldn't fetch nothing for him to bet on but he'd match you. He ketched a frog one day, and took him home, and said he cal'klated to edercate him ; and so he never done nothing for three months but set in his back yard and learn that frog to jump. And you bet you he *did* learn him, too? He'd give him a little punch behind, and the next minute you'd see that frog whirling in the air like a doughnut—see him turn one summerset, or may be a couple, if he got a good start, and come down flat-footed and all right, like a cat. He got him up so in the matter of catching flies, and kept him in practice so constant, that he'd nail a fly every time as far as he could see him. Smiley said all a frog wanted was education, and he could do most anything—and I believe him. Why, I've seen him set Dan'l Webster down here on this floor—Dan'l Webster was the name of the frog—and sing out, “Flies, Dan'l, flies!” and quicker'n you could wink, he'd spring straight up, and snake a fly off'n the counter there, and flop down on the floor again as solid as a gob of mud, and fall to scratching the side of his head with his hind foot as indifferent as if he hadn't no idea he'd been doin' any morn'n any frog might do. You never see a frog so modest and straightfor'ard as he was, for all he was so gifted. And when it come to fair and square jumping on a dead level, he could get over more ground at one straddle than any

animal of his breed you ever see. Jumping on a dead level was his strong suit, you understand, and when it come to that, Smiley would ante up money on him as long as he had a red. Smiley was monstrous proud of his frog, and well he might be, for fellers that had travelled and been everywheres all said he laid over any frog that ever *they* see.

Well, Smiley kept the beast in a little lattice box, and he used to fetch him down town sometimes and lay for a bet. One day a feller—a stranger in the camp, he was—come across him with his box, and says :

“What might it be that you’ve got in the box?”

And Smiley says, sorter indifferent like, “It might be a parrot, or it might be a canary, maybe, but it ain’t—it’s only just a frog.”

And the feller took it, and looked at it careful, and turned it round this way and that, and says, “H’m—so ’tis. Well, what’s *he* good for?”

“Well,” Smiley says, easy and careless, “he’s good enough for *one* thing, I should judge—he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.”

The feller took the box again, and took another long, particular look, and gave it back to Smiley, and says, very deliberate, “Well, I don’t see no p’int about that frog that’s any better’n any other frog.”

“Maybe you don’t,” Smiley says. “Maybe you understand frogs, and maybe you don’t understand ’em; maybe you’ve had experience, and maybe you ain’t only a amateur, as it were. Anyways, I’ve got *my* opinion, and I’ll risk forty dollars that he can outjump any frog in Calaveras county.”

And the feller studied a minute, and then says, kinder sad like, “Well, I’m only a stranger here, and I an’t got no frog; but if I had a frog I’d bet you.”

And then Smiley says, “That’s all right—that’s all right—if you’ll hold my box a minute, I’ll go and get you a frog.” And so the feller took the box, and put up his forty dollars along with Smiley’s, and set down to wait.

So he set there a good while thinking and thinking to hisself, and then he got the frog out and prized his mouth open and took

a teaspoon and filled him full of quail shot—filled him pretty near up to his chin—and set him on the floor. Smiley he went to the swamp and slopped around in the mud for a long time, and finally he ketched a frog, and fetched him in, and gave him to this feller, and says :

“Now, if you’re ready, set him alongside of Dan’l, with his fore-paws just even with Dan’l, and I’ll give the word.” Then he says, “One—two—three—jump !” and him and the feller touched up the frogs from behind, and the new frog hopped off, but Dan’l give a heave, and hysted up his shoulders—so—like a Frenchman, but it wan’t no use—he couldn’t budge ; he was planted as solid as an anvil, and he couldn’t no more stir than if he was anchored out. Smiley was a good deal surprised, and he was disgusted too, but he didn’t have no idea what the matter was, of course.

The feller took the money and started away ; and when he was going out at the door, he sorter jerked his thumb over his shoulder—this way—at Dan’l, and says again, very deliberate, “Well, *I* don’t see no p’int about that frog that’s any better’n any other frog.”

Smiley he stood scratching his head and looking down at Dan’l a long time, and at last he says, “I do wonder what in the nation that frog throwed off for—I wonder if there an’t something the matter with him—he ’pears to look mighty baggy, somehow.” And he ketched Dan’l by the nap of the neck and lifted him up and says, “Why, blame my cats, if he don’t weigh five pound !” and turned him upside down, and he belched out a double handful of shot. And then he see how it was, and he was the maddest man—he set the frog down and took out after that feller, but he never ketched him. And—

[Here Simon Wheeler heard his name called from the front yard, and got up to see what was wanted.] And turning to me as he moved away, he said : “Just set where you are, stranger, and rest easy—I ain’t going to be gone a second.”

But, by your leave, I did not think that a continuation of the history of the enterprising vagabond *Jim* Smiley would be likely to afford me much information concerning the *Rev. Leonidas W. Smiley*, and so I started away.

At the door I met the sociable Wheeler returning, and he button-holed me, and recommenced :

"Well, thish-yer Smiley had a yaller one-eyed cow that didn't have no tail, only jest a short stump like a bannanner, and——"

"Oh ! hang Smiley and his afflicted cow !" I muttered good-naturedly, and bidding the old gentleman good day, I departed.

THE STORY OF THE BAD LITTLE BOY WHO DIDN'T COME TO GRIEF.

ONCE there was a bad little boy whose name was Jim—though, if you will notice, you will find that bad little boys are nearly always called James in your Sunday-school books. It was very strange, but still it was true, that this one was called Jim.

He didn't have any sick mother, either—a sick mother who was pious and had the consumption, and would be glad to lie down in the grave and be at rest, but for the strong love she bore her boy, and the anxiety she felt that the world would be harsh and cold towards him when she was gone. Most bad boys in the Sunday-school books are named James, and have sick mothers, who teach them to say, "Now I lay me down," etc., and sing them to sleep with sweet plaintive voices, and then kiss them good-night, and kneel down by the bedside and weep. But it was different with this fellow. He was named Jim, and there wasn't anything the matter with his mother—no consumption, or anything of that kind. She was rather stout than otherwise, and she was not pious ; moreover, she was not anxious on Jim's account. She said if he were to break his neck, it wouldn't be much loss. She always spanked Jim to sleep, and she never kissed him good-night ; on the contrary, she boxed his ears when she was ready to leave him.

Once this little bad boy stole the key of the pantry and slipped in there and helped himself to some jam, and filled up the vessel with tar, so that his mother would never know the difference ; but all at once a terrible feeling didn't come over him, and something didn't seem to whisper to him, "Is it right to

disobey my mother? Isn't it sinful to do this? Where do bad little boys go who gobble up their good kind mother's jam?" and then he didn't kneel down all alone and promise never to be wicked any more, and rise up with a light happy heart, and go and tell his mother all about it, and beg her forgiveness, and be blessed by her with tears of pride and thankfulness in her eyes. No; that is the way with all other bad boys in the books; but it happened otherwise with this Jim, strangely enough. He ate that jam, and said it was bully, in his sinful, vulgar way; and he put in the tar, and said that was bully also, and laughed, and observed "that the old woman would get up and snort" when she found it out; and when she did find it out, he denied knowing anything about it, and she whipped him severely, and he did the crying himself. Everything about this boy was curious—everything turned out differently with him from the way it does to the bad Jameses in the books.

Once he climbed up Farmer Acorn's apple tree to steal apples, and the limb didn't break, and he didn't fall and break his arm, and get torn by the farmer's great dog, and then languish on a sick bed for weeks, and repent and become good. Oh! no; he stole as many apples as he wanted, and came down all right; and he was all ready for the dog, too, and knocked him endways with a rock when he came to tear him. It was very strange—nothing like it ever happened in those mild little books with marbled backs, and with pictures in them of men with swallow-tailed coats and bell-crowned hats, and pantaloons that are short in the legs, and women with the waists of their dresses under their arms and no hoops on. Nothing like it in any of the Sunday-school books.

Once he stole the teacher's penknife, and when he was afraid it would be found out, and he would get whipped, he slipped it into George Wilson's cap—poor Widow Wilson's son, the moral boy, the good little boy of the village, who always obeyed his mother, and never told an untruth, and was fond of his lessons, and infatuated with Sunday-school. And when the knife dropped from the cap, and poor George hung his head and blushed, as if in conscious guilt, and the grieved teacher charged the theft upon him, and was just in the very act of bringing the switch

down upon his trembling shoulders, a white-haired improbable justice of the peace did not suddenly appear in their midst and strike an attitude and say, "Spare this noble boy—there stands the cowering culprit! I was passing the school-door at recess, and, unseen myself, I saw the theft committed!" And then Jim didn't get whaled, and the venerable justice didn't read the tearful school a homily, and take George by the hand and say such a boy deserved to be exalted, and then tell him to come and make his home with him, and sweep out the office and make fires, and run errands, and chop wood, and study law, and help his wife to do household labours, and have all the balance of the time to play, and get forty cents a month and be happy. No; it would have happened that way in the books, but it didn't happen that way to Jim. No meddling old clam of a justice dropped in to make trouble, and so the model boy George got thrashed, and Jim was glad of it; because, you know, Jim hated moral boys. Jim said he was "down on them milk-sops." Such was the coarse language of this bad, neglected boy.

But the strangest thing that ever happened to Jim was the time he went boating on Sunday and didn't get drowned, and that other time that he got caught out in the storm when he was fishing on Sunday, and didn't get struck by lightning. Why you might look, and look, and look through the Sunday-school books, from now till next Christmas, and you would never come across anything like this. Oh! no; you would find that all the bad boys who go boating on Sunday invariably get drowned; and all the bad boys who get caught out in storms, when they are fishing on Sunday, infallibly get struck by lightning. Boats with bad boys in them always upset on Sunday, and it always storms when bad boys go fishing on the Sabbath. How this Jim ever escaped is a mystery to me.

This Jim bore a charmed life—that must have been the way of it. Nothing could hurt him. He even gave the elephant in the menagerie a plug of tobacco, and the elephant didn't knock the top of his head off with his trunk. He browsed around the cupboard after essence of peppermint, and didn't make a mistake and drink *aquafortis*. He stole his father's gun and went hunting on the Sabbath, and didn't shoot three or four of his fingers off.

He struck his little sister on the temple with his fist when he was angry, and she didn't linger in pain through long summer days, and die with sweet words of forgiveness upon her lips, that redoubled the anguish of his breaking heart. No; she got over it. He ran off and went to sea at last, and didn't come back and find himself sad and alone in the world, his loved ones sleeping in the quiet churchyard, and the vine-embowered home of his boyhood tumbled down and gone to decay. Ah! no; he came home drunk as a piper, and got into the station-house the first thing.

And he grew up, and married, and raised a large family, and brained them all with an axe one night, and got wealthy by all manner of cheating and rascality; and now he is the infernalesst, wickedest scoundrel in his native village, and is universally respected, and belongs to the Legislature.

So you see there never was a bad James in the Sunday-school books that had such a streak of luck as this sinful Jim with the charmed life.

Avarice and lazyness makes the most disgusting kind ov a mixtur.

Two thirds ov what is called *love* iz nothing but jealousy.

Sekrets are like the meazles—they take eazy and spread eazy.

The eazyest thing for our friends to diskover in us, and the hardest thing for us to diskover in ourselves, iz that we are growing old.

We sumtimes hit a thing right the fust blow, but most always a suckcess iz the result ov menny failures.

The heart rules the hed, bekauze the pashuns rule the judgement.

Advice iz like kissing—it don't kost nothing, and iz a pleazant thing to do.

One ov the most diffikult, and at the same time one ov the most necessary, things for us old phellows to know, iz that we aint ov so mutch ackount now az we waz.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Bret Harte.

IN THE TUNNEL.

DIDN'T know Flynn,
Flynn of Virginia,—
Long as he's been 'yar
Look'ee here, stranger,
Whar *hev* you been?

Here in this tunnel
He was my pardner,
That same Tom Flynn,—
Working together,
In wind and weather,
Day out and in.

Didn't know Flynn!
Well, that *is* queer;
Why, it's a sin
To think of Tom Flynn,—
Tom with his cheer,
Tom without fear,—
Stranger, look 'yar!

Thar in the drift,
Back to the wall,
He held the timbers
Ready to fall;
Then in the darkness
I heard him call:
“Run for your life, Jake!
Run for your wife's sake!
Don't wait for me.”

And that was all
Heard in the din,
Heard of Tom Flynn,—
Flynn of Virginia.

That's all about
 Flynn of Virginia.
 That lets me out.
 Here in the damp,—
 Out of the sun,—
 That 'ar derved lamp
 Makes my eyes run.
 Well, there, I'm done !

But, sir, when you'll
 Hear the next fool
 Asking of Flynn,—
 Flynn of Virginia,—
 Just you chip in,
 Say you knew Flynn ;
 Say that you 've been 'yar.

PENELOPE.

SIMPSON'S BAR, 1858.

So you've kem 'yer agen,
 And one answer won't do ?
 Well, of all the derved men
 That I've struck, it is you.
 O Sal ! 'yer 's that derved fool from Simpson's, cavortin'
 round 'yer in the dew.

Kem in, ef you *will*.
 Thar,—quit ! Take a cheer.
 Not that ; you can't fill
 Them theer cushings this year,—
 For that cheer was my old man's, Joe Simpson, and they
 don't make such men about 'yer.

He was tall, was my Jack,
 And as strong as a tree.

Thar's his gun on the rack,—
Just you heft it, and see.
And *you* come a courtin' his widdler. Lord ! where can
that critter, Sal, be ?

You 'd fill my Jack's place ?
And a man of your size,—
With no baird to his face,
Nor a snap to his eyes,—
And nary—Sho ! thar ! I was foolin',—I was, Joe, for
sartain, don't rise.

Sit down. Law ! why, sho !
I'm as weak as a gal,
Sal ! Don't you go, Joe,
Or I'll faint,—sure, I shall.
Sit down,—*anywhere*, where you like, Joe,—in that
cheer, if you choose,—Lord, where's Sal !

"JIM."

SAY, there ! P'raps
Some on you chaps
Might know Jim Wild ?
Well,—no offence :
Thar aint no sense
In gettin' riled !

Jim was my chum
Up on the Bar :
That's why I come
Down from up yar,
Lookin' for Jim.
Thank ye, sir ! *You*
Aint of that crew,
Blest if you are !

Money?—Not much ;
 That aint my kind :
 I ain't no such.
 Rum?—I don't mind,
 Seein' it's you.

Well, this yer Jim.
 Did you know him?—
 Jess 'bout your size ;
 Same kind of eyes ?
 Well, that is strange :
 Why, it's two year
 Since he came here,
 Sick, for a change.

Well, here's to us :
 Eh ?
 The h—— you say !
 Dead ?
 That little cuss ?

What makes you star,—
 You over thar ?
 Can't a man drop
 's glass 'n yer shop
 But you must rar' ?
 It wouldn't take
 D—— much to break
 You and your bar.

Dead !
 Poor—little—Jim !
 —Why, thar was me,
 Jones, and Bob Lee,
 Harry and Ben,—
 No-account men :
 Then to take *him* !

Well, thar—Good-by,—

No more, sir,—I—

Eh?

What's that you say?—

Why, dern it!—sho!—

No? Yes! By Jo!

Sold!

Sold! Why, you limb,

You ornery,

Derned old

Long-legged Jim!

HALF AN HOUR BEFORE SUPPER.

"So she's here, your unknown Dulcinea—the lady you met on the train,

And you really believe she would know you if you were to meet her again?"

"Of course," he replied, "she would know me; there never was womankind yet

Forgot the effect she inspired. She excuses, but does not forget."

"Then you told her your love?" asked the elder; while the younger looked up with a smile:

"I sat by her side half an hour—what else was I doing the while?"

"What, sit by the side of a woman as fair as the sun in the sky, And look somewhere else lest the dazzle flash back from your own to her eye?"

"No, I hold that the speech of the tongue be as frank and as bold as the look,

And I held up myself to herself—that was more than she got from her book."

"Young blood!" laughed the elder; "no doubt you are voicing the mode of to-day:

But then we old fogies at least gave the lady some chance for delay

"There's my wife—(you must know)—we first met on the journey from Florence to Rome ;
It took me three weeks to discover who was she, and where was her home ;

"Three more to be duly presented ; three more ere I saw her again ;
And a year ere my romance *began* where yours ended that day on the train."

"Oh, that was the style of the stage-coach ; we travel to-day by express ;
Forty miles to the hour," he answered, "won't admit of a passion that's less."

"But what if you make a mistake?" quoth the elder. The younger half sighed.

"What happens when signals are wrong or switches misplaced?" he replied.

"Very well, I must bow to your wisdom," the elder returned,
"but submit
Your chances of winning this woman your boldness has bettered no whit.

"Why, you do not at best know her name. And what if I try your ideal
With something, if not quite so fair, at least more *en règle* and real?

"Let me find you a partner. Nay, come, I insist—you shall follow—this way.
My dear, will you not add your grace to entreat Mr. Rapid to stay?

"My wife, Mr. Rapid—Eh, what? Why, he's gone—yet he said he would come.
How rude! I don't wonder, my dear, you are properly crimson and dumb?"

Colonel John Hay.

[Colonel Hay was born about 1830, and his "Pike County Ballads" was published sometime in the 1870's. One poem, "Little Breeches," is singularly powerful, but like "Jim Bludso" is a trifle strong for British tastes.]

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.

Fytte y^e Firste: *wherein it shall be shown how y^e Truth is too mightie a
Drugge for such as be of feeble temper.*

THE King was sick. His cheek was red
And his eye was clear and bright ;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king should know,
And doctors came by the score.
They did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was as poor as a rat—
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book ;
His patients gave him no trouble ;
If they recovered they paid him well,
If they died their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the King on his couch reclined ;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're as sound as a nut."
"Hang him up," roared the King in a gale—
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage ;
The other leech grew a shade pale ;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
 And thus his prescription ran—
*The King will be well if he sleeps one night
 In the Shirt of a Happy Man.*

Fytte y^e Seconde : telleth of y^e search for y^e Shirte and how it was nigh
founde but was notte, for reasons qu: are sayd or sung.

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
 And fast their horses ran,
 And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
 But they found no Happy Man.

They found poor men who would fain be rich,
 And rich who thought they were poor,
 And men who twisted their waists in stays,
 And women that short hose wore.

They saw two men by the roadside sit,
 And both bemoaned their lot ;
 For one had buried his wife, he said,
 And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate,
 A beggar lay whistling there ;
 He whistled and sang and laughed and rolled
 On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary couriers paused and looked
 At the scamp so blithe and gay ;
 And one of them said, " Heaven save you, friend !
 You seem to be happy to-day."

" O yes, fair sirs," the rascal laughed,
 And his voice rang free and glad ;
 " An idle man has so much to do
 That he never has time to be sad."

“This is our man,” the courier said ;
 “Our luck has led us aright.
 “I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
 For the loan of your shirt to-night.”

The merry blackguard lay back on the grass,
 And laughed till his face was black ;
 “I would do it, God wot,” and he roared with the fun,
 “But I haven’t a shirt to my back.”

Fytte y^e Third : *Shewing how Hys Majestie y^e King came at last to sleepe in a
 Happie Man his Shirte.*

Each day to the King the reports came in
 Of his unsuccessful spies,
 And the sad panorama of human woes
 Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
 And his maladies hatched in gloom ;
 He opened his windows and let the air
 Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world and toiled
 In his own appointed way ;
 And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
 And the King was well and gay.

Imaginashun, tew mutch indulged in, soon iz tortured into reality ; this iz one way that good hoss thieves are made, a man leans over a fence all day, and imagines the hoss in the lot belongs tew him, and sure enuff, the fust dark night, the hoss does.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Charles F. Adams.

THE PUZZLED DUTCHMAN.

I'm a proken-hearted Deutscher,
Vot's villed mit crief und shame.
I dells you vot der drouple ish :
I doesn't know my name.

You dinks dis fery vunny, eh ?
Ven you der shtory hear,
You vill not vonder den so mooch,
It vas so schtrange und queer.

Mine moder had dwo leedle twins ;
Dey vas me und mine broder :
Ve lookt so fery mooch alike,
No von knew vich vrom toder.

Von off der poys was "Yawcob,"
Und "Hans" der oder's name :
But den it made no tifferent,
Ve both got called der same.

Vell ; von off us got tead—
Yaw, Mynheer, dot ish so !
But vedder Hans or Yawcob,
Mine moder she don'd know.

Und so I am in drouples :
I gan't kit droo mine hed,
Vedder I'm Hans vot's lifing,
Or Yawcob vot is tead !

A TALE OF A NOSE.

'Twas a hard case, that which happened in Lynn.
Haven't heard of it, eh? Well then, to begin,
There's a Jew down there whom they call "Old Mose,"
Who travels about, and buys old clothes.

Now Mose—which the same is short for Moses—
Had one of the biggest kind of noses :
It had a sort of an instep in it,
And he fed it with snuff about once a minute.

One day he got in a bit of a row
With a German chap who had kissed his *frau*,
And, trying to punch him *à la* Mace,
Had his nose cut off close up to his face.

He picked it up from off the ground,
And quickly back in its place 'twas bound,
Keeping the bandage upon his face
Until it had fairly healed in place.

Alas for Mose ! 'Twas a sad mistake
Which he in his haste that day did make ;
For, to add still more to his bitter cup,
He found he had placed it *wrong side up*.

"There's no great loss without some gain ;"
And Moses says, in a jocular vein,
He arranged it so for taking snuff,
As he never before could get enough.

One thing, by the way, he forgets to add,
Which makes the arrangement rather bad :
Although he can take his snuff with ease,
He has to stand on his head to sneeze !

John Habberton.

[This charming writer is the author of "Helen's Babies," written, it is said, to amuse a sickly wife ; of "The Jericho Road," a very clever satire, and various other short stories.]

HELEN'S BABIES.

THE first cause, so far as it can be determined, of the existence of this book may be found in the following letter, written by my only married sister, and received by me, Harry Burton, salesman of white goods, bachelor, aged twenty-eight, and received just as I was trying to decide where I should spend a fortnight's vacation :—

"HILLCREST, June 15, 1875.

"DEAR HARRY :—Remembering that you are always complaining that you never have a chance to read, and knowing that you won't get it this summer, if you spend your vacation among people of your own set, I write to ask you to come up here. I admit that I am not wholly disinterested in inviting you. The truth is, Tom and I are invited to spend a fortnight with my old school-mate, Alice Wayne, who, you know, is the dearest girl in the world, though you *didn't* obey me and marry her before Frank Wayne appeared. Well, we're dying to go, for Alice and Frank live in splendid style ; but, as they haven't included our children in their invitation, and have no children of their own, we must leave Budge and Toddie at home. I've no doubt they'll be perfectly safe, for my girl is a jewel, and devoted to the children, but I would feel a great deal easier if there was a man in the house. Besides, there's the silver, and burglars are less likely to break into a house where there's a savage-looking man. (Never mind about thanking me for the compliment.) If *you'll* only come up, my mind will be completely at rest. The children won't give you the slightest trouble ; they're the best children in the world—everybody says so.

"Tom has plenty of cigars, I know, for the money I should have had for a new suit went to pay his cigar-man. He has some new claret, too, that *he* goes into ecstasies over, though *I* can't tell it from the vilest black ink, except by the colour. Our horses are in splendid condition, and so is the garden—you see I don't forget your old passion for flowers. And, last and best, there never were so many handsome girls at Hillcrest as there are among the summer

boarders already here ; the girls you already are acquainted with here will see that you meet all the newer acquisitions.

"Reply by telegraph right away. Of course you'll say 'Yes.'

"In great haste, your loving

"SISTER HELEN.

"P.S.—You shall have our own chamber ; it catches every breeze, and commands the finest views. The children's room communicates with it ; so, if anything *should* happen to the darlings at night, you'd be sure to hear them."

"Just the thing !" I ejaculated. Five minutes later I had telegraphed Helen my acceptance of her invitation, and had mentally selected books enough to busy me during a dozen vacations. Without sharing Helen's belief that her boys were the best ones in the world, I knew them well enough to feel assured that they would not give me any annoyance. There were two of them, since Baby Phil died last fall ; Budge, the elder, was five years of age, and had generally, during my flying visits to Helen, worn a shy, serious, meditative, noble face, with great, pure, penetrating eyes, that made me almost fear their stare. Tom declared he was a born philanthropist or prophet, and Helen made so free with Miss Muloch's lines as to sing :—

"Ah, the day that *thou* goest a wooing,
Budgie, my boy !"

Toddie had seen but three summers, and was a happy little know-nothing with a head full of tangled yellow hair, and a very pretty fancy for finding out sunbeams and dancing in them. I had long envied Tom his horses, his garden, his house, and his location, and the idea of controlling them for a fortnight was particularly delightful. Tom's taste in cigars and claret I had always respected, while the lady inhabitants of Hillcrest were, according to my memory, much like those of every other suburban village—the fairest of their sex.

Three days later I made the hour and a half trip between New York and Hillcrest, and hired a hackman to drive me over to Tom's. Half a mile from my brother-in-law's residence, our horses shied violently, and the driver, after talking freely to them, turned to me and remarked :—

"That was one of the 'Imps.'"

"What was?" I asked.

"That little cuss that scared the hosses. There he is now, holdin' up that piece of brushwood. 'Twould be just like his cheek, now, to ask me to let him ride. Here he comes, runnin'. Wonder where t'other is?—They most generally travel together. We call 'em the Imps, about these parts, because they're so uncommon likely at mischief. Always skeerin' hosses, or chasin' cows, or frightenin' chickens. Nice enough father an' mother, too—queer, how young ones do turn out!"

As he spoke, the offending youth came panting beside our carriage, and in a very dirty sailor suit, and under a broad-brimmed straw hat, with one stocking about his ankle, and two shoes averaging about two buttons each, I recognised my nephew, Budge! About the same time there emerged from the bushes by the roadside a smaller boy, in a green gingham dress, a ruffle which might once have been white, dirty stockings, blue slippers worn through at the toes, and an old-fashioned straw turban. Thrusting into the dust of the road a branch from a bush, and shouting, "Here's my grass-cutter!" he ran towards us enveloped in a "pillar of cloud," which might have served the purpose of Israel in Egypt. When he paused, and the dust had somewhat subsided, I beheld the unmistakable lineaments of the child Toddie!

"They're—my nephews," I gasped.

"What!" exclaimed the driver. "By gracious! I forgot you were going to Colonel Lawrence's! I didn't tell anything but the truth about 'em, though; they're smart enough, an' good enough, as boys go; but they'll never die of the complaint that children has in Sunday-school books."

"Budge," said I, with all the sternness I could command, "do you know me?"

The searching eyes of the embryo prophet and philanthropist scanned me for a moment, then their owner replied:—

"Yes; you're Uncle Harry. Did you bring us anything?"

"Bring us anything?" echoed Toddie.

"I wish I could have brought you some big whippings," said I, with great severity of manner, "for behaving so badly. Get into this carriage."

"Come on, Tod," shouted Budge, although Toddie's farther ear was not a yard from Budge's mouth. "Uncle Harry's going to take us riding!"

"Going to take us riding!" echoed Toddie, with the air of one in a reverie; both the echo and the reverie I soon learned were characteristics of Toddie.

As they clambered into the carriage I noticed that each one carried a very dirty towel, knotted in the centre into what is known as a slip-noose knot, drawn very tight. After some moments of disgusted contemplation of these rags, without being in the least able to comprehend their purpose, I asked Budge what those towels were for.

"They're not towels,—they're dollies," promptly answered my nephew.

"Goodness!" I exclaimed. "I should think your mother could buy you respectable dolls, and not let you appear in public with those loathsome rags."

"We don't like buyed dollies," explained Budge. "These dollies is lovely; mine's name is Mary, an' Toddie's is Marfa."

"Marfa?" I queried.

"Yes; don't you know about

' Marfa and Mary's jus' gone along
To ring dem charmin' bells,'

that them Jubilees sings about?"

"Oh, Martha, you mean?"

"Yes, Marfa—that's what I say. Toddie's dolly's got brown eyes, an' my dolly's got blue eyes."

"I want to shee yours watch," remarked Toddie, snatching at my chain, and rolling into my lap.

"Oh—oo—ee, so do I," shouted Budge, hastening to occupy one knee, and *in transitu* wiping his shoes on my trousers and the skirts of my coat. Each imp put an arm about me to steady himself, as I produced my three-hundred-dollar time-keeper, and showed them the dial.

"I want to see the wheels go round," said Budge.

"Want to shee wheels go wound," echoed Toddie.

"No; I can't open my watch where there's so much dust," I said.

"What for?" inquired Budge.

"Want to shee the wheels go wound," repeated Toddie.

"The dust gets inside the watch and spoils it," I explained.

"Want to shee the wheels go wound," said Toddie once more.

"I tell you I can't, Toddie," said I, with considerable asperity.
"Dust spoils watches."

The innocent gray eyes looked up wonderingly, the dirty but pretty lips parted slightly, and Toddie murmured:—

"Want to shee the wheels go wound."

I abruptly closed my watch, and put it into my pocket. Instantly Toddie's lower lip commenced to turn outward, and continued to do so until I seriously feared the bony portion of his chin would be exposed to view. Then his lower jaw dropped, and he cried:—

"Ah—h—h—h—h—h—want—to—shee—the wheels—go wound."

"Charles" (Charles is his baptismal name),—"Charles," I exclaimed, with some anger, "stop that noise this instant! Do you hear me?"

"Yes—oo—oo—oo—oo—ahoo—ahoo."

"Then stop it."

"Wants to shee—"

"Toddie, I've got some candy in my trunk, but I won't give you a bit if you don't stop that infernal noise."

"Well, I want to shee wheels go wound. Ah—ah—h—h—h—h!"

"Toddie, dear, don't cry so. Here's some ladies coming in a carriage; you wouldn't let *them* see you crying, would you? You shall see the wheels go round as soon as we get home."

A carriage containing a couple of ladies was rapidly approaching as Toddie again raised his voice.

"Ah—h—h—wants to shee wheels—"

Madly I snatched my watch from my pocket, opened the case, and exposed the works to view. The other carriage was meeting ours, and I dropped my head to avoid meeting the glance of the unknown occupants, for my few moments of contact with my dreadful nephews had made me feel inexpressibly unneat. Suddenly the carriage with the ladies stopped. I heard my own name

spoken, and, raising my head quickly (encountering Budgie's bullet head *en route*, to the serious disarrangement of my hat), I looked into the other carriage. There, erect, fresh, neat, composed, bright-eyed, fair-faced, smiling and observant,—she would have been all this, even if the angel of the resurrection had just sounded his dreadful trump,—sat Miss Alice Mayton, a lady who, for about a year, I had been adoring from afar.

"When did *you* arrive, Mr. Burton?" she asked, "and how long have you been officiating as child's companion? You're certainly a happy-looking trio—so unconventional. I hate to see children all dressed up and stiff as little mannikins, when they go out to ride. And you look as if you'd been having *such* a good time with them."

"I—I assure you, Miss Mayton," said I, "that my experience has been the exact reverse of a pleasant one. If King Herod were yet alive I'd volunteer as an executioner, and engage to deliver two interesting corpses at a moment's notice."

"You dreadful wretch!" exclaimed the lady. "Mother, let me make you acquainted with Mr. Burton,—Helen Lawrence's brother. How is your sister, Mr. Burton?"

"I don't know," I replied; "she has gone with her husband on a fortnight's visit to Captain and Mrs. Wayne, and I've been silly enough to promise to have an eye to the place while they're away."

"Why, how delightful!" exclaimed Miss Mayton. "*Such* horses! *Such* flowers! *Such* a cook!"

"And such children," said I, glaring suggestively at the imps, and rescuing from Toddie a handkerchief which he had extracted from my pocket, and was waving to the breeze.

"Why, they're the best children in the world. Helen told me so the first time I met her this season. Children will be children, you know. We had three little cousins with us last summer, and I'm sure they made me look years older than I really am."

"How young you must be, then, Miss Mayton!" said I. I suppose I looked at her as if I meant what I said, for, although she inclined her head and said, "Oh, thank you," she didn't seem to turn my compliment off in her usual invulnerable style. Nothing happening in the course of conversation ever discomposed Alice Mayton for more than a hundred seconds, however, so she

soon recovered her usual expression and self-command, as her next remark fully indicated.

"I believe you arranged the floral decorations at the St. Zephaniah's Fair, last winter, Mr. Burton? 'Twas the most tasteful display of the season. I don't wish to give any hints, but at Mrs. Clarkson's, where we're boarding, there's not a flower in the whole garden. I break the Tenth Commandment dreadfully every time I pass Col. Lawrence's garden. Good-bye, Mr. Burton."

"Ah, thank you; I shall be delighted. Good-bye."

"Of course you'll call," said Miss Mayton, as her carriage started; "it's dreadfully stupid here—no men except on Sundays."

I bowed assent. In the contemplation of all the shy possibilities which my short chat with Miss Mayton had suggested, I had quite forgotten my dusty clothing and the two living causes thereof. While in Miss Mayton's presence the imps had preserved perfect silence, but now their tongues were loosened.

"Uncle Harry," said Budge, "do you know how to make whistles?"

"Ucken Hawwy," murmured Toddie, "does you love dat lady?"

"No, Toddie, of course not."

"Then you's baddy man, an' de Lord won't let you go to heaven if you don't love peoples."

"Yes, Budge," I answered hastily, "I *do* know how to make whistles, and you shall have one."

"Lord don't like mans what don't love peoples," reiterated Toddie.

"All right, Toddie," said I. "I'll see if I can't please the Lord some way. Driver, whip up, won't you? I'm in a hurry to turn these youngsters over to the girl, and ask her to drop them into the bath."

I found Helen had made every possible arrangement for my comfort. My room commanded exquisite views of mountain slope and valley, and even the fact that the imps' bedroom adjoined mine gave me comfort, for I thought of the pleasure of contemplating them while they were asleep, and beyond the power of tormenting their deluded uncle.

At the supper-table Budge and Toddie appeared cleanly

clothed and in their rightful faces. Budge seated himself at the table ; Toddie pushed back his high chair, climbed into it, and shouted :—

“Put my legs under ze tabo.”

Rightfully construing this remark as a request to be moved to the table, I fulfilled his desire. The girl poured tea for me, and milk for the children, and retired ; and then I remembered, to my dismay, that Helen never had a servant in the dining-room, except upon grand occasions, her idea being that servants retail to their friends the cream of the private conversation of the family circle. In principle I agreed with her, but the penalty of the practical application, with these two little cormorants on my hands, was greater suffering than any I had ever been called upon to endure for principle's sake ; but there was no help for it. I resignedly rapped on the table, bowed my head, said, “For what we are about to receive, the Lord make us thankful,” and asked Budge whether he ate bread or biscuit.

“Why, we aint asked no blessin' yet,” said he.

“Yes, I did, Budge,” said I. “Didn't you hear me ?”

“Do you mean what you said just now ?”

“Yes.”

“Oh, I don't think that was no blessin' at all. Papa never says that kind of a blessin'.”

“What does papa say, may I ask ?” I inquired with becoming meekness.

“Why, papa says, ‘Our Father, we thank thee for this food ; mercifully remember with us all the hungry and needy to-day, for Christ's sake, Amen.’ That's what he says.”

“It means the same thing, Budge.”

“I don't think it does ; and Toddie didn't have no time to say *his* blessin'. I don't think the Lord'll like it if you do it that way.”

“Yes, he will, old boy ; He knows what people mean.”

“Well, how can He tell what Toddie means, if Toddie can't say anything ?”

“Wantsh to shay my blessin',” whined Toddie.

It was enough ; my single encounter with Toddie had taught me to respect the young gentleman's force of character. So

again I bowed my head, and repeated what Budge has reported as "papa's blessin'," Budge kindly prompting me where my memory failed. The moment I began, Toddie commenced to jabber rapidly and loud, and the instant the "Amen" was pronounced he raised his head, and remarked with evident satisfaction :—

"I shed my blessin' *two* timesh."

And Budge said gravely :—

"*Now* I guess we're all right."

The supper was an exquisite one, but the appetites of those dreadful children effectually prevented my enjoying the repast. I hastily retired, called the girl, and instructed her to see that the children had enough to eat, and were put to bed immediately after, then I lit a cigar and strolled into the garden. The roses were just in bloom, the air was full of the perfume of honeysuckles, the rhododendrons had not disappeared, while I saw promise of the early unfolding of many other pet flowers of mine. I confess that I took a careful survey of the garden to see how fine a bouquet I might make for Miss Mayton, and was so abundantly satisfied with the material before me that I longed to begin the work at once, but that it would seem too hasty for true gentility. So I paced the paths, my hands behind my back, and my face well hidden by fragrant clouds of smoke, and went into wondering and reveries. I wondered if there was any sense in the language of flowers of which I had occasionally seen mention made by silly writers ; I wished I had learned it if it had any meaning ; I wondered if Miss Mayton understood it. At any rate, I fancied I could arrange flowers to the taste of any lady whose face I had ever seen ; and for Alice Mayton I would make something so superb that her face could not help lighting up when she beheld it. I imagined just how her bluish-gray eyes would brighten, her cheeks would redden,—not with sentiment, not a bit of it ; but with genuine pleasure,—how her strong lips would part slightly and disclose sweet lines not displayed when she held her features well in hand. I—I, a clear-headed, driving, successful salesman of white goods—actually wished I might be divested of all nineteenth-century abilities and characteristics, and be one of those fairies that only silly girls and crazy poets think of, and might,

unseen, behold the meeting of my flowers with this highly cultivated specimen of the only sort of flowers our cities produce. What flower did she most resemble? A lily?—no; too—not exactly too bold, but too—too—well, I couldn't think of the word, but clearly it wasn't bold. A rose! Certainly, not like those glorious but blazing remontants, nor yet like the shy, delicate, ethereal tea-roses with their tender suggestions of colour. Like this perfect Gloire de Dijon, perhaps; strong, vigorous, self-asserting, among its more delicate sisterhood; yet shapely, perfect in outline and development, exquisite, enchanting in its never fully-analyzed tints, yet compelling the admiration of every one, and recalling its admirers again and again by the unspoken appeal of its own perfection—its unvarying radiance.

“Ah—h—h—h—ee—ee—ee—ee—ee—oo—oo—oo—oo” came from the window over my head. Then came a shout of—“Uncle Harry!” in a voice I recognized as that of Budge. I made no reply: there are moments when the soul is full of utterances unfit to be heard by childish ears. “Uncle Har-ray!” repeated Budge. Then I heard a window-blind open, and Budge exclaiming:—

“Uncle Harry, we want you to come and tell us stories.”

I turned my eyes upward quickly, and was about to send a savage negative in the same direction, when I saw in the window a face unknown and yet remembered. Could those great, wistful eyes, that angelic mouth, that spiritual expression, belong to my nephew Budge? Yes, it must be—certainly that super-celestial nose and those enormous ears never belonged to any one else. I turned abruptly, and entered the house, and was received at the head of the stairway by two little figures in white, the larger of which remarked:—

“We want you to tell us stories—papa always does nights.”

“Very well, jump into bed—what kind of stories do you like?”

“Oh, 'bout Jonah,” said Budge.

“'Bout Jonah,” echoed Toddie.

“Well, Jonah was out in the sun one day, and a gourd-vine grew up all of a sudden, and made it nice and shady for him, and then it all faded as quick as it came.”

A dead silence prevailed for a moment, and then Budge indignantly remarked :—

“That aint Jonah a bit—I know 'bout Jonah.”

“Oh, you do, do you?” said I. “Then maybe you’ll be so good as to enlighten me?”

“Huh?”

“If you know about Jonah, tell me the story, I’d really enjoy listening to it.”

“Well,” said Budge, “once upon a time the Lord told Jonah to go to Nineveh and tell the people they was all bad. But Jonah didn’t want to go, so he went on a boat that was going to Joppa. And then there was a big storm, an’ it rained an’ blowed and the big waves went as high as a house. An’ the sailors thought there must be somebody on the boat that the Lord didn’t like. An’ Jonah said he guessed *he* was the man. So they picked him up and froed him in the ocean, an’ I don’t think it was well for ’em to do that after Jonah told the troof. An’ a big whale was coming along, an’ he was awful hungry, cos the little fishes what he likes to eat all went down to the bottom of the ocean when it began to storm, and whales can’t go to the bottom of the ocean, cos they have to come up to breathe, an’ little fishes don’t. An’ Jonah found ’twas all dark inside the whale, and there wasn’t any fire there, an’ it was all wet, an’ he couldn’t take off his clothes to dry, cos there wasn’t no place to hang ’em, and there wasn’t no windows to look out of, nor nothing to eat, nor nothin’ nor nothin’ nor nothin’. So he asked the Lord to let him out, and the Lord was sorry for him, an’ he made the whale go up close to the land, an’ Jonah jumped right out of his mouth, an’ *wasn’t* he glad? An’ then he went to Nineveh, an’ done what the Lord told him to, and he ought to have done it in the first place if he had known what was good for him.”

“Done first payshe, know what’s dood for him,” asserted Toddie, in support of his brother’s assertion. “Tell us ’nudder story.”

“Oh, no, sing us a song,” suggested Budge.

“Shing us shong,” echoed Toddie.

I searched my mind for a song, but the only one which came promptly was “L’Appari,” several bars of which I gave my juvenile audience, when Budge interrupted me, saying :—

"I don't think that's a very good song."

"Why not, Budge?"

"Cos I don't. I don't know a word what you're talking 'bout."

"Shing 'bout 'Glory, glory, hallelulyah,'" suggested Toddie, and I meekly obeyed. The old air has a wonderful influence over me. I heard it in Western camp-meetings and negro-cabins when I was a boy; I saw the 22d Massachusetts march down Broadway, singing the same air during the rush to the front, during the early days of the war; I have heard it sung by warrior tongues in nearly every Southern State; I heard it roared by three hundred good old Hunker Democrats as they escorted New York's first coloured regiment to their place of embarkation; my old brigade sang it softly, but with a swing that was terrible in its earnestness, as they lay behind their stacks of arms just before going to action; I have heard it played over the grave of many a dead comrade; the semi-mutinous —th cavalry became peaceful and patriotic again as their band-master played the old air after having asked permission to try *his* hand on them; it is the same that burst forth spontaneously in our barracks, on that glorious morning when we learned that the war was over, and it was sung, with words adapted to the occasion, by some good rebel friends of mine, on our first social meeting after the war. All these recollections came hurrying into my mind as I sang, and probably excited me beyond my knowledge, for Budge suddenly remarked:—

"Don't sing that all day, Uncle Harry; you sing so loud, it hurts my head."

"Beg your pardon, Budge," said I. "Good-night."

"Why, Uncle Harry, are you going? You didn't hear us say our prayers—papa always does."

"Oh! Well, go ahead."

"You must say yours first," said Budge; "that's the way papa does."

"Very well," said I, and I repeated St. Chrysostom's prayer, from the Episcopal service. I had hardly said "Amen," when Budge remarked:—

"My papa don't say any of them things at all; I don't think that's a very good prayer."

"Well, you say a good prayer, Budge."

"All right." Budge shut his eyes, dropped his voice to the most perfect tone of supplication, while his face seemed fit for a sleeping angel ; then he said :—

"Dear Lord, we thank you for lettin' us have a good time to-day, an' we hope all the little boys everywhere have had good times too. We pray you to take care of us an' everybody else to-night, an' don't let 'em have any trouble. Oh yes, an' Uncle Harry's got some candy in his trunk, cos he said so in the carriage,—we thank you for lettin' Uncle Harry come to see us, an' we hope he's got *lots* of candy—lots an' piles. An' we pray you to take good care of all the poor little boys and girls that haven't got any papas an' mammas an' Uncle Harrys an' candy and beds to sleep in. An' take us all to Heaven when we die, for Christ's sake. Amen. Now give us the candy, Uncle Harry."

"Hush, Budge ; don't Toddie say any prayers?"

"Oh, yes ; go on, Tod."

Toddie closed his eyes, wriggled, twisted, breathed hard and quick, acting generally as if prayers were principally a matter of physical exertion. At last he began :—

"Dee Lord, not make me sho bad, an' besh mamma, an' papa, an' Budgie, an' doppity,* an' both boggies,† an' all good people in dish house, and everybody else, an' my dolly. A—a—amen !"

"Now give us the candy," said Budge, with the usual echo from Toddie.

I hastily extracted the candy from my trunk, gave some to each boy, the recipients fairly shrieking with delight, and once more said good-night.

"Oh, you didn't give us any pennies," said Budge. "Papa give us some to put in our banks, every nights."

"Well, I haven't got any now—wait until to-morrow."

"Then we want drinks."

"I'll let Maggie bring you drink."

"Want my dolly," murmured Toddie.

I found the knotted towels, took the dirty things up gingerly and threw them upon the bed.

"Now want to shee wheels go wound," said Toddie.

* Grandfather.

† Grandmothers.

I hurried out of the room and slammed the door. I looked at my watch—it was half-past eight; I had spent an hour and a half with those dreadful children. They *were* funny, to be sure—I found myself laughing in spite of my indignation. Still, if they were to monopolise my time as they had already done, when was I to do my reading? Taking Fiske's "Cosmic Philosophy" from my trunk I descended to the back parlour, lit a cigar and a student-lamp, and began to read. I had not fairly commenced when I heard a patter of small feet, and saw my elder nephew before me. There was sorrowful protestation in every line of his countenance, as he exclaimed:—

"You didn't say 'Good-bye' nor 'God bless you,' nor anything."

"Oh—good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"God bless you."

"God bless you."

Budge seemed waiting for something else. At last he said:—

"Papa says, 'God bless everybody.'"

"Well, God bless everybody."

"God bless everybody," responded Budge, and turned silently and went upstairs.

"Bless your tormenting honest little heart," I said to myself; "if men trusted God as you do your papa, how little business there'd be for preachers to do."

The night was a perfect one. The pure, fresh air, the perfume of the flowers, the music of the insect choir in the trees and shrubbery—the very season itself seemed to forbid my reading philosophy, so I laid Fiske aside, delighted myself with a few rare bits from Paul Hayne's new volume of poems, read a few chapters of "One Summer," and finally sauntered off to bed. My nephews were slumbering sweetly; it seemed impossible that the pure, exquisite, angelic faces before me belonged to my tormentors of a few hours before. As I lay on my couch I could see the dark shadow and rugged crest of the mountain; above it, the silver stars against the blue, and below it the rival lights of the fire-flies against the dark background formed by the mountain itself.

No rumbling of wheels tormented me, nor any of the thousand noises that fill city air with the spirit of unrest, and I fell into a wonder almost indignant that sensible, comfort-loving beings could live in horrible New York, while such delightful rural homes were so near at hand. Then Alice Mayton came into my mind, and then a customer; later, stars and trademarks, and bouquets, and dirty nephews, and fire-flies and bad accounts, and railway tickets, and candy and Herbert Spencer, mixed themselves confusingly in my mind. Then a vision of a proud angel, in the most fashionable attire, and a modern carriage, came and banished them all by its perfect radiance, and I was sinking in the most blissful unconsciousness—

“Ah—h—h—h—h—h—oo—oo—oo—oo—ee—ee—ee—”

“Sh—h—h!” I hissed.

The warning was heeded, and I soon relapsed into oblivion.

“Ah—h—h—h—oo—oo—ee—ee—ee—ee—ee.”

“Toddie, do you want uncle to whip you?”

“No.”

“Then lie still.”

“Well, Ize lost my dolly, an’ I tant find her anywhere.”

“Well, I’ll find her for you in the morning.”

“Oo—oo—ee—I wants my dolly.”

“Well, I tell you I’ll find her for you in the morning.”

“I want her *now*—oo—oo.”

“You can’t have her now, so you can go to sleep.”

“Oh—oo—oo—oo—ee.”

Springing madly to my feet, I started for the offender’s room. I encountered a door ajar by the way, my forehead being first to discover it. I ground my teeth, lit a candle, and said something—no matter what.

“Oh, you said a bad swear!” ejaculated Toddie; “you won’t go to heaven when you die.”

“Neither will you, if you howl like a little demon all night. Are you going to be quiet, now?”

“Yesh, but I wants my dolly.”

“I don’t know where your dolly is—do you suppose I’m going to search this entire house for that confounded dolly?”

“*Taint* ’founded. I wants my dolly.”

"I don't know where it is ; you don't think I stole your dolly, do you ?"

"Well, I wants it, in de bed wif me."

"Charles," said I, "when you arise in the morning, I hope your doll will be found. At present, however, you must be resigned, and go to sleep. I'll cover you up nicely ;" here I began to rearrange the bed-clothing, when the fateful dolly, source of all my woes, tumbled out of them. Toddie clutched it, his whole face lighting up with affectionate delight, and he screamed :—

"Oh, dare is my dee dolly : tum to your own papa, dolly, an' I'll love you."

And that ridiculous child was so completely satisfied by his outlay of affection that my own indignation gave place to genuine artistic pleasure. One *can* tire of even beautiful pictures, though, when he is not fully awake, and is holding a candle in a draught of air ; so I covered my nephews and returned to my own room, where I mused upon the contradictoriness of childhood until I fell asleep.

In the morning I was awakened very early by the light streaming in the window, the blinds of which I had left open the night before. The air was alive with bird-songs, and the eastern sky was flushing with tints which no painter's canvas ever caught. But ante-sunrise skies and songs are not fit subjects for the continued contemplation of men who read until midnight ; so I hastily closed the blinds, drew the shade, dropped the curtains, and lay down again, dreamily thanking Heaven that I was to fall asleep to such exquisite music. I am sure that I mentally forgave all my enemies as I dropped off into a most delicious doze, but the sudden realization that a light hand was passing over my cheek roused me to savage anger in an instant. I sprang up, and saw Budge shrink timidly away from my bedside.

"I was only a-loving you, cos you was good, and brought us candy. Papa let's us love him whenever we want to—every morn'ing he does."

"As early as this ?" demanded I.

"Yes, just as soon as we can see, if we want to."

Poor Tom ! I never *could* comprehend why, with a good wife, a comfortable income, and a clear conscience, he need always look

thin and worn—worse than he ever did in Virginia woods or Louisiana swamps. But now I knew all. And yet, what could one do? That child's eyes and voice, and his expression, which exceeded in sweetness that of any of the angels I had ever imagined,—that child could coax a man to do more self-forgetting deeds than the shortening of his precious sleeping-hours amounted to. In fact, he was fast divesting me of my rightful sleepiness, so I kissed him and said:—

“Run to bed, now, dear old fellow, and let uncle go to sleep again. After breakfast I'll make you a whistle.”

“Oh, will you?” The angel turned into a boy at once.

“Yes; now run along.”

“A *loud* whistle—a real loud one?”

“Yes, but not if you don't go right back to bed.”

The sound of little footsteps receded as I turned over and closed my eyes. Speedily the bird-song seemed to grow fainter; my thoughts dropped to pieces; I seemed to be floating on fleecy clouds, in company with hundreds of cherubs with Budge's features and night-drawers—

“Uncle Harry!”

May the Lord forget the prayer I put up just then!

“Uncle Harry!”

“I'll discipline you, my fine little boy,” thought I. “Perhaps, if I let you shriek your abominable little throat hoarse, you'll learn better than to torment your uncle, that was just getting ready to love you dearly.”

“Uncle Har—*ray*!”

“Howl away, you little imp,” thought I. “You've got me wide awake, and your lungs may suffer for it.” Suddenly I heard, although in sleepy tones, and with a lazy drawl, some words which appalled me. The murmurer was Toddie:—

“Want—shee—wheels—go—wound.”

“Budge!” I shouted, in the desperation of my dread lest Toddie too might wake up, “what do you want?”

“Uncle Harry!”

‘WHAT!’

“Uncle Harry, what kind of wood are you going to make the whistle out of?”

"I won't make any at all—I'll cut a big stick and give you a sound whipping with it, for not keeping quiet as I told you to."

"Why, Uncle Harry, papa don't whip us with sticks—he spansks us."

Heavens! Papa! papa! papa! Was I never to have done with this eternal quotation of "papa"? I was horrified to find myself gradually conceiving a dire hatred of my excellent brother-in-law. One thing was certain, at any rate: sleep was no longer possible; so I hastily dressed, and went into the garden. Among the beauty and the fragrance of the flowers, and in the delicious morning air, I succeeded in regaining my temper, and was delighted, on answering the breakfast-bell, two hours later, to have Budge accost me with:—

"Why, Uncle Harry, where was you? We looked all over the house for you, and couldn't find a speck of you."

The breakfast was an excellent one. I afterward learned that Helen, dear old girl, had herself prepared a bill of fare for every meal I should take in the house. As the table talk of myself and nephews was not such as could do harm by being repeated, I requested Maggie, the servant, to wait upon the children, and I accompanied my request with a small treasury note. Relieved, thus, of all responsibility for the dreadful appetites of my nephews, I did full justice to the repast, and even regarded with some interest and amusement the industry of Budge and Toddie with their tiny forks and spoons. They ate rapidly for a while, but soon their appetites weakened, and their tongues were unloosed.

"Ocken Hawwy," remarked Toddie, "daysh an awfoo funny chunt up 'tairs—awfoo *big* chunt. I show it you after brepspup."

"Toddie's a silly little boy," said Budge; "he always says brepspup for brekbux."*

"Oh! What does he mean by chunt, Budge?"

"I *guess* he means trunk," replied my oldest nephew.

Recollections of my childish delight in rummaging an old trunk—it seems a century ago that I did it—caused me to smile sympathetically at Toddie, to his apparent great delight. How

* Breakfast.

delightful it is to strike a sympathetic chord in child-nature, thought I; how quickly the infant eye comprehends the look which precedes the verbal expression of an idea! Dear Toddie! for years we might sit at one table, careless of each other's words, but the casual mention of one of thy delights has suddenly brought our souls into that sweetest of all human communions—that one which doubtless bound the Master himself to that apostle who was otherwise apparently the weakest among the chosen twelve. “An awfoo funny chunt” seemed to annihilate suddenly all differences of age, condition, and experience between the wee boy and myself, and—

A direful thought struck me. I dashed upstairs and into my room. Yes, he *did* mean my trunk. I could see nothing funny about it—quite the contrary. The bond of sympathy between my nephew and myself was suddenly broken. Looking at the matter from the comparative distance which a few weeks have placed between that day and this, I can see that I was unable to consider the scene before me with a calm and unprejudiced mind. I am now satisfied that the sudden birth and hasty decease of my sympathy with Toddie were striking instances of human inconsistency. My soul had gone out to his because he loved to rummage in trunks, and because I imagined he loved to see the monument of incongruous material which resulted from such an operation; the scene before me showed clearly that I had rightly divined my nephew's nature. And yet my selfish instincts hastened to obscure my soul's vision, and to prevent that joy which should ensue when “Faith is lost in full fruition.”

My trunk had contained nearly everything, for while a campaigner I had learned to reduce packing to an exact science. Now, had there been an atom of pride in my composition I might have glorified myself, for it certainly seemed as if the heap upon the floor could never have come out of a single trunk. Clearly, Toddie was more of a general connoisseur than an amateur in packing. The method of his work I quickly discerned, and the discovery threw some light upon the size of the heap in front of my trunk. A dress-hat and its case, when their natural relationship is dissolved, occupy nearly twice as much space as before, even if the former contains a blacking-box not usually kept in it,

and the latter contains a few cigars soaking in bay rum. The same might be said of a portable dressing-case and its contents, bought for me in Vienna by a brother ex-soldier, and designed by an old continental campaigner to be perfection itself. The straps which prevented the cover from falling entirely back had been cut, broken, or parted in some way, and in its hollow lay my dress-coat, tightly rolled up. Snatching it up with a violent exclamation, and unrolling it, there dropped from it—one of those infernal dolls. At the same time a howl was sounded from the doorway.

"You tookted my dolly out of her cradle—I want to wock* my dolly—oo—oo—oo—ee—ee—ee—"

"You young scoundrel," I screamed—yes, howled, I was so enraged—"I've a great mind to cut your throat this minute. What do you mean by meddling with my trunk?"

"I—doe—know." Outward turned Toddie's lower lip; I believe the sight of it would move a Bengal tiger to pity, but no such thought occurred to me just then.

"What made you do it?"

"Be—cause."

"Because what?"

"I—doe—know."

Just then a terrific roar arose from the garden. Looking out, I saw Budge with a bleeding finger upon one hand, and my razor in the other; he afterwards explained he had been making a boat, and that knife was bad to him. To apply adhesive plaster to the cut was the work of but a minute, and I had barely completed this surgical operation when Tom's gardener-coachman appeared, and handed me a letter. It was addressed in Helen's well-known hand, and read as follows (the passages in brackets were my own comments):—

"BLOOMDALE, June 21, 1875.

"DEAR HARRY :—I'm very happy in the thought that you are with my darling children, and although I'm having a lovely time here, I often wish I was with you. [Ump—so do I.] I want you to know the little treasures real well. [Thank you, but I don't think I care to extend the acquaintanceship farther than is absolutely necessary.] It seems to me so unnatural that relatives

know so little of those of their own blood, and especially of the innocent little spirits whose existence is almost unheeded. [Not when there's unlocked trunks standing about, sis.]

"Now I want to ask a favour of you. When we were boys and girls at home, you used to talk perfect oceans about physiognomy, and phrenology, and unerring signs of character. I thought it was all nonsense then, but if you believe any of it *now*, I wish you'd study the children, and give me your well-considered opinion of them. [Perfect demons, ma'am; imps, rascals, born to be hung—both of them.]

"I can't get over the feeling that dear Budge is born for something grand. [Grand nuisance.] He is sometimes so thoughtful and so absorbed that I almost fear the result of disturbing him; then he has that faculty of perseverance which seems to be the only thing some men have lacked to make them great. [He certainly has it; he exemplified it while I was trying to get to sleep this morning.]

"Toddie is going to make a poet or a musician or an artist. [That's so; all abominable scamps take to some artistic pursuit as an excuse for loafing.] His fancies take hold of him very strongly. (They do—they do; 'shee wheels go wound,' for instance.) He has not Budgie's sublime earnestness, but he doesn't need it; the irresistible force with which he is drawn toward whatever is beautiful compensates for the lack. [Ah—perhaps that explains his operation with my trunk.] But I want your *own* opinion, for I know you make more careful distinction in character than I do.

"Delighting myself with the idea that I deserve most of the credit for the lots of reading you will have done by this time, and hoping I shall soon have a line telling me how my darlings are, I am, as ever,

"Your loving sister,

"HELEN."

Seldom have I been so roused by a letter as I was by this one, and never did I promise myself more genuine pleasure in writing a reply. I determined that it should be a masterpiece of analysis and of calm yet forcible expression of opinion.

Upon one step, at any rate, I was positively determined. Calling the girl, I asked her where the key was that locked the door between my room and the children.

"Please, sir, Toddie threw it down the well."

"Is there a locksmith in the village?"

"No, sir; the nearest one is at Paterson."

"Is there a screw-driver in the house?"

"Yes, sir."

'Bring it to me, and tell the coachman to get ready at once to drive me to Paterson.'

The screw-driver was brought, and with it I removed the lock, got into the carriage, and told the driver to take me to Paterson by the hill-road—one of the most beautiful roads in America.

“Paterson!” exclaimed Budge. “Oh, there’s a candy-store in that town; come on, Toddie.”

“Will you?” thought I, snatching the whip and giving the horses a cut. “Not if *I* can help it. The idea of having such a drive spoiled by the clatter of *such* a couple!”

Away went the horses, and up rose a piercing shriek and a terrible roar. It seemed that both children must have been mortally hurt, and I looked out hastily, only to see Budge and Toddie running after the carriage, and crying pitifully. It was too pitiful,—I could not have proceeded without them, even if they had been afflicted with small pox. The driver stopped of his own accord,—he seemed to know the children’s ways and their results,—and I helped Budge and Toddie in, meekly hoping that the eye of Providence was upon me, and that so self-sacrificing an act would be duly passed to my credit. As we reached the hill-road, my kindness to my nephews seemed to assume greater proportions, for the view before me was inexpressibly beautiful. The air was perfectly clear, and across two score towns I saw the great metropolis itself, the silent city of Greenwood beyond it, the bay, the narrows, the sound, the two silvery rivers lying between me and the Palisades, and even, across and to the south of Brooklyn, the ocean itself. Wonderful effects of light and shadow, picturesque masses, composed of detached buildings, so far distant that they seemed to be huddled together; grim factories turned to beautiful palaces by the dazzling reflection of sunlight from their window panes; great ships seeming in the distance to be toy-boats floating idly;—with no sign of life perceptible, the whole scene recalled the fairy stories, read in my youthful days, of enchanted cities, and the illusion was greatly strengthened by the dragon-like shape of the roof of New York’s new post-office, lying in the centre of everything, and seeming to brood over all.

“Uncle Harry!”

Ah, that was what I expected!

“Uncle Harry!”

"Well, Budge?"

"I always think that looks like heaven."

"What does?"

"Why, all that,—from here over to that other sky way back there behind everything, I mean. And I think *that* (here he pointed toward what probably was a photographer's roof light)—that place where it's so shiny, is where God stays."

Bless the child! The scene had suggested only elfindom to *me*, and yet I prided myself on my quick sense of artistic effects.

"An' over there where that awful bright *little* speck is," continued Budge, "that's where dear little brother Phillie is; whenever I look over there, I see him putting his hand out."

"Dee 'ittle Phillie went to s'leep in a box, and the Lord took him to heaven," murmured Toddie, putting together all he had seen and heard of death. Then he raised his voice, and exclaimed:—

"Ocken Hawwy, you know what Iz'he goin' do when I be's big man? Iz'he goin' to have hosses an' tarridge, an' Iz'he goin' to wide over all ze chees an' all ze houses, an' all ze world an' evvyfing. An' whole lots of little birdies is comin' in my tarridge an' sing songs to me, an' you can come too if you want to, an' we'll have *ice-cream* an' 'trawberries, an' see 'ittle fishes swimmin' down in ze water, an' we'll get a g'eat big house that's all p'itty on the outshide an' all p'itty on the inshide, and it'll all be ours and we'll do just evvyfing we want to."

"Toddie, you're an idealist."

"*Aint* a 'dealisht."

"Toddie's a goosey-gander," remarked Budge, with great gravity. "Uncle Harry, do you think heaven's as nice as that place over there?"

"Yes, Budge, a great deal nicer."

"Then why don't we die an' go there? I don't want to go on livin' forever an' ever. I don't see why we don't die right away; I think we've lived enough of days."

"The Lord wants us to live until we get good and strong and smart, and do a great deal of good before we die, old fellow—that's why we don't die right away."

"Well, I want to see dear little Phillie, an' if the Lord won't

let him come down here, I think he might let me die an' go to heaven. Little Phillie always laughed when I jumped for him. Uncle Harry, angels has wings, don't they?"

"Some people think they have, old boy."

"Well, I know they *don't*, cos if Phillie had wings I know he'd fly right down here an' see me. So they don't."

"But maybe he has to go somewhere else, Budge, or maybe he comes and you can't see him. We can't see angels with *our* eyes, you know."

"Then what made the Hebrew children in the fiery furnace see one? Their eyes were just like ours, wasn't they? I don't care; I want to see dear little Phillie *awful* much. Uncle Harry, if I went to heaven, do you know what I'd do?"

"What *would* you do, Budge?"

"Why, after I saw little Phillie, I'd go right up to the Lord an' give him a great big hug."

"What for, Budge?"

"Oh, cos he let's us have nice times, an' gave me my mamma an' papa, an' Phillie—but he took him away again—an' Toddie, but Toddie's a dreadful bad boy sometimes, though."

"Very true, Budge," said I, remembering my trunk and the object of my ride.

"Uncle Harry, did you ever see the Lord?"

"No, Budge; he has been very close to me a good many times, but I never saw him."

"Well, *I* have; I see him every time I look up in the sky, and there ain't nobody with me."

The driver crossed himself and whispered, "He's foriver a-sayin' that, an' be the powers, I belave him. Sometimes ye'd think that the howly saints thimselves was a-sphakin whin that bye gits to goin' on that way."

It *was* wonderful. Budge's countenance seemed too pure to be of the earth as he continued to express his ideas of the better land and its denizens. As for Toddie, his tongue was going incessantly, although in a tone scarcely audible; but when I chanced to catch his expressions they were so droll and fanciful that I took him upon my lap that I might hear him more distinctly. I even detected myself in the act of examining the

mental draft of my proposed letter to Helen, and of being ashamed of it. But neither Toddie's fancy nor Budge's spirituality caused me to forget the principal object of my ride. I found a locksmith and left the lock to be fitted with a key ; then we drove to the Falls. Both boys discharged volleys of questions as we stood by the gorge, and the fact that the roar of the falling water prevented me from hearing them did not cause them to relax their efforts in the least. I walked to the hotel for a cigar, taking the children with me. I certainly spent no more than three minutes in selecting and lighting a cigar, and asking the bar-keeper a few questions about the Falls ; but when I turned, the children were missing, nor could I see them in any direction. Suddenly before my eyes rose from the nearer brink of the gorge two yellowish discs, which I recognised as the hats of my two nephews ; then I saw between the discs and me two small figures lying upon the ground. I was afraid to shout, for fear of scaring them, if they happened to hear me. I bounded across the grass, industriously raving and praying by turns. They were lying on their stomachs and looking over the edge of the cliff. I approached them on tip-toe, threw myself upon the ground, and grasped a foot of each child.

"Oh, Uncle Harry !" screamed Budge in my ear, as I dragged him close to me, kissing and shaking him alternately, "I hunged over more than Toddie did."

"Well, I—I—I—I—I—I—I hunged over a good deal, *any* how," said Toddie, in self-defence.

That afternoon I devoted to making a bouquet for Miss Mayton, and a most delightful occupation I found it. It was no florist's bouquet, composed of only a few kinds of flowers, wired upon sticks, and arranged according to geometric pattern. I used many a rare flower too shy of bloom to recommend itself to florists ; I combined tints almost as numerous as the flowers were, and perfumes to which city bouquets are utter strangers. Arranging flowers is a favourite pastime of mine, but upon this particular occasion I enjoyed my work more than I had ever done before. Not that I was in love with Miss Mayton ; a man may honestly and strongly admire a handsome, brilliant woman without being in

love with her ; he can delight himself in trying to give her pleasure without feeling it necessary that she shall give him herself in return. Since I arrived at years of discretion, I have always smiled sarcastically at the mention of the generosity of men who were in love ; they have seemed to me rather to be asking an immense price for what they offered. I had no such feeling toward Miss Mayton. There have been heathens who have offered gifts to goddesses out of pure adoration, and without any idea of ever having the exclusive companionship of their favourite divinities. I never offered Miss Mayton any attention which did not put me into closer sympathy with these same great-souled old Pagans, and with such Christians as follow their good example. With each new grace my bouquet took on my pleasure and satisfaction increased at the thought of how *she* would enjoy the completed evidence of my taste.

At length it was finished, but my delight suddenly became clouded by the dreadful thought, "What will folks say?" Had we been in New York instead of Hillcrest no one but the florist his messenger, the lady, and myself would know if I sent a bouquet to Miss Mayton ; but in Hillcrest, with its several hundred native-born gossips, and its acquaintance of everybody with everybody else and their affairs,—I feared talk. Upon the discretion of Mike, the coachman, I could safely rely ; I had already confidentially conveyed sundry bits of fractional currency to him, and informed him of one of the parties at our store whose family Mike had known in Old Erin ; but every one knew where Mike was employed ; every one knew—mysterious, unseen, and swift are the ways of communication in the country !—that I was the only gentleman at present residing at Colonel Lawrence's. Ah ! I had it. I had seen in one of the library drawers a small pasteboard box, shaped like a band-box—doubtless *that* would hold it. I found the box—it was of just the size I needed. I dropped my card into the bottom,—no danger of a lady not finding the card accompanying a gift of flowers,—neatly fitted the bouquet in the centre of the box, and went in search of Mike. He winked cheerfully as I explained the nature of his errand, and he whispered :—

"I'll do it as clane as a whistle, your honor. Mistress Clark-

son's cook an' meself understhand each other, an' I'm used to goin' up the back way. Dhivil a man can see but the angels, an' they won't tell."

"Very well, Mike; here's a dollar for you; you'll find the box on the hat-rack, in the hall."

Half an hour later, while I sat in my chamber window, reading, I beheld Mike, cleanly shaved, dressed and brushed, swinging up the road, with my box balanced on one of his enormous hands. With a head full of pleasing fancies, I went down to supper. My new friends were unusually good. Their ride seemed to have toned down their boisterousness and elevated their little souls; their appetites exhibited no diminution of force, but they talked but little, and all that they said was smart, funny, or startling—so much so that when, after supper, they invited me to put them to bed, I gladly accepted the invitation. Toddie disappeared somewhere, and came back very disconsolate.

"Can't find my dolly's k'adle," he whined.

"Never mind, old pet," said I, soothingly. "Uncle will ride you on his foot."

"But I *want* my dolly's k'adle," said he, piteously rolling out his lower lip.

I remembered my experience when Toddie wanted to "shee wheels go wound," and I trembled.

"Toddie," said I, in a tone so persuasive that it would be worth thousands a year to me, as a salesman, if I could only command it at will, "don't you want a ride on uncle's back?"

"No; want my dolly's k'adle."

"Don't you want me to tell you a story?"

For a moment Toddie's face indicated a terrible internal conflict between Old Adam and Mother Eve, but curiosity finally overpowered natural depravity, and Toddie murmured:—

"Yesh."

"What shall I tell you about?"

"'Bout Nawndeark."

"About *what*?"

"He means Noah an' the ark," exclaimed Budge.

"Datsh what I shay—Nawndeark," declared Toddie.

"Well," said I, hastily refreshing my memory by picking up

the Bible,—for Helen, like most people, is pretty sure to forget to pack her Bible when she runs away from home for a few days,—“well, once it rained forty days and nights, and everybody was drowned from the face of the earth excepting Noah, a righteous man, who was saved with all his family, in an ark which the Lord commanded him to build.”

“Uncle Harry,” said Budge, after contemplating me with open eyes and mouth for at least two minutes after I had finished, “do you think that’s Noah?”

“Certainly, Budge ; here’s the whole story in the Bible.”

“Well, *I* don’t think it’s Noah one single bit,” said he, with increasing emphasis.

“I’m beginning to think we read different Bibles, Budge ; but let’s hear *your* version.”

“Huh?”

“Tell *me* about Noah, if you know so much about him.”

“I will, if you want me to. Once the Lord felt so uncomfortable cos folks was bad that he was sorry he ever made anybody, or any world or anything. But Noah wasn’t bad—the Lord liked him first-rate, so he told Noah to build a big ark, and then the Lord would make it rain so everybody should be drowned but Noah an’ his little boys an’ girls, an’ doggies an’ pussies an’ mamma-cows, an’ little-boy-cows an’ little-girl-cows an’ hosses an’ everything—they’d go in the ark an’ wouldn’t get wetted a bit, when it rained. An’ Noah took lots of things to eat in the ark—cookies, an’ milk, an’ oatmeal, an’ strawberries, an’ porgies an’—oh, yes ; an’ plum-puddin’s an’ pumpkin-pies. But Noah didn’t want everybody to get drowned, so he talked to folks an’ said, ‘It’s goin’ to rain *awful* pretty soon ; you’d better be good, an’ then the Lord’ll let you come into my ark.’ An’ they jus’ said, ‘Oh, if it rains we’ll go in the house till it stops ;’ an’ other folks said, ‘*We* aint afraid of rain—we’ve got an umbrella.’ An’ some more said, they wasn’t goin’ to be afraid of just a rain. But it *did* rain though, an’ folks went in their houses, an’ the water came in, an’ they went up stairs, an’ the water came up there, an’ they got on the tops of the houses, an’ up in big trees, an’ up in mountains, an’ the water went after ’em everywhere an’ drowned everybody, only just except Noah and the people in the

ark. An' it rained forty days an' nights, an' then it stopped, an' Noah got out of the ark, an' he and his little boys an' girls went wherever they wanted to, and everything in the world was all theirs; there wasn't anybody to tell 'em to go home, nor no Kindergarten schools to go to, nor no bad boys to fight 'em, nor nothing. Now tell us 'nother story."

I determined that I would not again attempt to repeat portions of the Scripture narrative—my experience in that direction had not been encouraging. I ventured upon a war story.

"Do you know what the war was?" I asked by way of reconnaissance.

"Oh, yes," said Budge, "papa was there, an' he's got a sword; don't you see it, hangin' up there?"

Yes, I saw it, and the difference between the terrible field where last I saw Tom's sword in action, and this quiet room where it now hung, forced me into a reverie from which I was aroused by Budge remarking:—

"Aint you going to tell us one?"

"Oh, yes, Budge. One day while the war was going on, there was a whole lot of soldiers going along a road, and they were as hungry as they could be; they hadn't had anything to eat that day."

"Why didn't they go into the houses, and tell the people they was hungry? That's what I do when I goes along roads."

"Because the people in that country didn't like them; the brothers and papas and husbands of those people were soldiers, too; but they didn't like the soldiers I told you about first, and they wanted to kill them."

"I don't think they were a bit nice," said Budge, with considerable decision.

"Well, the first soldiers wanted to kill *them*, Budge."

"Then they was *all* bad, to want to kill each other."

"Oh, no, they weren't; there were a great many real good men on both sides."

Poor Budge looked sadly puzzled, as he had an excellent right to do, since the wisest and best men are sorely perplexed by the nature of warlike feeling.

"Both parties of soldiers were on horseback," I continued,

“and they were near each other, and when they saw each other they made their horses run fast, and the bugles blew, and the soldiers all took their swords out to kill each other with, when just then a little boy, who had been out in the woods to pick berries for his mamma, tried to run across the road, and caught his toe some way, and fell down, and cried. Then somebody halloed ‘Halt!’ very loud, and all the horses on one side stopped, and then somebody else halloed ‘Halt!’ and a lot of bugles blew, and every horse on the other side stopped, and one soldier jumped off his horse, and picked up the little boy,—he was only about as big as you, Budge,—and tried to comfort him; and then a soldier from the other side came up to look at him, and then more soldiers came from both sides to look at him; and when he got better and walked home, the soldiers all rode away, because they didn’t feel like fighting just then.”

“O, Uncle Harry! I think it was an *awful* good soldier that got off his horse to take care of that poor little boy.”

“Do you, Budge? who do you think it was?”

“I dunno.”

“It was your papa.”

“Oh—h—h—h—h!” If Tom could have but seen the expression upon his boy’s face as he prolonged this exclamation, his loss of one of the grandest chances a cavalry officer ever had would not have seemed so great to him as it had done for years. He seemed to take in the story in all its bearings, and his great eyes grew in depth as they took on the far-away look which seemed too earnest for the strength of an earthly being to support.

But Toddie,—he who a fond mamma thought endowed with art sense—Toddie had throughout my recital the air of a man who was musing on some affair of his own, and Budge’s exclamation had hardly died away, when Toddie commenced to weave aloud an extravaganza wholly his own.

“When *I* was a soldier,” he remarked, very gravely, “I had a coat an’ a hat on, an’ a muff, an’ a little knake* wound my neck to keep me warm, an’ it wained, an’ hailed, an’ ’tormed, an’ I felt bad, so I whallowed a sword an’ burned me all down dead.”

* Snake : tippet.

"And how did you get here?" I asked, with interest proportioned to the importance of Toddie's last clause.

"Oh, I got up from the burn-down dead, an' *comed* right here. An' I want my dolly's k'adle."

O persistent little dragon! If you were of age, what a fortune you might make in business!

"Uncle Harry, I wish my papa would come home right away," said Budge.

"Why, Budge?"

"I want to love him for bein' so good to that poor little boy in the war."

"Ocken Hawwy, I wants my dolly's k'adle, tause my dolly's in it, an' I want to shee her;" thus spake Toddie.

"Don't you think the Lord loved my papa awful much for doin' that sweet thing, Uncle Harry?" asked Budge.

"Yes, old fellow, I feel sure that he did."

"Lord lovesh my papa vewy much, so I love ze Lord vewy much," remarked Toddie. "An' I wants my dolly's k'adle an' my dolly."

"Toddie, I don't know where either of them are—I can't find them now—*do* wait until morning, then Uncle Harry will look for them."

"I don't see how the Lord can get along in heaven without my papa, Uncle Harry," said Budge.

"Lord takesh papa to heaven, an' Budgie an' me, and we'll go walkin' an' see ze Lord, an' play wif ze angels' wings, an' hazh good timsh, an' never have to go to bed at all, at all."

Pure-hearted little innocents! compared with older people whom we endure, how great thy faith and how few thy faults! How superior thy love—

A knock at the door interrupted me. "Come in!" I shouted.

In stepped Mike, with an air of the greatest secrecy, handed me a letter and the identical box in which I had sent the flowers to Miss Mayton. What *could* it mean? I hastily opened the envelope, and at the same time Toddie shrieked:—

"Oh, darsh my dolly's k'adle—dare tizh!" snatched and opened the box, and displayed—his doll! My heart sickened, and did *not* regain its strength during the perusal of the following note:—

"Miss Mayton herewith returns to Mr. Burton the package which just arrived with his card. She recognises the contents as a portion of the apparent property of one of Mr. Burton's nephews, but is unable to understand why it should have been sent to her.

"June 20, 1875."

"Toddie," I roared, as my younger nephew caressed his loathsome doll, and murmured endearing words to it, "where did you get that box?"

"On the hat-wack," replied the youth, with perfect fearlessness, "I keeps it in ze book-case djawer, an' somebody took it 'way, an' put nasty ole flowers in it."

"Where are those flowers?" I demanded.

Toddie looked up with considerable surprise, but promptly replied:—

"I froed 'em away—don't want no ole flowers in my dolly's k'adle. That's ze way she wocks—see!" And this horrible little destroyer of human hopes rolled that box back and forth with the most utter unconcern, as he spoke endearing words to the substitute for my beautiful bouquet!

To say that I looked at Toddie reprovingly is to express my feelings in the most inadequate language, but of language in which to express my feelings to Toddie I could find absolutely none. Within two or three short moments I had discovered how very anxious I really was to merit Miss Mayton's regard, and how very different was the regard I wanted from that which I had previously hoped might be accorded me. It seemed too ridiculous to be true that I, who had for years had dozens of charming lady acquaintances, and yet had always maintained my common-sense and self-control; I, who had always considered it unmanly for a man to specially interest himself in *any* lady until he had an income of five thousand a year; I, who had skilfully and many times argued that life-attachments, or attempts thereat, which were made without a careful preliminary study of the mental characteristics of the partner desired was the most unpardonable folly,—I had transgressed every one of my own rules, and, as if to mock me for any pretended wisdom and care, my weakness was made known to me by a three-year-old marplot and a hideous rag doll!

William Allan Butler.

[Mr. Butler, who was born in 1825, wrote this poem in 1857, but beyond this he has published nothing that has attracted public attention.]

NOTHING TO WEAR.

AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE.

MISS FLORA M'FLIMSEY, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris ;
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend, Mrs. Harris
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery),
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping ;
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather ;
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind—above or below :
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls ;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls ;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in ;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in ;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all ;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall ;
All of them different in colour and pattern—
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin ;
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive, and much more ethereal ;
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman be bought of,

From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills ;
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
While M'Flinsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore ;
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer Arago
Formed, M'Flinsey declares, the bulk of her cargo ;
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
But for which the ladies themselves manifested
Such particular interest, that they invested
Their own proper persons in layers and rows
Of muslins, embroideries, worked underclothes,
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those.
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
Gave GOOD-BYE to the ship, and GO-BY to the duties.
Her relations at home all marvell'd, no doubt,
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout

For an actual belle and a possible bride ;
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
And the truth came to light, and the dry goods beside,
Which, in spite of collector and custom-house sentry,
Had enter'd the port without any entry.
And yet, though scarce three months have pass'd since the day
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
This same Miss M'Flinsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met, was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear !
NOTHING TO WEAR ! Now, as this is a true ditty,

I do not assert—this, you know is between us—
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Powers' Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus ;
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,
When, at the same moment, she had on a dress,
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,

That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear !
I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called "her affections,"
And that rather decay'd, but well-known work of art,
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlour, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas fixtures we whisper'd our love.
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes ;
Or blushes or transports, or such silly actions,
It was one of the quietest business transactions ;
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany,
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaim'd, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
" You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like—now stop, don't you speak—
And you must not come here more than twice in the week,
Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call ;
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing ; but the bargain must be,
That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free ;
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you, but not binding on me."

Well, having thus woo'd Miss M'Flimsey and gain'd her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder

At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night :
And it being the week of the STUCKUPS' grand ball—

 Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,

 And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe—

I consider'd it only my duty to call,

 And see if Miss Flora intended to go.

I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,

When the time intervening between the first sound

Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter

Than usual—I found ; I won't say, I caught her—

Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning

To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.

She turned as I entered—" Why, Harry, you sinner,

I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner ! "

" So I did," I replied, " but the dinner is swallowed,

 And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more ;

So being relieved from that duty, I followed

 Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.

And now will your ladyship so condescend

As just to inform me if you intend

Your duty and grace, and presence to lend

(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)

To the STUCKUPS', whose party, you know, is to-morrow ? "

The fair Flora look'd up with a pitiful air,

And answer'd quite promptly, " Why, Harry, *mon cher*,

I should like above all things to go with you there ;

But really and truly—I've nothing to wear ! "

" Nothing to wear ! Go just as you are ;

Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,

I engage, the most bright and particular star

 On the Stuckup horizon." I stopp'd, for her eye

Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,

Open'd on me at once a most terrible battery

Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,

But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose

 (That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,

" How absurd that any sane man should suppose

That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,

No matter how fine, that she wears every day !”

So I ventured again—“Wear your crimson brocade,”

(Second turn up of nose)—“That’s too dark by a shade.”

“Your blue silk”—“That’s too heavy ;” “Your pink”—“That’s too light.”

“Wear tulle over satin”—“I can’t endure white.”

“Your rose-coloured, then, the best of the batch”—

“I haven’t a thread of point lace to match.”

“Your brown moiré antique”—“Yes, and look like a Quaker ;”

“The pearl-coloured”—“I would, but that plaguy dressmaker

Has had it a week.” “Then that exquisite lilac,

In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock”

(Here the nose took again the same elevation)—

“I wouldn’t wear that for the whole of creation.”

“Why not ? It’s my fancy, there’s nothing could strike it

As more *comme il faut*——” “Yes, but, dear me, that lean

Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,

And I won’t appear dress’d like a chit of sixteen.”

“Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine ;

That superb point d’aiguille, that imperial green,

That zephyr-like tarlatan, that rich grenadine”—

“Not one of all which is fit to be seen,”

Said the lady, becoming excited and flush’d.

“Then wear,” I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crush’d

Opposition, “that gorgeous toilette which you sported

In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,

When you quite turn’d the head of the head of the nation ;

And by all the grand court was so very much courted.”

The end of the nose was portentously tipped up

And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,

As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,

“I have worn it three times at the least calculation,

And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up !”

Here I ripp’d out something, perhaps rather rash,

Quite innocent, though ; but to use an expression

More striking than classic, it “settled my hash,”

And proved very soon the last act of our session.

"Fiddlesticks, is it, sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you. Oh, you men have no
feeling!

You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures!

Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.

Your silly pretence—why, what a mere guess it is!

Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?

I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,

And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,

But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher).

"I suppose, if you dared, you would call me a liar.

Our engagement is ended, sir—yes, on the spot;

You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what."

I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,

Pickpocket and cannibal, Tartar and thief,

As gentle expletives which might give relief.

But this only proved as spark to the powder,

And the storm I had raised came faster and louder;

It blew and it rain'd, thunder'd, lighten'd, and hail'd

Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite fail'd

To express the abusive; and then its arrears

Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears;

And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-

ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,

Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,

In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay

Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say.

Then, without going through the form of a bow,

Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—

On door-step and side walk, past lamp-post and square,

At home and upstairs, in my own easy chair;

Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,

And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,

Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar

Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,

On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare,

If he married a woman with nothing to wear?

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I've instituted

A course of enquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject ; and find to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,

But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising

From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."

Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,
Of which let me mention only a few :

In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,
Who have been three whole weeks without anything new
In the way of flounced silks, and thus left in the lurch,
Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.

In another large mansion near the same place,
Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case
Of entire destitution of Brussels point lace.

In a neighbouring block there was found, in three calls,
Total want, long-continued, of camels'-hair shawls ;

And a suffering family, whose case exhibits
The most pressing need of real ermine tippets ;

One deserving young lady almost unable
To survive for the want of a new Russian sable ;

Another confined to the house, when it's windier
Than usual, because her shawl isn't India.

Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer PACIFIC ;

In which were engulfed, not friend or relation
(For whose fate she perhaps might have found consolation,
Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation),

But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars
Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars ;

And all, as to style, most recherché and rare,
The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,

And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic,
That she's quite a recluse, and almost a sceptic ;
For she touchingly says that this sort of grief
Cannot find in Religion the slightest relief,
And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare
For the victims of such overwhelming despair.
But the saddest by far of all these sad features
Is the cruelty practised upon the poor creatures
By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Timons,
Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds
By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for days
Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans, or bouquets ;
Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a chance,
And deride their demands as useless extravagance.

One case of a bride was brought to my view,
Too sad for belief, but, alas ! 'twas too true,
Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,
To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon.
The consequence was, that when she got there,
At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear ;
And when she proposed to finish the season

At Newport, the monster refused out and out,
For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,

Except that the waters were good for his gout.
Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,
And proceedings are now going on for divorce.
But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain
From these scenes of woe ! Enough, it is certain,
Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity
Of every benevolent heart in the city,
And spur up humanity into a canter
To rush and relieve these sad cases instanter.
Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,
Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription ?
Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,
Take charge of the matter ? or won't PETER COOPER
The corner-stone lay of some splendid super-

Structure, like that which to-day links his name
 In the Union unending of honour and fame ;
 And found a new charity just for the care
 Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear ;
 Which, in view of the cash which would daily be claim'd,
 The Laying-out Hospital well might be named ?
 Won't STEWART, or some of our dry-goods importers,
 Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters ?
 Or, to furnish the cash to supply those distresses,
 And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and dresses,
 Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and thornier,
 Won't someone discover a new California ?
 Oh, ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
 Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
 From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
 And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
 To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
 Their children have gather'd, their city have built ;
 Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
 Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair ;
 Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broider'd skirt,
 Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
 Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
 To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
 Half-starved and half-naked, lie crouch'd from the cold.
 See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
 All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street ;
 Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
 From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor ;
 Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,
 As you sicken and shudder, and fly from the door !
 Then home to your wardrobes, and say—if you dare—
 Spoil'd Children of Fashion—you've nothing to wear !

And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere
 Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
 Where the glare and the glitter, and tinsel of Time
 Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,

Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreen'd by its trappings, and shows, and pretence,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love ;
Oh, daughters of Earth ! foolish virgins, beware !
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear !

MARRYING for money iz a meaner way tew git it than counter-fiting.

Az a ginral thing the man who marrys a woman ov more uppercrust than himself will find the woman more anxious tew preserve the distance between them than tew bring him up tew her grade or go down tew hiz level.

What the world wants iz good examples, not so mutch advice ; advice may be wrong, but examples prove themselves.

Pride iz bogus. Adam at one time had a right tew be proud, but he let sin beat him out ov hiz birthright.

A crowing hen and a cackling ruseter are very misfortunate poultry in a family.

Titles are valuable ; they make us acquainted with menny persons who otherwise would be lost among the rubbish.

Peace iz the soft and holy shadder that virtew casts.

Habits are like the wrinkles on a man's brow, if yu will smoothe out the one i will smoothe out the other.

If yu should reduce the wants ov the people ov Nu York city tew aktual necessitys and plain comforts, yu would hav tew dubble the perlice force tew keep them from committing suicide.

It iz a darned sight eazier tew find six men who kan tell exactly how a thing ought tew be did than tew find one who will do it

Thare iz nothing so easy to larn az experience, and nothing so hard to apply.

Thare ain't but phew men who kan stick a white hankerchef into the brest pocket ov their overcoat without letting a little ov it stick out—just bi acksident.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Mark Twain.

WRITING A NOVEL.

VICE flourished luxuriantly during the heyday of our "flush times." The saloons were overburdened with custom; so were the police courts, the gambling dens, the brothels, and the jails—unfailing signs of high prosperity in a mining region—in any region, for that matter. Is it not so? A crowded police-court docket is the surest of all signs that trade is brisk and money plenty. Still, there is one other sign; it comes last, but when it does come it establishes beyond cavil that the "flush times" are at the flood. This is the birth of the "literary" paper. The *Weekly Occidental*, "devoted to literature," made its appearance in Virginia. All the literary people were engaged to write for it. Mr. F. was to edit it. He was a felicitous skirmisher with a pen, and a man who could say happy things in a crisp, neat way. Once, while editor of the *Union*, he had disposed of a laboured, incoherent, two-column attack made upon him by a contemporary with a single line, which, at first glance, seemed to contain a solemn and tremendous compliment—viz.: "THE LOGIC OF OUR ADVERSARY RESEMBLES THE PEACE OF GOD,"—and left it to the reader's memory and after-thought to invest the remark with another and "more different" meaning by supplying for himself, and at his own leisure, the rest of the Scripture—"in that it passeth understanding." He once said of a little, half-starved, wayside community, that had no subsistence except what they could get by preying upon chance passengers who stopped over with them a day when travelling by the overland stage, that in their church service they had altered the Lord's Prayer to read: "Give us this day our daily stranger!"

We expected great things of the *Occidental*. Of course it could not get along without an original novel, and so we made arrangements to hurl into the work the full strength of the company. Mrs. F. was an able romancist of the ineffable school—I know no other name to apply to a school whose heroes are all dainty and all perfect. She wrote the opening chapter, and introduced a lovely

blonde simpleton who talked nothing but pearls and poetry, and who was virtuous to the verge of eccentricity. She also introduced a young French Duke of aggravated refinement, in love with the blonde. Mr. F. followed next week, with a brilliant lawyer, who set about getting the Duke's estates into trouble, and a sparkling young lady of high society, who fell to fascinating the Duke and impairing the appetite of the blonde. Mr. D., a dark and bloody editor of one of the dailies, followed Mr. F., the third week, introducing a mysterious Rosicrucian, who transmuted metals, held consultations with the devil in a cave at dead of night, and cast the horoscope of the several heroes and heroines in such a way as to provide plenty of trouble for their future careers, and breed a solemn and awful public interest in the novel. He also introduced a cloaked and masked melodramatic miscreant, put him on a salary, and set him on the midnight track of the Duke with a poisoned dagger. He also created an Irish coachman, with a rich brogue, and placed him in the service of the society-young-lady, with an ulterior mission to carry billets-doux to the Duke.

About this time there arrived in Virginia a dissolute stranger, with a literary turn of mind—rather seedy he was, but very quiet and unassuming; almost diffident, indeed. He was so gentle, and his manners were so pleasing and kindly, whether he was sober or intoxicated, that he made friends of all who came in contact with him. He applied for literary work, offered conclusive evidence that he wielded an easy and practised pen, and so Mr. F. engaged him at once to help write the novel. His chapter was to follow Mr. D.'s, and mine was to come next. Now what does this fellow do but go off and get drunk, and then proceed to his quarters and set to work, with his imagination in a state of chaos, and that chaos in a condition of extravagant activity. The result may be guessed. He scanned the chapters of his predecessors, found plenty of heroes and heroines already created, and was satisfied with them; he decided to introduce no more; with all the confidence that whisky inspires, and all the easy complacency it gives to its servant, he then launched himself lovingly into his work; he married the coachman to the society-young-lady, for the sake of the scandal; married the Duke to the blonde's step-

mother, for the sake of the sensation ; stopped the desperado's salary ; created a misunderstanding between the devil and the Rosicrucian ; threw the Duke's property into the wicked lawyer's hands ; made the lawyer's upbraiding conscience drive him to drink, thence to *delirium tremens*, thence to suicide ; broke the coachman's neck ; let his widow succumb to contumely, neglect, poverty, and consumption ; caused the blonde to drown herself, leaving her clothes on the bank with the customary note pinned to them, forgiving the Duke, and hoping he would be happy ; revealed to the Duke, by means of the usual strawberry-mark on left arm, that he had married his own long-lost mother and destroyed his long-lost sister ; instituted the proper and necessary suicide of the Duke and the Duchess in order to compass poetical justice ; opened the earth and let the Rosicrucian through, accompanied with the accustomed smoke and thunder and smell of brimstone, and finished with the promise that in the next chapter, after holding a general inquest, he would take up the surviving character of the novel and tell what became of the devil !

It read with singular smoothness, and with a "dead" earnestness that was funny enough to suffocate a body. But there was war when it came in. The other novelists were furious. The mild stranger, not yet more than half sober, stood there, under a scathing fire of vituperation, meek and bewildered, looking from one to another of his assailants, and wondering what he could have done to invoke such a storm. When a lull came at last, he said his say gently and appealingly—said he did not rightly remember what he had written, but was sure he had tried to do the best he could, and knew his object had been to make the novel not only pleasant and plausible, but instructive, and—

The bombardment began again. The novelists assailed his ill-chosen adjectives and demolished them with a storm of denunciation and ridicule. And so the siege went on. Every time the stranger tried to appease the enemy he only made matters worse. Finally he offered to rewrite the chapter. This arrested hostilities. The indignation gradually quieted down, peace reigned again, and the sufferer retired in safety and got him to his own citadel.

But on the way thither the evil angel tempted him and he got drunk again. And again his imagination went mad. He led the

heroes and heroines a wilder dance than ever ; and yet all through it ran that same convincing air of honesty and earnestness that had marked his first work. He got the characters into the most extraordinary situations, put them through the most surprising performances, and made them talk the strangest talk ! But the chapter cannot be described. It was symmetrically crazy ; it was artistically absurd ; and it had explanatory foot-notes that were fully as curious as the text. I remember one of the "situations," and will offer it as an example of the whole. He altered the character of the brilliant lawyer, and made him a great-hearted, splendid fellow ; gave him fame and riches, and set his age at thirty-three years. Then he made the blonde discover, through the help of the Rosicrucian and the melodramatic miscreant, that while the Duke loved her money ardently and wanted it, he secretly felt a sort of leaning toward the society-young-lady. Stung to the quick, she tore her affections from him and bestowed them with tenfold power upon the lawyer, who responded with consuming zeal. But the parents would none of it. What they wanted in the family was a Duke ; and a Duke they were determined to have ; though they confessed that next to the Duke the lawyer had their preference. Necessarily the blonde now went into a decline. The parents were alarmed. They pleaded with her to marry the Duke, but she steadfastly refused, and pined on. Then they laid a plan. They told her to wait a year and a day, and if at the end of that time she still felt that she could not marry the Duke, she might marry the lawyer with their full consent. The result was as they had foreseen : gladness came again, and the flush of returning health. Then the parents took the next step in their scheme. They had the family physician recommend a long sea voyage and much land travel for the thorough restoration of the blonde's strength ; and they invited the Duke to be of the party. They judged that the Duke's constant presence and the lawyer's protracted absence would do the rest—for they did not invite the lawyer.

So they set sail in a steamer for America—and the third day out, when their sea-sickness called truce and permitted them to take their first meal at the public table, behold there sat the lawyer ! The Duke and party made the best of an awkward

situation ; the voyage progressed, and the vessel neared America. But, by-and-by, two hundred miles off New Bedford, the ship took fire ; she burned to the water's edge ; of all her crew and passengers only thirty were saved. They floated about the sea half an afternoon and all night long. Among them were our friends. The lawyer, by superhuman exertions, had saved the blonde and her parents, swimming back and forth two hundred yards and bringing one each time (the girl first). The Duke had saved himself. In the morning two whale ships arrived on the scene and sent their boats. The weather was stormy and the embarkation was attended with much confusion and excitement. The lawyer did his duty like a man ; helped his exhausted and insensible blonde, her parents, and some others, into a boat (the Duke helped himself in) ; then a child fell overboard at the other end of the raft, and the lawyer rushed thither and helped half a dozen people fish it out, under the stimulus of its mother's screams. Then he ran back—a few seconds too late—the blonde's boat was under way. So he had to take the other boat, and go to the other ship. The storm increased and drove the vessels out of sight of each other—drove them whither it would. When it calmed, at the end of three days, the blonde's ship was seven hundred miles north of Boston and the other about seven hundred south of that port. The blonde's captain was bound on a whaling cruise in the North Atlantic, and could not go back such a distance or make a port without orders ; such being nautical law. The lawyer's captain was to cruise in the North Pacific, and *he* could not go back or make a port without orders. All the lawyer's money and baggage were in the blonde's boat and went to the blonde's ship—so his captain made him work his passage as a common sailor. When both ships had been cruising nearly a year, the one was off the coast of Greenland and the other in Behring's Strait. The blonde had long ago been well-nigh persuaded that her lawyer had been washed overboard and lost just before the whale ships reached the raft, and now, under the pleadings of her parents and the Duke, she was at last beginning to nerve herself for the doom of the covenant, and prepare for the hated marriage. But she would not yield a day before the date set. The weeks dragged on, the time narrowed, orders were given to deck the ship

for the wedding—a wedding at sea among icebergs and walruses. Five days more and all would be over. So the blonde reflected, with a sigh and a tear. Oh, where was her true love—and why, why did he not come and save her? At that moment he was lifting his harpoon to strike a whale in Behring's Strait, five thousand miles away, by the way of the Arctic Ocean, or twenty thousand by the way of the Horn—that was the reason. He struck, but not with perfect aim—his foot slipped and he fell in the whale's mouth and went down his throat. He was insensible five days. Then he came to himself and heard voices; daylight was streaming through a hole cut in the whale's roof. He climbed out and astonished the sailors who were hoisting blubber up a ship's side. He recognised the vessel, flew aboard, surprised the wedding party at the altar, and exclaimed:

“Stop the proceedings—I'm here! Come to my arms, my own!”

There were foot-notes to this extravagant piece of literature wherein the author endeavoured to show that the whole thing was within the possibilities; he said he got the incident of the whale travelling from Behring's Strait to the coast of Greenland, five thousand miles in five days, through the Arctic Ocean, from Charles Reade's “Love Me Little Love Me Long,” and considered that that established the fact that the thing could be done; and he instanced Jonah's adventure as proof that a man could live in a whale's belly, and added that if a preacher could stand it three days a lawyer could surely stand it five!

There was a fiercer storm than ever in the editorial sanctum now, and the stranger was peremptorily discharged, and his manuscript flung at his head. But he had already delayed things so much that there was not time for some one else to rewrite the chapter, and so the paper came out without any novel in it. It was but a feeble, struggling, stupid journal, and the absence of the novel probably shook public confidence; at any rate, before the first side of the next issue went to press, the *Weekly Occidental* died as peacefully as an infant.

THE AGED PILOT MAN.

ON the Erie Canal, it was,
All on a summer's day,
I sailed forth with my parents
Far away to Albany.

From out the clouds at noon that day
There came a dreadful storm,
That piled the billows high about,
And filled us with alarm.

A man came rushing from a house,
Saying, "Snub up* your boat I pray!
Snub up your boat, snub up, alas!
Snub up while yet you may."

Our captain cast one glance astern,
Then forward glanced he,
And said, "My wife and little ones
I never more shall see."

Said Dollinger the pilot man,
In noble words, but few—
"Fear not, but lean on Dollinger,
And he will fetch you through."

The boat drove on, the frightened mules
Tore through the rain and wind,
And bravely still in danger's post,
The whip-boy strode behind.

"Come 'board, come 'board," the captain cried,
"Nor tempt so wild a storm ;"
But still the raging mules advanced,
And still the boy strode on.

* The customary canal technicality for "tie up."

Then said the captain to us all,
 "Alas, 'tis plain to me,
The greater danger is not there,
 But here upon the sea.

So let us strive, while life remains,
 To save all souls on board,
And then if die at last we must,
 Let I *cannot* speak the word !"

Said Dollinger the pilot man,
 Tow'ring above the crew,
"Fear not, but trust in Dollinger,
 And he will fetch you through."

"Low bridge ! low bridge !" all heads went down,
 The labouring bark sped on ;
A mill we passed, we passed a church,
 Hamlets, and fields of corn ;
And all the world came out to see,
 And chased along the shore,

Crying, "Alas, alas, the sheeted rain,
 The wind, the tempest's roar !
Alas, the gallant ship and crew,
 Can *nothing* help them more ?"

And from our deck sad eyes looked out
 Across the stormy scene :
The tossing wake of billows aft,
 The bending forests green,

The chickens sheltered under carts,
 In lee of barn the cows,
The skurrying swine with straw in mouth,
 The wild spray from our bows !

"She balances ?

She wavers !

Now let her go about !

If she misses stays and broaches to

We're all"—[then with a shout,]

"Huray ! huray !

Avast ! belay !

Take in more sail !

Lord, what a gale !

Ho, boy, haul taut on the hind mule's tail !"

"Ho ! lighten ship ? ho ! man the pump !

Ho, hostler, heave the lead !

"A quarter-three !—'tis shoaling fast !

Three feet large !—t-h-r-e-e feet !—

Three feet scant !" I cried in fright,

"Oh, is there *no* retreat ?"

Said Dollinger the pilot man,

As on the vessel flew,

"Fear not, but trust in Dollinger,

And he will fetch you through."

A panic struck the bravest hearts,

The boldest cheek turned pale ;

For plain to all, this shoaling said

A leak had burst the ditch's bed !

And, straight as bolt from crossbow sped,

Our ship swept on, with shoaling lead,

Before the fearful gale !

"Sever the tow-line ! Cripple the mules !"

Too late ! . . . There comes a shock !

* * * * *

Another length, and the fated craft

Would have swum in the saving lock !

Then gathered together the shipwrecked crew
And took one last embrace,
While sorrowful tears from despairing eyes
Ran down each hopeless face ;
And some did think of their little ones
Whom they never more might see,
And others of waiting wives at home,
And mothers that grieved would be.

But of all the children of misery there
On that poor sinking frame,
But one spake words of hope and faith,
And I worshipped as they came :
Said Dollinger the pilot man—
(O brave heart strong and true !)—
“Fear not, but trust in Dollinger,
For he will fetch you through.”

Lo ! scarce the words have passed his lips
The dauntless prophet say’th,
When every soul about him seeth
A wonder crown his faith !

And count ye all, both great and small,
As numbered with the dead !
For mariner for forty year,
On Erie, boy and man,
I never yet saw such a storm,
Or one ’t with it began !

So overboard a keg of nails
And anvils three we threw,
Likewise four bales of gunny-sacks,
Two hundred pounds of glue,
Two sacks of corn, four ditto wheat,
A box of books, a cow,
A violin, Lord Byron’s works,
A rip-saw and a sow.

A curve ! a curve ! the dangers grow !

“ Labbord !—stabbord !—s-t-e-a-d-y !—so !—
Hard-a-port, Dol !—hellum-a-lee !

Haw the head mule !—the aft one gee !
 Luff !—bring her to the wind !”

For straight a farmer brought a plank,—

(Mysteriously inspired)—

And laying it unto the ship,

In silent awe retired.

Then every sufferer stood amazed

That pilot man before ;

A moment stood. Then wondering turned,

And speechless walked ashore.

Dispatch iz taking time bi the ears. Hurry iz taking it bi the end ov the tail.

The miser who heaps up gains tew gloat over iz like a hog in a pen fattened for a show.

If you must chaw terbacker, young man, for Heaven's sake, chaw old plugg, it iz the nastiest.

Without friends and without enemys iz the last reliable ackount we hav ov a stray dog.

Men generally, when they whip a mule, sware ; the mule remembers the swareing, but forgits the licking.

Sum folks wonder whare awl the lies cum from, but i don't, one good liar will pizen a whole country.

Hunting after fame iz like hunting after fleas, hard tew ketch, and sure tew make yu uneazy if yu dew or don't ketch them.

Menny people spend their time trieing tew find the hole whare sin got into this world—if two men brake through the ice into a mill pond, they had better hunt for sum good hole tew git out, rather than git into a long argument about the hole they cum tew fall in.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Charles F. Adams.

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes schust to mine knee ;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
As efer you dit see.

He runs, und schumps, und schmashees dings
In all barts of der house ;
But vot off dot ? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
Und eferyding dot's oudt ;
He sbills mine glass of lager bier,
Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.

He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese,—
Dot vas der roughest chouse :
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der schticks to beat it mit,—
Mine gracious, dot vos drue !

I dinks mine hed was schplit abart,
He kicks oup sooch a touse :
But never mind ; der poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions, sooch as dese :
Who baints mine nose so red ?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed ?

Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
 Vene'er der glim I douse.
 How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
 To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
 Mit sooch a grazzy poy,
 Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
 Und beaceful dimes enshoy ;

But ven he vash asleep in ped,
 So quiet as a mouse,
 I prays der Lord, " Dake anyding,
 But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

A HIGHLY-COLOURED ROMANCE.

BEN GREEN was a New-Hampshire boy,
 Who stood full six feet two :
 A jovial chap this same Ben Green,
 Though he had oft been blue.

He loved a girl named Olive Brown,
 Who lived near Bixby's pond,
 And who, despite her brunette name,
 Was a decided blonde.

A pink of rare perfection she,
 The belle of all the town ;
 Though Ben oft wished her Olive Green,
 Instead of Olive Brown.

And she loved Ben, and said that nought
 Should mar their joy serene ;
 And, when she changed from Olive Brown,
 'Twould surely be to Green.

She kept her word in-violet,
And vowed, ere she was wed,
Although when Brown she had Be(e)n Green,
When Green she'd be well read.

But, ah ! her young affections changed
To Gray, a Southern fellow ;
And Green turned white the news to hear,
Though first it made him yell, oh !

Says he, " How can you lilac this,
When you vowed to be true ?
I'll take your fine young lover, Gray,
And beat him till he's blue."

Then Olive Brown to crimson turned,
And said, " Do as you say :
The country long has wished to see
' The Blue combined with Gray.' "

Ben Green to purple turned with rage,
And black his brow as night ;
While on the cheek of Olive Brown
The crimson changed to white.

" O cruel Olive Brown ! " says Ben,
" I've been dun-Brown by you :
Let this ' Grayback ' his steps retrace,
And take Greenback,—oh, do ! "

Poor Olive Brown, what could she say,
To sea-Green look so sad ?
And so she rose, and said to him,
" I'll go and ask my dad."

* * * * *

The years rolled by : Ben's raven locks
For silver did not lack ;
And Olive, with her hair of gold,
Was glad she took Greenback.

TO BARY JADE.

THE bood is beabig brighdly, love
 The sdars are shidig too ;
 While I ab gazig dreabily,
 Add thigkig, love, of you.
 You caddot, oh ! you caddot kdown
 My darlig, how I biss you—
 (Oh, whadt a fearful cold I've got !—
 Ck-tish-u ! Ck-ck-tish-u !)

I'b sittig in the arbor, love,
 Where you sat by by side,
 Whed od that calb, autubdal dight
 You said you'd be by bride.
 Oh ! for wud bobedt to caress ;
 Add tederly to kiss you ;
 Budt do ! we're beddy biles apart—
 (Ho-rash-o ! Ck-ck-tish-u !)

This charbig evedig brigs to bide
 The tibe whed first we bet ;
 It seebs but odly yesterday ;
 I thig I see you yet.
 Oh ! tell be, ab I sdill your owd ?
 By hopes—oh, do dot dash theb !
 (Codfoud by cold, 'tis gettig worse—
 Ck-tish-u ! Ck-ck-thrash-eb !)

Good-by, by darlig Bary Jade !
 The bid-dight hour is dear ;
 Add it is hardly wise, by love,
 For be to ligger here.
 The heavy dewes are fallig fast :
 A fod good-dight I wish you.
 (Ho-rash-o !—there it is agaid—
 Ck-thrash-ub ! Ck-ck-tish-u !)

Josh Billings.

[This is the *nom de plume* of Mr. A. W. Shaw, who has made it famous as that of the most philosophical of all the American humourists. His "Book of Sayings" was published in 1866, and he has printed several "Almanacks" since.]

KONTENTMENT.

KONTENTMENT is the gift ov God, as it kan be cultivated a little, but it is hard tew acquire. Kontentment is sed to be the same az happiness, this ackounts for the small amount ov happiness laying around loose, without enny owner. I don't beleave that man was made tew be kontented, nor happy in this world, for if he had bin, he wouldn't hav hankered enuff for the other world.

When a man gits perfektly kontented, he and a clam are fust couzins.

Contentment is a kind ov moral laziness ; if thare want ennything but kontentment in this world, man wouldn't be any more of a suckcess than an angleworm iz.

When a man gits so he don't want ennything more, he iz like a rackcoon with his intestines full ov green corn.

Contentment iz one ov the instinkts, i admit it tew be happiness, but it iz kind ov spruce gum chawing happiness.

We all find fault with Adam and Eve, for not being kontented, but if they had bin satisfied with the gardin ov Eden, and themselves, they would hav been living thare now, the only two human beings on the face ov the arth, az innocent as a couple of vegetable oysters.

They would hav bin two splendid specimens ov the handy work ov God, elegant portraits in the vestibule ov heaven, but they would not hav developed reason, the only God-like attribute in man.

When a man iz thoroly kontented, he iz either too lazy to want ennything, or too big a phool tew enjoy it.

I hav lived in naberhoods whare everyboddy seemed to be kontented, but if the itch had ever broke out in them naberhoods, the people would have skrated to this day.

I am in favor of all the vanities, and petty ambishuns, all the jealousys and backbitings in the world, not bekauze i think they am hansome, but bekauze I think they stir up men, and wimmin, git them onto their muscle, cultivating their venom and reazon at the same time, and proving what a brilliant cuss man may be, at the same time that it proves what a miserable cuss he iz.

I had rather see two wimmin pull hair, than tew see them set down, thoroughly satisfied with an aimless life, and never suffer eney excitement, greater than bleeding tears together, through their noze, for a parcel of shirtless heathen on the coast ov Madagaskar, or, once in a while, open their eyes, from a dream ov young hyson contentment tea, tew sarch the allmiknak, for the next change in the moon.

Contentment, in this age of the world, either means death, or decay; in the days ov Abraham, contentment was simply ignorance.

The world iz now full of larning, the arts, and sciences, and all the thousand appliances of reazon, these things make ignorance the exception, and no man haz a right tew cultivate contentment, enny more than he haz tew cut oph hiz thum, and set quietly down, and nuss the stub.

Show me a thoroughly contented person, and i will show yu an useless one.

What we want iz folks who won't be kontented, who kant be kontented, who git up in the morning, not simply to hav their bed made, but for the sake ov gitting tired; not for the sake ov nourishing kontentment, but for the sake ov putting turpentine in sum ded place, and stiring up the animals.

Contentment was born with Adam, and died when Adam ceased tew be an angel, and bekum a man.

I don't say that a man couldn't be hatched out, and, like a young owl, set on a dri limb, awl hiz days, with hiz branes az fasst asleep az a mudturkles, and at last sneak into heaven, under the guize of kontentment, but i do say, that 10 generashuns ov sich men would run most of the human race into the ground, and leave the ballance az lifeless, and az base, as a currency made out ov puter ten cent pieces.

I would like, jist az well az the next man, tew crawl into a hole, that jist fitted me, hed fust, and thus shutting out all

the light, be contented, for i know how awfully unsothening the aims and ambishuns ov life are, but this would only be burying mi few tallents, and sacrificing on the ded alter ov kontentment, what war given me to make a fire or a smudge with.

Thare aint no sich thing as contentment and reazon existing together; thoze who slip out ov the crowd, into sum alley, and pretend they are chawing the cud of sweet kontentment, the verry best specimens ov them, are no better than pin cushions, stuck full.

They have jist az menny longings az ennybody, they have jist az menny vices, their virtews are too often simply a mixtur ov jealousy and cowardice.

Contentment is not desighned, as a stiddy bizziness, for the sons ov man, while on this arth.

A yeller dogg, with a tin kittle tew his tale, climbing a hill, at a three minit gate, iz a more reazonable spektacle for me than a slimy snail, contented and happy.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE iz a fair transaction on the face ov it.

But thare iz quite too often put up jobs in it.

It iz an old institushun, older than the pyramids, and az phull ov hyroglyphicks that noboddy kan parse.

History holds its tounge who the pair waz who fust put on the silken harness, and promised tew work kind in it, thru thick and thin, up hill and down, and on the level, rain or shine, survive or perish, sink or swim, drown or flote.

But whoever they waz they must hav made a good thing out ov it, or so menny ov their posterity would not hav harnessed up since and drov out.

Thare iz a grate moral grip in marriage; it iz the mortar that holds the soshull bricks together.

But there ain't but darn few pholks who put their money in matrimony who could set down and giv a good written opinyun whi on arth they cum to did it.

This iz a grate proof that it iz one ov them natral kind ov acksidents that must happen, jist az birds fly out ov the nest, when they hav feathers enuff, without being able tew tell why.

Sum marry for buty, and never diskover their mistake; this iz lucky.

Sum marry for money, and—don't see it.

Sum marry for pedigree, and feel big for six months, and then very sensibly cum tew the conclusion that pedigree ain't no better than skimmilk.

Sum marry tew pleze their relashuns, and are surprised tew learn that their relashuns don't care a cuss for them afterwards.

Sum marry bekause they hav bin highsted sum whare else; this iz a cross match, a bay and a sorrel; pride may make it endurable.

Sum marry for love without a cent in their pocket, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop ov pedigree. This looks desperate, *but it iz the strength ov the game.*

If marrying for love ain't a suckcess, then matrimony iz a ded beet.

Sum marry bekauze they think wimmin will be skarse next year, and liv tew wonder how the crop holds out.

Sum marry tew get rid ov themselves, and diskover that the game waz one that two could play at, and neither win.

Sum marry the seckond time to git even, and find it a gambling game, the more they put down, the less they take up.

Sum marry tew be happy, and not finding it, wonder whare all the happiness on earth goes to when it dies.

Sum marry, they kan't tell whi, and liv, they kan't tell how.

Almoste every boddy gits married, and it iz a good joke.

Sum marry in haste, and then set down and think it careful over.

Sum think it over careful fust, and then set down and marry.

Both ways are right, if they hit the mark.

Sum marry rakes tew convert them. This iz a little risky, and takes a smart missionary to do it.

Sum marry coquetts. This iz like buying a poor farm, heavily mortgaged, and working the ballance ov yure days tew clear oph the mortgages.

James Russell Lowell.

THE UNHAPPY LOT OF MR. KNOTT.

PART I.

SHOWING HOW HE BUILT HIS HOUSE AND HIS
WIFE MOVED INTO IT.

My worthy friend, A. Gordon Knott,
From business snug withdrawn,
Was much contented with a lot
That would contain a Tudor cot
'Twixt twelve feet square of garden-plot,
And twelve feet more of lawn.

He had laid business on the shelf
To give his taste expansion,
And, since no man, retired with pelf,
The building mania can shun,
Knott, being middle-aged himself,
Resolved to build (unhappy elf !)
A mediæval mansion.

He called an architect in counsel ;
"I want," said he, "a—you know what
(You are a builder, I am Knott),
A thing complete from chimney-pot
Down to the very groundsel ;
Here 's a half-acre of good land ;
Just have it nicely mapped and planned
And make your workmen drive on ;
Meadow there is, and upland too,
And I should like a water-view,
D' you think you could contrive one ?
(Perhaps the pump and trough would do,
If painted a judicious blue ?)
The woodland I 've attended to ;"

(He meant three pines stuck up askew,
Two dead ones and a live one.)

“A pocket-full of rocks ’twould take
To build a house of free-stone,
But then it is not hard to make
What now-a-days is *the* stone ;
The cunning painter in a trice
Your house’s outside petrifies,
And people think it very gneiss
Without inquiring deeper ;
My money never shall be thrown
Away on such a deal of stone,
When stone of deal is cheaper.”

And so the greenest of antiques
Was reared for Knott to dwell in ;
The architect worked hard for weeks
In venting all his private peaks
Upon the roof, whose crop of leaks
Had satisfied Fluellen ;
Whatever anybody had
Out of the common, good or bad,
Knott had it all worked well in,
A donjon-keep, where clothes might dry,
A porter’s lodge that was a sty,
A campanile slim and high,
Too small to hang a bell in ;
All up and down and here and there,
With Lord-knows-whats of round and square
Stuck on at random everywhere,—
It was a house to make one stare,
All corners and all gables ;
Like dogs let loose upon a bear,
Ten emulous styles *staboyed* with care,
The whole among them seemed to tear ;
And all the oddities to spare
Were set upon the stables.
Knott was delighted with a pile

Approved by fashion's leaders ;
(Only he made the builder smile,
By asking every little while,
Why that was called the Twodoor style,
Which certainly had *three* doors ?)
Yet better for this luckless man
If he had put a downright ban
Upon the thing *in limine* ;
For, though to quit affairs his plan,
Ere many days, poor Knott began
Perforce accepting draughts, that ran
All ways—except up chimney ;
The house, though painted stone to mock,
With nice white lines round every block,
Some trepidation stood in,
When tempests (with petrific shock,
So to speak) made it really rock
Though not a whit less wooden ;
And painted stone, howe'er well done,
Will not take in the prodigal sun
Whose beams are never quite at one
With our terrestrial lumber ;
So the wood shrank around the knots,
And gaped in disconcerting spots,
And there were lots of dots and rots
And crannies without number,
Wherethrough, as you may well presume,
The wind, like water through a flume,
Came rushing in ecstatic,
Leaving, in all three floors, no room
That was not a rheumatic ;
And, what with points and squares and rounds
Grown shaky on their poises,
The house at nights was full of pounds,
Thumps, bumps, creaks, scratchings, raps—till—
“Zounds !”
Cried Knott, “this goes beyond all bounds.
I do not deal in tongues and sounds,

Nor have I let my house and grounds
To a family of Noyeses ! ”
But, though Knott's house was full of airs,
He had but one—a daughter ;
And, as he owned much stocks and shares,
Many who wished to render theirs
Such vain, unsatisfying cares,
And needed wives to sew their tears,
In matrimony sought her ;
They vowed her gold they wanted not,
Their faith would never falter,
They longed to tie this single Knott
In the Hymenæal halter ;
So daily at the door they rang,
Cards for the belle delivering,
Or in the choir at her they sang,
Achieving such a rapturous twang
As set her nerves a shivering.

Now Knott had quite made up his mind
That Colonel Jones should have her ;
No beauty he, but oft we find
Sweet kernels 'neath a roughish rind,
So hoped his Jenny 'd be resigned
And make no more palaver ;
Glanced at the fact that love was blind,
That girls were ratherish inclined
To pet their little crosses,
Then nosologically defined
The rate at which the system pined
In those unfortunates who dined
Upon that metaphoric kind
Of dish—their own proboscis.

But she, with many tears and moans,
Besought him not to mock her,
Said 'twas too much for flesh and bones
To marry mortgages and loans,

That fathers' hearts were stocks and stones,
And that she'd go, when Mrs. Jones,
 To Davy Jones's locker,
Then gave her head a little toss
That said as plain as ever was,
If men are always at a loss
 Mere womankind to bridle—
To try the thing on woman cross,
 Were fifty times as idle ;
For she a strict resolve had made
 And registered in private,
That either she would die a maid,
Or else be Mrs. Doctor Slade,
 If woman could contrive it,
And, though the wedding-day was set,
 Jenny was more so, rather,
Declaring, in a pretty pet,
That, howsoe'er they spread their net,
She would out-Jennyrall them yet,
 The colonel and her father.

Just at this time the Public's eyes
 Were keenly on the watch, a stir
Beginning slowly to arise
About those questions and replies,
Those wraps that unwrapped mysteries
 So rapidly at Rochester,
And Knott, already nervous grown
By lying much awake alone,
And listening, sometimes to a moan,
 And sometimes to a clatter,
Whene'er the wind at night would rouse
The gingerbread-work on his house,
Or when some hasty-tempered mouse,
Behind the plastering, made a towse
 About a family matter,
Began to wonder if his wife,
A paralytic half her life,

Which made it more surprising,
Might not to rule him from her urn,
Have taken a peripatetic turn
For want of exorcising.

This thought, once nestled in his head,
Ere long contagious grew, and spread
Infecting all his mind with dread
Until at last he lay in bed
And heard his wife, with well-known tread,
Entering the kitchen through the shed,
(Or was't his fancy, mocking ?)
Opening the pantry, cutting bread,
And then (she'd been some ten years dead,
Closets and drawers unlocking ;
Or, in his room (his breath grew thick)
He heard the long-familiar click
Of slender needles flying quick,
As if she knit a stocking ;
For whom ?—he prayed that years might flit
With pains rheumatic shooting,
Before those ghostly things she knit
Upon his unfleshed sole might fit,
He did not fancy it a bit,
To stand upon that footing ;
At other times, his frightened hairs
Above the bedclothes trusting,
He heard her, full of household cares
(No dream entrapped in supper's snares,
The foal of horrible nightmares,
But broad awake, as he declares),
Go bustling up and down the stairs,
Or setting back last evening's chairs,
Or with the poker thrusting
The raked-up sea-coal's hardened crust—
And—what ! impossible ! it must !
He knew she had returned to dust,
And yet could scarce his senses trust,

Hearing her as she poked and fussed
About the parlour, dusting !

Night after night he strove to sleep
And take his ease in spite of it ;
But still his flesh would chill and creep
And, though two night-lamps he might keep,
He could not so make light of it.
At last, quite desperate, he goes
And tells his neighbours all his woes,
Which did but their amount enhance ;
They made such mockery of his fears
That soon his days were of all jeers,
His nights of the rueful countenance.
" I thought most folks," one neighbour said,
" Gave up the ghost when they were dead,"
Another gravely shook his head,
Adding, " From all we hear, it's
Quite plain poor Knott is going mad—
For how can he at once be sad
And think he's full of spirits ? "
A third declared he knew a knife
Would cut this Knott much quicker,
" The surest way to end all strife,
And lay the spirit of a wife,
Is just to take and lick her ! "
A temperance man caught up the word,
" Ah, yes," he groaned, " I've always heard
Our poor friend somewhat slanted
Tow'rd taking liquor over-much ;
I fear these spirits may be Dutch
(A sort of gins, or something such),
With which his house is haunted ;
I see the thing as clear as light—
If Knott would give up getting tight,
Naught farther would be wanted : "
So all his neighbours stood aloof
And, that the spirits 'neath his roof

Were not entirely up to proof,
Unanimously granted.

Knott knew that cocks and sprites were foes,
And so bought up, Heaven only knows
How many, though he wanted crows
To give ghosts caws, as I suppose,
To think that day was breaking ;
Moreover what he called his park
He turned into a kind of ark
For dogs, because a little bark
Is a good tonic in the dark

If one is given to waking ;
But things went on from bad to worse,
His curs were nothing but a curse,

And, what was still more shocking,
Foul ghosts of living fowl made scoff
And would not think of going off

In spite of all his cocking.
Shanghais, Bucks counties, Dominiques,
Malays (that didn't lay for weeks),
Polanders, Bantams, Dorkings
(Waiving the cost, no trifling ill,
Since each brought in his little bill)
By day or night were never still,
But every thought of rest would kill
With cacklings and with quorkings ;
Henry the Eighth of wives got free
By a way he had of axing ;
But poor Knott's Tudor henery
Was not so fortunate, and he
Still found his trouble waxing ;
As for the dogs, the rows they made,
And how they howled, snarled, barked, and bayed,

Beyond all human knowledge is ;
All night as wide awake as gnats,
The terriers rumpused after rats,
Or, just for practice, taught their brats

To worry cast-off shoes and hats,
The bull-dogs settled private spats,
All chased imaginary cats,
Or raved behind the fence's slats
At real ones, or, from their mats,
With friends, miles off, held pleasant chats,
Or, like some folks in white cravats,
Contemptuous of sharps and flats,
 Sat up and sang dogsologies.
Meanwhile the cats set up a squall,
And safe upon the garden-wall,
 All night kept cat-a-walling,
As if the feline race were all,
In one wild cataleptic sprawl,
 Into love's tortures falling.

PART II.

SHOWING WHAT IS MEANT BY A FLOW OF SPIRITS.

At first the ghosts were somewhat shy,
Coming when none but Knott was nigh,
And people said 'twas all their eye
(Or rather his), a flam, the sly
 Digestion's machination ;
Some recommended a wet sheet,
Some a nice broth of pounded peat,
Some a cold flat-iron to the feet,
Some a decoction of lamb's bleat,
Some a southwesterly grain of wheat ;
Meat was by some pronounced unmeet,
Others thought fish most indiscreet,
And that 'twas worse than all to eat
Of vegetables, sour or sweet
(Except, perhaps, the skin of beet),
 In such a concatenation :
One quack his button gently plucks
And murmurs " Biliary ducks !"

Says Knott, "I never ate one ;"
But all, though brimming full of wrath,
Homœo, Allo, Hydropath,
Concurred in this—that t'other's path
To death's door was the straight one.
Still, spite of medical advice,
The ghosts came thicker, and a spice
Of mischief grew apparent ;
Nor did they only come at night,
But seemed to fancy broad daylight,
Till Knott, in horror and affright,
His unoffending hair rent ;
Whene'er with handkerchief on lap,
He made his elbow-chair a trap,
To catch an after-dinner nap,
The spirits always on the tap,
Would make a sudden *rap, rap, rap*,
The half-spun cord of sleep to snap,
(And what is life without its nap
But threadbareness and mere mishap ?)
As 'twere with a percussion cap
The trouble's climax capping ;
It seemed a party dried and grim
Of mummies had come to visit him,
Each getting off from every limb
Its multitudinous wrapping ;
Scratchings sometimes the walls ran round,
The merest penny-weights of sound ;
Sometimes 'twas only by the pound
They carried on their dealing,
A thumping 'neath the parlour floor,
Thump-bump-thump-bumping o'er and o'er,
As if the vegetables in store
(Quiet and orderly before)
Were altogether peeling ;
You would have thought the thing was done
By the spirit of some son of a gun,
And that a forty-two pounder,

Or that the ghost which made such sounds
Could be none other than John Pounds,
Of Ragged Schools the founder.

Through three gradations of affright,
The awful noises reached their height ;
At first they knocked nocturnally,
Then, for some reason, changing quite
(As mourners after six months' flight,
Turn suddenly from dark to light),
Began to knock diurnally,
And last, combining all their stocks
(Scotland was ne'er so full of Knox)
Into one Chaos (father of Nox),
Nocte pluit—they showered knocks,
And knocked, knocked, knocked eternally ;
Ever upon the go, like buoys
(Wooden sea-urchins), all Knott's joys
They turned to troubles and a noise
That preyed on him internally.

Soon they grew wider in their scope,
Whenever Knott a door would ope,
It would ope not, or else elope
And fly back (curbless as a trope
Once started down a stanza's slope
By a bard that gave it too much rope)
Like a clap of thunder slamming ;
And when kind Jenny brought his hat
(She always, when he walked, did that),
Just as upon his head it sat,
Submitting to his settling pat—
Some unseen hand would jam it flat,
Or give it such a furious bat
That eyes and nose went cramming
Up out of sight, and consequently
As when in life it paddled free,
His beaver caused much damning ;

If these things seem o'erstrained to be,
 Read the account of Doctor Dee,
 'Tis in our college library ;
 Read Wesley's circumstantial plea,
 And Mrs. Crowe, more like a bee,
 Sucking the nightshade's honeyed fee,
 And Stilling's Pneumatology ;
 Consult Scott, Glanvil, grave Wie-
 rus, and both Mathers ; further, see
 Webster, Casaubon, James First's trea-
 tise, a right royal Q. E. D.

Writ with the moon in perigee,
 Bodin de Demonomanie—
 (Accent that last line gingerly)
 All full of learning as the sea
 Of fishes, and all disagree,
 Save in *Sathanas apage* !
 Or, what will surely put a flea
 In unbelieving ears—with glee
 Out of a paper (sent to me
 By some friend who forgot to P...
 A...Y...,—I use cryptography
 Lest I his vengeful pen should dree—
 His P...O...S...T...A...G...E...)

Things to the same effect I cut,
 About the tantrums of a ghost,
 Not more than three weeks since, at most,

Near Stratford, in Connecticut.
 Knott's Upas daily spread its roots,
 Sent up on all sides livelier shoots,
 And bore more pestilential fruits ;
 The ghosts behaved like downright brutes,
 They snipped holes in his Sunday suits,
 Practised all night on octave flutes,
 Put peas (not peace) into his boots,
 Whereof grew corns in season,
 They scotched his sheets, and, what was worse,
 Stuck his silk night-cap full of burs,

Till he, in language plain and terse
(But much unlike a Bible-verse),
Swore he should lose his reason.

The tables took to spinning, too,
Perpetual yarns, and arm-chairs grew
To prophets and apostles ;
One footstool vowed that only he
Of law and gospel held the key,
That teachers of whate'er degree
To whom opinion bows the knee
Weren't fit to teach Truth's a.b.c.
And were (the whole lot) to a T
Mere fogies all and fossils ;
A teapoy, late the property
Of Knox's Aunt Keziah
(Whom Jenny most irreverently
Had nicknamed her aunt-tipathy),
With tips emphatic claimed to be
The prophet Jeremiah ;
The tins upon the kitchen-wall,
Turned tinnabulators all,
And things that used to come at call
For simple household services,
Began to hop and whirl and prance,
Fit to put out of countenance
The *Commis* and *Grisettes* of France
Or Turkey's dancing Dervises.

Of course such doings, far and wide,
With rumours filled the country-side,
And (as it is our nation's pride
To think a Truth not verified
Till with majorities allied)
Parties sprung up, affirmed, denied,
And candidates with questions plied,
Who, like the circus-riders, tried

At once both hobbies to bestride,
 And each with his opponent vied
 In being inexplicit.
 Earnest inquirers multiplied ;
 Folks, whose tenth cousins lately died,
 Wrote letters long, and Knott replied ;
 All who could either walk or ride,
 Gathered to wonder or deride,
 And paid the house a visit ;
 Horses were at his pine-trees tied ;
 Mourners in every corner sighed,
 Widows brought children there that cried,
 Swarms of lean Seekers, eager-eyed
 (People Knott never could abide),
 Into each hole and cranny pried
 With strings of questions cut and dried
 From the Devout Inquirer's Guide,
 For the wise spirits to decide—
 As, for example, is it
 True that the damned are fried or boiled ?
 Was the Earth's axis greased or oiled ?
 Who cleaned the moon when it was soiled ?
 How baldness might be cured or foiled ?

How heal diseased potatoes ?
 Did spirits have the sense of smell ?
 Where would departed spinsters dwell ?
 If the late Zenas Smith were well ?
 If earth were solid or a shell ?
 Were spirits fond of Doctor Fell ?
Did the bull toll Cock-Robin's knell ?
 What remedy would bugs expel ?
 If Paine's invention were a sell ?
 Did spirits by Webster's system spell ?
 Was it a sin to be a belle ?
 Did dancing sentence folks to hell ?
 If so, then where most torture fell—
 On little toes or great toes ?

If life's true seat were in the brain ?
 Did Ensign mean to marry Jane ?
 By whom, in fact, was Morgan slain ?
 Could matter ever suffer pain ?
 What would take out a cherry-stain ?
 Who picked the pocket of Seth Crane,
 Of Waldo precinct, State of Maine ?
 Was Sir John Franklin sought in vain ?
 Did primitive Christians ever train ?
 What was the family-name of Cain ?
 Them spoons, were they by Betty ta'en ?
 Would earth-worm poultice cure a sprain ?
 Was Socrates so dreadful plain ?
 What teamster guided Charles's wain ?
 Was Uncle Ethan mad or sane,
 And could his will in force remain ?
 If not, what counsel to retain ?
 Did Le Sage steal Gil Blas from Spain ?
 Was Junius writ by Thomas Paine ?
 Were ducks discomfited by rain ?
How did Britannia rule the main ?
 Was Jonas coming back again ?
 Was vital truth upon the wane ?
 Did ghosts, to scare folks, drag a chain ?
 Who was our Huldah's chosen swain ?
 Did none have teeth pulled without payin',
 Ere ether was invented ?
 Whether mankind would not agree,
 If the Universe were tuned in C ?
 What was it ailed Lucindy's knee ?
 Whether folks eat folks in Feejee ?
 Whether *his* name would end with T ?
 If Saturn's rings were two or three ?
 And what bump in Phrenology
 They truly represented ?
 These problems dark, wherein they groped
 Wherewith man's reason vainly coped,
 Now that the spirit-world was oped,

In all humility they hoped
 Would be resolved *instantly* ;
 Each of the miscellaneous rout
 Brought his, or her, own little doubt,
 And wished to pump the spirits out,
 Through his, or her, own private spout,
 Into his, or her, decanter.

PART III.

WHEREIN IT IS SHOWN THAT THE MOST ARDENT SPIRITS ARE
 MORE ORNAMENTAL THAN USEFUL.

Many a speculating wight
 Came by express-trains, day and night,
 To see if Knott would "sell his right,"
 Meaning to make the ghosts a sight—
 What they called a "meenaygerie ;"
 One threatened, if he would not "trade,"
 His run of custom to invade
 (He could not these sharp folks persuade
 That he was not, in some way, paid),
 And stamp him as a plagiarist,
 By coming down, at one fell swoop,
 With THE ORIGINAL KNOCKING TROUPE
 Come recently from Hades,
 Who (for a quarter-dollar heard)
 Would ne'er rap out a hasty word
 Whence any blame might be incurred
 From the most fastidious ladies ;
 The late lamented Jesse Soule
 To stir the ghosts up with a pole
 And be director of the whole,
 Who was engaged the rather
 For the rare merits he'd combine
 Having been in the spirit line,

Which trade he only did resign
With general applause, to shine,
Awful in mail of cotton fine,
As ghost of Hamlet's father !
Another a fair plan reveals
Never yet hit on, which, he feels,
To Knott's religious sense appeals—
"We'll have your house set up on wheels
A speculation pious ;
For music, we can shortly find
A barrel-organ that will grind
Psalm tunes—an instrument designed
For the New England tour—refined
From secular drosses, and inclined
To an unworldly turn (combined
With no sectarian bias) ;
Then, travelling by stages slow,
Under the style of Knott & Co.,
I would accompany the show
As moral lecturer, the foe
Of Rationalism ; you could throw
The rappings in, and make them go
Strict Puritan principles, you know
(How *do* you make 'em ? with your toe ?),
And the receipts which thence might flow,
We could divide between us ;
Still more attractions to combine,
Beside these services of mine,
I will throw in a very fine
(It would do nicely for a sign)
Original Titian's Venus."
Another offered handsome fees
If Knott would get Demosthenes
(Nay, his mere knuckles, for more ease),
To rap a few short sentences ;
Or if, for want of proper keys,
His Greek might make confusion,
Then just to get a rap from Burke,

To recommend a little work
On Public Elocution.

Meanwhile, the spirits made replies
To all the reverent *whats* and *whys*,
Resolving doubts of every size,
And giving seekers grave and wise,
Who came to know their destinies,
A rap-turous reception ;
When unbelievers void of grace
Came to investigate the place
(Creatures of Sadducistic race,
With grovelling intellects and base),
They could not find the slightest trace
To indicate deception ;
Indeed, it is declared by some
That spirits (of this sort) are glum,
Almost, or wholly, deaf and dumb,
And (out of self-respect) quite mum
To sceptic natures cold and numb,
Who of *this* kind of Kingdom Come
Have not a just conception ;
True, there were people who demurred
That, though the raps no doubt were heard
Both under them and o'er them,
Yet, somehow, when a search they made,
They found Miss Jenny sore afraid,
Or Jenny's lover, Dr. Slade,
Equally awe-struck and dismayed,
Or Deborah, the chamber-maid,
Whose terrors, not to be gainsaid,
In laughs hysteric were displayed,
Was always there before them ;
This had its due effect with some
Who straight departed, muttering Hum !
Transparent hoax ! and Gammon !
But these were few : believing souls
Came, day by day, in larger shoals,

As the ancients to the windy holes
'Neath Delphi's tripod brought their doles,
Or to the shrine of Ammon.

The spirits seemed exceeding tame,
Call whom you fancied, and he came ;
The shades august of eldest fame

You summoned with an awful ease ;
As grosser spirits gurgled out
From chair and table with a spout,
In Auerbach's cellar once, to flout
The senses of the rabble rout,
Where'er the gimlet twirled about

Of cunning Mephistopheles—
So did these spirits seem in store,
Behind the wainscot or the door,
Ready to thrill the being's core
Of every enterprising bore

With their astounding glamour ;
Whatever ghost one wished to hear,
By strange coincidence, was near
To make the past or future clear

(Sometimes in shocking grammar),
By raps and taps, now there, now here—
It seemed as if the spirit queer
Of some departed auctioneer
Were doomed to practise by the year

With the spirit of his hammer ;
Whate'er you asked was answered, yet
One could not very deeply get
Into the obliging spirits' debt,
Because they used the alphabet

In all communications,
And new revealings (though sublime)
Rapped out, one letter at a time,

With boggles, hesitations,
Stoppings, beginnings o'er again,
And getting matters into train,

Could hardly overload the brain
 With too excessive rations,
 Since just to ask *if two and two*
Really make four ? or How d'ye do ?
 And get the fit replies thereto
 In the tramundane rat-tat-too,
 Might ask a whole day's patience.

'Twas strange ('mongst other things) to find
 In what odd sets the ghosts combined,
 Happy forthwith to thump any
 Piece of intelligence inspired,
 The truth whereof had been inquired
 By some one of the company ;
 For instance, Fielding, Mirabeau,
 Orator Henley, Cicero,
 Paley, John Zisca, Marivaux,
 Melancthon, Robertson, Junot,
 Scaliger, Chesterfield, Rousseau,
 Hakluyt, Boccaccio, South, De Foe,
 Diaz, Josephus, Richard Roe,
 Odin, Arminius, Charles *le gros*,
 Tiresias, the late James Crow,
 Casabianca, Grose, Prideaux,
 Old Grimes, Young Norval, Swift, Brissot,
 Maimonides, the Chevalier D'O,
 Socrates, Fenelon, Job, Stow,
 The inventor of *Elixir pro*,
 Euripides, Spinoza, Poe,
 Confucius, Hiram Smith, and Fo,
 Came (as it seemed, somewhat *de trop*)
 With a disembodied Esquimaux,
 To say that it was so and so,
 With Franklin's expedition ;
 One testified to ice and snow,
 One that the mercury was low,
 One that his progress was quite slow,
 One that he much desired to go,

One that the cook had frozen his toe
(Dissented from by Dandolo,
Wordsworth, Cynaegirus, Boileau,
La Hontan, and Sir Thomas Roe),
One saw twelve white bears in a row,
One saw eleven and a crow,
With other things we could not know
(Of great statistic value, though)
By our mere mortal vision.

Sometimes the spirits made mistakes,
And seemed to play at ducks and drakes
With bold inquiry's heaviest stakes

In science or in mystery ;
They knew so little (and that wrong),
Yet rapped it out so bold and strong,
One would have said the entire throng

Had been Professors of History ;
What made it odder was, that those
Who, you would naturally suppose,
Could solve a question, if they chose,
As easily as count their toes,

Were just the ones that blundered ;
One day, Ulysses happening down,
A reader of Sir Thomas Browne

And who (with him) had wondered
What song it was the Sirens sang,
Asked the shrewd Ithacan—*bang ! bang !*
With this response the chamber rang,

“I guess it was Old Hundred.”
And Franklin, being asked to name
The reason why the lightning came,
Replied, “Because it thundered.”

On one sole point the ghosts agreed,
One fearful point, than which, indeed,
Nothing could seem absurder ;

Poor Colonel Jones they all abused,
And finally downright accused
The poor old man of murder ;
'Twas thus ; by dreadful raps was shown
Some spirit's longing to make known
A bloody fact, which he alone
Was privy to (such ghosts more prone
In Earth's affairs to meddle are) ;
Who are you ? with awe-stricken looks,
All ask : his airy knuckles he crooks,
And raps, " I *was* Eliab Snooks,
That used to be a peddler ;
Some on ye still are on my books ! "
Whereat, to inconspicuous looks
(More fearing this than common spooks),
Shrank each indebted meddler ;
Further the vengeful ghost declared
That while his earthly life was spared,
About the country he had fared,
A duly licensed follower
Of that much-wandering trade that wins
Slow profit from the sale of tins
And various kinds of hollow-ware ;
That Colonel Jones enticed him in,
Pretending that he wanted tin,
There slew him with a rolling-pin,
Hid him in a potato-bin,
And (the same night) him ferried
Across Great Pond to t'other shore,
And there, on land of Widow Moore,
Just where you turn to Larkin's store,
Under a rock him buried ;
Some friends (who happened to be by)
He called upon to testify
That what he said was not a lie,
And that he did not stir this
Foul matter, out of any spite
But from a simple love of right ;—

Which statements the Nine Worthies,
Rabbi Akiba, Charlemagne,
Seth, Colley Cibber, General Wayne,
Cambyses, Tasso, Tubal-Cain,
The owner of a castle in Spain,
Jehanghire, and the Widow of Nain
(The friends aforesaid), made more plain

And by loud raps attested ;
To the same purport testified
Plato, John Wilkes, and Colonel Pride,
Who knew said Snooks, before he died,
Had in his wares invested,
Thought him entitled to belief,
And freely could concur, in brief,
In every thing the rest did.

Eliab this occasion seized
(Distinctly here the spirit sneezed)
To say that he should ne'er be eased
Till Jenny married whom she pleased,
Free from all checks and urgin's
(This spirit dropt his final g's),
And that, unless Knott quickly sees
This done, the spirits to appease,
They would come back his life to tease,
As thick as mites in ancient cheese,
And let his house on an endless lease
To the ghosts (terrific rappers these
And veritable Eumenides)

Of the Eleven Thousand Virgins !
Knott was perplexed, and shook his head,
He did not wish his child to wed

With a suspected murderer
(For, true or false, the rumour spread),
But as for this roiled life he led,
"It would not answer," so he said,
"To have it go no furdurer."

At last, scarce knowing what it meant,
Reluctantly he gave consent
That Jenny, since 'twas evident
That she *would* follow her own bent,
Should make her own election ;
For that appeared the only way
These frightful noises to allay
Which had already turned him grey
And plunged him in dejection.

Accordingly, this artless maid
Her father's ordinance obeyed,
And, all in whitest crape arrayed
(Miss Pulsifer the dresses made,
And wishes here the fact displayed
That she still carries on the trade,
The third door south from Bagg's Arcade),
A very faint "I do" essayed
And gave her hand to Hiram Slade,
From which time forth the ghosts were laid,
And ne'er gave trouble after ;
But the Selectmen, be it known,
Dug underneath the aforesaid stone
Where the poor peddler's corpse was thrown,
And found thereunder a jaw-bone,
Though when the crowner sat thereon,
He nothing hatched, except alone
Successive broods of laughter ;
It was a frail and dingy thing,
In which a grinder or two did cling,
In colour like molasses,
Which surgeons called from far and wide,
Upon the horror to decide,
Having put on their glasses,
Reported thus—"To judge by looks
These bones, by some queer hooks or crooks
May have belonged to Mr. Snooks,
But, as men deepest-read in books

Are perfectly aware, bones,
If buried fifty years or so,
Lose their identity and grow
From human bones to bare bones."

Still, if to Jaalam you go down,
You 'll find two parties in the town,
One headed by Benaiah Brown,
And one by Perez Tinkham ;
The first believe the ghosts all through
And vow that they shall never rue
The happy chance by which they knew
That people in Jupiter are blue,
And very fond of Irish stew,
Two curious facts which Prince Lee Boo
Rapped clearly to a chosen few—

Whereas the others think 'em
A trick got up by Doctor Slade
With Deborah the chamber-maid,
And that sly cretur Jenny,
That all the revelations wise,
At which the Brownites made big eyes,
Might have been given by Jared Keyes,
A natural fool and ninny,
And, last week, didn't Eliab Snooks
Come back with never better looks
As sharp as new-bought mackerel hooks
And bright as a new pin, eh ?
Good Parson Wilbur, too, avers
(Though to be mixed in parish stirs
Is worse than handling chestnut-burs)
That no case to his mind occurs
Where spirits ever did converse
Save in a kind of guttural Erse
(So say the best authorities) ;
And that a charge by raps conveyed,
Should be most scrupulously weighed
And searched into, before it is

Made public, since it may give pain
That cannot soon be cured again,
And one word may infix a stain
Which ten cannot gloss over,
Though speaking for his private part
He is rejoiced with all his heart
Miss Knott missed not her lover.

CORN COBS.

Going tew law, iz like skinning a new milch cow for the hide, and giving the meat tew the lawyers.

Death, tew most ov us, iz a kind ov "farewell benefit,"—"positively our last appearance."

Phools are quite often like hornets, very bizzy, but about what, the Lord only knows.

Living on Hope, iz like living on wind, a good way tew git phull, but a poor way tew git phatt.

Jealousy don't pay, the best it kan do, iz tew diskover what we don't want tew find, nor don't expekt to.

Sekrets are a mortgage on friendships.

I don't think a bad man iz az dandgerous az a weak one—I don't think that a bile that haz cum tew a hed, iz az risky as a hidden one, that may cum tew a dozzen heds.

A vivid imaganashun iz like sum glasses, makes things at a distance look twice az big az they am, and cluss to, twice as small az they am.

Hope iz a draft on futurity, sumtimes honored, but generally extended.

If the world dispizes a hypokrit, what must they think ov him in Heaven.

Flattery iz like Colone water, tew be smelt ov, not swallowed.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Mark Twain.

"PUNCH, BROTHERS, PUNCH."

WILL the reader please to cast his eye over the following verses, and see if he can discover anything harmful in them?

"Conductor, when you receive a fare,
Punch in the presence of the passenjare.
A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A pink trip slip for a three-cent fare ;
Punch in the presence of the passenjare !

CHORUS.

Punch, brothers ! punch with care !
Punch in the presence of the passenjare !"

I came across these jingling rhymes in a newspaper a little while ago, and read them a couple of times. They took instant and entire possession of me. All through breakfast they went waltzing through my brain ; and when, at last, I rolled up my napkin, I could not tell whether I had eaten anything or not. I had carefully laid out my day's work the day before—a thrilling tragedy in the novel which I am writing. I went to my den to begin my deed of blood. I took up my pen, but all I could get it to say was, "Punch in the presence of the passenjare." I fought hard for an hour, but it was useless. My head kept humming, "A blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare," and so on and so on, without peace or respite. The day's work was ruined—I could see that plainly enough. I gave up, and drifted down town, and presently discovered that my feet were keeping time to that relentless jingle. When I could stand it no longer I altered my step. But it did no good ; those rhymes accommodated themselves to the new step, and went on harassing me just as before. I returned home, and suffered all the afternoon ; suffered all through an unconscious and unrefreshing dinner ; suffered, and cried, and jingled all through the evening ;

went to bed, and rolled, tossed, and jingled right along, the same as ever ; got up at midnight, frantic, and tried to read ; but there was nothing visible upon the whirling page except "Punch ! punch in the presence of the passenjare." By sunrise I was out of my mind, and everybody marvelled and was distressed at the idiotic burden of my ravings—"Punch ! oh, punch ! punch in the presence of the passenjare !"

Two days later, on Saturday morning, I arose, a tottering wreck, and went forth to fulfil an engagement with a valued friend, the Rev. Mr. —, to walk to the Talcott Tower, ten miles distant. He stared at me, but asked no questions. We started. Mr. — talked, talked, talked—as is his wont. I said nothing ; I heard nothing. At the end of a mile, Mr. — said—

"Mark, are you sick ? I never saw a man look so haggard and worn and absent-minded. Say something ; do !"

Drearily, without enthusiasm, I said : "Punch, brothers, punch with care ! Punch in the presence of the passenjare !"

My friend eyed me blankly, looked perplexed, then said—

"I do not think I get your drift, Mark. There does not seem to be any relevancy in what you have said, certainly nothing sad ; and yet—may-be it was the way you *said* the words—I never heard anything that sounded so pathetic. What is——"

But I heard no more. I was already far away with my pitiless, heart-breaking "blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, pink trip slip for a three-cent fare ; punch in the presence of the passenjare." I do not know what occurred during the other nine miles. However, all of a sudden Mr. — laid his hand on my shoulder, and shouted—

"Oh, wake up ! wake up ! wake up ! Don't sleep all day ! Here we are at the Tower, man ! I have talked myself deaf and dumb and blind, and never got a response. Just look at this magnificent autumn landscape ! Look at it ! look at it ! Feast your eyes on it ! You have travelled ; you have seen boasted landscapes elsewhere. Come, now, deliver an honest opinion. What do you say to this ?"

I sighed wearily, and murmured—

"A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare ; punch in the presence of the passenjare."

Rev. Mr. — stood there, very grave, full of concern, apparently, and looked long at me ; then he said—

"Mark, there is something about this that I cannot understand. Those are about the same words you said before ; there does not seem to be anything in them, and yet they nearly break my heart when you say them. Punch in the—how is it they go?"

I began at the beginning, and repeated all the lines. My friend's face lighted with interest. He said—

"Why, what a captivating jingle it is ! It is almost music. It flows along so nicely ! I have nearly caught the rhymes myself. Say them over just once more, and then I'll have them, sure."

I said them over. Then Mr. — said them. He made one little mistake, which I corrected. The next time, and the next time, he got them right. Now a great burden seemed to tumble from my shoulders. That torturing jingle departed out of my brain, and a grateful sense of rest and peace descended upon me. I was light-hearted enough to sing ; and I did sing for half an hour, straight along, as we went jogging homeward. Then my freed tongue blessed speech again, and the pent talk of many a weary hour began to gush and flow. It flowed on and on, joyously, jubilantly, until the fountain was empty and dry. As I wrung my friend's hand at parting, I said—

"Haven't we had a royal good time ! But now I remember, you haven't said a word for two hours. Come, come, out with something !"

The Rev. Mr. — turned a lack-lustre eye upon me, drew a deep sigh, and said, without animation, without apparent consciousness—

"Punch, brothers, punch with care ! Punch in the presence of the *passenjare* !"

A pang shot through me as I said to myself, "Poor fellow, poor fellow ! *he* has got it now."

I did not see Mr. — for two or three days after that. Then, on Tuesday evening, he staggered into my presence, and sank dejectedly into a seat. He was pale, worn ; he was a wreck. He lifted his faded eyes to my face, and said—

"Ah, Mark, it was a ruinous investment that I made in those heartless rhymes. They have ridden me like a nightmare, day and

night, hour after hour, to this very moment. Since I saw you I have suffered the torments of the lost. Saturday evening I had a sudden call, by telegraph, and took the night train for Boston. The occasion was the death of a valued old friend, who had requested that I should preach his funeral sermon. I took my seat in the cars, and set myself to framing the discourse. But I never got beyond the opening paragraph; for then the train started and the car-wheels began their "clack, clack—clack-clack-clack! clack, clack—clack-clack-clack!" and right away those odious rhymes fitted themselves to that accompaniment. For an hour I sat there, and set a syllable of those rhymes to every separate and distinct clack the car-wheels made. Why, I was as fagged out, then, as if I had been chopping wood all day! My skull was splitting with headache. It seemed to me that I must go mad if I sat there any longer; so I undressed and went to bed. I stretched myself out in my berth, and—well, you know what the result was. The thing went right along, just the same. 'Clack-clack-clack, a blue trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for an eight-cent fare; clack-clack-clack, a buff trip slip, clack-clack-clack, for a six-cent fare, and so on, and so on, and so on—*punch*, in the presence of the passenjare!' Sleep? Not a single wink! I was almost a lunatic when I got to Boston. Don't ask me about the funeral. I did the best I could, but every solemn individual sentence was meshed and tangled and woven in and out with 'Punch, brothers, punch with care, punch in the presence of the passenjare.' And the most distressing thing was that my *delivery* dropped into the undulating rhythm of those pulsing rhymes, and I could actually catch absent-minded people nodding *time* to the swing of it with their stupid heads. And, Mark, you may believe it or not, but before I got through, the entire assemblage were placidly bobbing their heads in solemn unison, mourners, undertaker, and all. The moment I had finished, I fled to the ante-room in a state bordering on frenzy. Of course it would be my luck to find a sorrowing and aged maiden aunt of the deceased there, who had arrived from Springfield too late to get into the church. She began to sob, and said—

"'Oh, oh, he is gone, he is gone, and I didn't see him before he died!'

"'Yes!' I said, 'he *is* gone, he *is* gone, he *is* gone—on, *wil* this suffering never cease!'

"'You loved him, then! Oh, you, too, loved him!'

"'Loved him! Loved *who*?'

"'Why, my poor George! my poor nephew!'

"'Oh—*him*! Yes—oh, yes, yes. Certainly—certainly. Punch—punch—oh, this misery will kill me!'

"'Bless you! bless you, sir, for these sweet words! *I*, too, suffer in this dear loss. Were you present during his last moments?'

"'Yes! I—*whose* last moments?'

"'His. The dear departed's.'

"'Yes! Oh, yes—yes—*yes*! I suppose so, I think so, *I* don't know. Oh, certainly—I was there—I was there!'

"'Oh, what a privilege! what a precious privilege! And his last words—oh, tell me, tell me his last words! What did he say?'

"'He said—he said—oh, my head, my head, my head! He said—he said—he never said *anything* but Punch, punch, *punch* in the presence of the passenjare! Oh, leave me, madam! In the name of all that is generous, leave me to my madness, my misery, my despair!—a buff trip slip for a six-cent fare, a pink trip slip for a three-cent fare—endurance *can* no fur-ther go!—PUNCH in the presence of the passenjare!'

My friend's hopeless eyes rested upon mine a pregnant minute, and then he said, impressively—

"Mark, you do not say anything. You do not offer me any hope. But, ah me, it is just as well—it is just as well. You could not do me any good. The time has long gone by when words could comfort me. Something tells me that my tongue is doomed to wag for ever to the jigger of that remorseless jingle. There—there it is coming on me again: a blue trip slip for an eight-cent fare, a buff trip slip for a ——"

Thus murmuring fainter and fainter, my friend sank into a peaceful trance and forgot his sufferings in a blessed respite.

Why did I write this article? It was for a worthy, even a noble purpose. It was to warn you, reader, if you should come across those merciless rhymes, to avoid them—avoid them as you would a pestilence!

Josh Billings.

SOLLUM THOUGHTS.

THE *fear* ov God iz the philosophy ov religion ; the *love* ov God iz the charity of religion.

Hope iz a hen that lays more eggs than she kan hatch out.

Better leave yure child virtew than money ; but this iz a sekret known only to a few.

I honestly beleave it iz better tew know nothing than tew know what ain't so.

About the hardest work a phellow kan do iz tew spark two galls at once, and preserve a good average.

Prudery iz one ov virtews bastards.

A nickname will outlive enny man or thing ; it iz like the crook in a dogg's taile, you may cut it oph, and throw it behind the barn, but the crook iz thare yet, and the stump iz the epitaph.

If yu analize what most men kall plezzure, yu will find it com-pozed ov one part humbugg, and two parts pain.

When yu haint got nothing tew do, do it at once ; this iz the way to learn to be bizzy.

We hav bin told that the best way to overkum misfortunes iz tew fight with them—I have tried both ways, and recommend a successful dodge.

The art ov becomeing ov importance in the eyes ov others, iz not tew overrate ourself, but tew cauze them tew do it.

The true way to understand the judgments ov heaven is to submit to them.

Method iz everything, espeshily tew ordinary men ; the few men who kan lift a ton, at plessure, hav a divine right tew take holt ov it tew a disadvantage.

The mind ov man iz like a piece ov land that, tew be useful, must be manured with learning, ploughed with energy, sown with virtew, and harvested with ekonemy.

Whare religion iz a trade, morality iz a merchandize.

Conversashun should be enlivened with wit, not compozed ov it.

LOBSTIR SALLAD.

A SLANDER iz like a hornet, if yu kant kill it dead the fust blo, yu better not strike at it.

Politeness iz a shrewd way folks haz ov flattering themselves.

I make this distinkshun between *charakter* and *reputashun*—reputashun iz what the world *thinks* ov us, karakter iz what the world *knows* ov us.

What a ridikilus farce it iz to be continually on the hunt for peace and quiet.

No man ever yet increased hiz reputashun bi contradikting lies.

Anxiety alwus steps on itself.

Silence, like darkness, iz generally safe.

Thare iz only two things that i kno ov that a man wont brag ov, one iz lieing, and tuther iz jealousy.

It takes branes tew make a *smart* man, but good luck often makes a *famous* one.

The less a man knows, the more he will guess at ; and guessing iz nothing more than suspicion.

After all there don't seem tew be but this diffrence between the wize men and the phools ; the wize men are all fuss and sum feathers, while the phools are all fuss and no feathers.

Opinyuns are like other vegetables, worth just what they will fetch.

I think most men had rather be charged with malice than with making a blunder.

Love cuts up all sorts ov monkey shines, it makes a fool sober and a wise man frisky.

I don't beleave in total depravity, every man haz sumthing in him to show that God made him.

I suppoze that one reazon whi the "road to ruin" iz broad, iz tew accomadate the grate amount ov travel in that direkshun.

I think i had rather hear a man brag about himself, than tew hear him brag all the time ov some one else—for i think i like vanity a leetle better than i do sickofansy.

Bret Harte.

HER LETTER.

I'M sitting alone by the fire,
Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire,—
It cost a cool thousand in France ;
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
My hair is done up in a cue :
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken ;
I left in the midst of a set ;
Likewise a proposal, half spoken,
That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich,—when he grows up —
And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
Three thousand miles off as you read.

"And how do I like my position ?"
"And what do I think of New York ?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk ?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
And diamonds, and silks, and all that ?"
"And aren't it a change to the ditches
And tunnels of Poverty Flat ?"

Well, yes,—if you saw us out driving
Each day in the park, four-in-hand,—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
To look supernaturally grand,—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
By Brady, and tinted at that,—

You 'd never suspect he sold bacon
And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
In the glare of the grand chandelier,—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
The “finest *soirée* of the year,”—
In the mists of a *gaze de Chambéry*,
And the hum of the smallest of talk,—
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the “Ferry,”
And the dance that we had on “The Fork ;”

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
Of flags festooned over the wall ;
Of the candles that shed their soft lustre
And tallow on head-dress and shawl ;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle ;
Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis* ;
And how I once went down the middle
With the man that shot Sandy McGee ;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
On the hill, when the time came to go,
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
From under their bedclothes of snow ;
Of that ride,—that to me was the rarest ;
Of—the something you said at the gate :
Ah, Joe ! then I wasn't an heiress
To “the best-paying lead in the State.”

Well, well, it's all past ; yet it's funny
To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
That I should be thinking, right there,
Of some one who breasted high water,
And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter.
The Lily of Poverty Flat ?

But goodness ! what nonsense I'm writing !
 (Mamma says my taste still is low,)
 Instead of my triumphs reciting,
 I'm spooning on Joseph,—heigh-ho !
 And I'm to be " finished " by travel,—
 Whatever's the meaning of that,—
 Oh ! why did papa strike pay gravel
 In drifting on Poverty Flat ?

Good-night,—here 's the end of my paper ;
 Good-night,—if the longitude please—
 For may-be, while wasting my taper,
 Your sun 's climbing over the trees.
 But know, if you haven't got riches,
 And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
 That my heart 's somewhere there in the ditches,
 And you've struck it,—on Poverty Flat.

HIS ANSWER TO " HER LETTER."

REPORTED BY TRUTHFUL JAMES.

BEING asked by an intimate party,—
 Which the same I would term as a friend,—
 Which his health it were vain to call hearty,
 Since the mind to deceit it might lend ;
 For his arm it was broken quite recent,
 And has something gone wrong with his lung,—
 Which it is why it is proper and decent
 I should write what he runs off his tongue :

First, he says, Miss, he's read through your letter
 To the end,—and the end came too soon ;
 That a slight illness kept him your debtor
 (Which for weeks he was wild as a loon) ;
 That his spirits are buoyant as yours is ;
 That with you, Miss, he challenges Fate

(Which the language that invalid uses
At times it were vain to relate).

And he says that the mountains are fairer,
For once being held in your thought ;
That each rock holds a wealth that is rarer
Than ever by gold-seeker sought
(Which are words he would put in these pages,
By a party not given to guile ;
Which the same not, at date, paying wages,
Might produce in the sinful a smile).

He remembers the ball at the Ferry,
And the ride, and the gate, and the vow,
And the rose that you gave him,—that very
Same rose he is treasuring now
(Which his blanket he's kicked on his trunk, Miss,
And insists on his legs being free ;
And his language to me from his bunk, Miss,
Is frequent and painful and free) ;

He hopes you are wearing no willows,
But are happy and gay all the while ;
That he knows (which this dodging of pillows
Imparts but small ease to the style,
And the same you will pardon),—he knows, Miss,
That though parted by many a mile,
Yet were he lying under the snows, Miss,
They'd melt into tears at your smile.

And you'll still think of him in your pleasures,
In your brief twilight dreams of the past ;
In this green laurel-spray that he treasures,
It was plucked where your parting was last ;
In this specimen,—but a small trifle,—
It will do for a pin for your shawl
(Which the truth not to wickedly stifle
Was his last week's "clean up,"—and *his all*)

He's asleep, which the same might seem strange, Miss,
 Were it not that I scorn to deny
 That I raised his last dose, for a change, Miss,
 In view that his fever was high ;
 But he lies there quite peaceful and pensive.
 And now, my respects, Miss, to you ;
 Which my language, although comprehensive,
 Might seem to be freedom,—it's true.

Which I have a small favour to ask you,
 As concerns a bull-pup, which the same,—
 If the duty would not overtask you,—
 You would please to procure for me, *game* ;
 And send per express to the Flat, Miss,
 Which they say York is famed for the breed,
 Which though words of deceit may be that, Miss,
 I'll trust to your taste, Miss, indeed.

P.S.—Which this same interfering
 Into other folk's way I despise ;
 Yet if it so be I was hearing
 That it's just empty pockets as lies
 Betwixt you and Joseph, it follers,
 That, having no family claims,
 Here's my pile ; which it's six hundred dollars,
 As is yours, with respects,

TRUTHFUL JAMES.

A HUMBUG iz like a bladder, good for nothing till it is blowed up, and then ain't good for nothing after 'it iz pricked.

A bigg noze iz sed tew be a sighn ov genius—if a man's genius lays in hiz noze, i should say the sign waz a good one.

Vanity iz seldom malishous.

A woman (like an echo), will hav the last word.

When a man is squandering hiz estate, even those who are getting it call him a phool.

Men mourn for what they hav lost—wimmin for what they hain't got.

JOSH BILLINGS.

John Godfrey Saxe.

THE GHOST-PLAYER.

A BALLAD.

TOM GOODWIN was an actor man,
Old Drury's pride and boast
In all the light and sprite-ly parts,
Especially the Ghost.

Now Tom was very fond of drink,
Of almost every sort,
Comparative and positive,
From porter up to port.

But grog, like grief, is fatal stuff
For any man to sup ;
For, when it fails to pull him down,
It's sure to blow him up.

And so it fared with ghostly Tom,
Who day by day was seen
A-swelling, till (as lawyers say)
He fairly lost his lean.

At length the manager observed
He'd better leave his post,
And said, he played the very deuce
Whene'er he played the Ghost.

'Twas only 'tother night he saw
A fellow swing his hat,
And heard him cry, "By all the gods !
The Ghost is getting fat !"

'Twould never do, the case was plain ;
His eyes he couldn't shut ;
Ghosts shouldn't make the people laugh,
And Tom was quite a butt.

Tom's actor friends said ne'er a word
To cheer his drooping heart ;
Though more than one was burning up
With zeal to "take his part."

Tom argued very plausibly ;
He said he didn't doubt
That Hamlet's father drank, and grew,
In years, a little stout.

And so, 'twas natural, he said,
And quite a proper plan,
To have his spirit represent
A portly sort of man.

'Twas all in vain ; the manager
Said he was not in sport,
And, like a general, bade poor Tom
Surrender up his *forte*.

He'd do perhaps in heavy parts ;
Might answer for a monk,
Or porter to the elephant,
To carry round his trunk ;

But in the ghost his day was past—
He'd never do for that ;
A Ghost might just as well be dead
As plethoric and fat !

Alas ! next day poor Tom was found
As stiff as any post—
For he had lost his character,
And given up the Ghost !

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

[Mrs. Stowe was born in 1812, and achieved her fame by "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which appeared in a magazine in 1850. The sale of this work was enormous, and its influence on the slavery question was indisputable. Mrs. Stowe has written many other works, amongst the best of which is the one from which the following extract is taken.]

THE MINISTER'S WOOING.

"WAL, the upshot on 't was, they fussed and fuzzled and wuzzled till they'd dranked up all the tea in the teapot; and then they went down and called on the parson, and wuzzled him all up talkin' about this, that, and t'other that wanted lookin' to, and that it was no way to leave everything to a young chit like Huldy, and that he ought to be lookin' about for an experienced woman. The parson he thanked 'em kindly, and said he believed their motives was good, but he didn't go no further. He didn't ask Mis' Pipperidge to come and stay there and help him, nor nothin' o' that kind; but he said he'd attend to matters himself. The fact was, the parson had got such a likin' for havin' Huldy 'round, that he couldn't think o' such a thing as swappin' her off for the Widder Pipperidge.

"But he thought to himself, 'Huldy is a good girl; but I oughtn't to be a leavin' everything to her—it's too hard on her. I ought to be instructin' and guidin' and helpin' of her; 'cause 'tain't everybody could be expected to know and do what Mis' Carryl did;' and so at it he went; and Lordy massy! didn't Huldy hev a time on 't when the minister began to come out of his study, and wanted to tew 'round and see to things? Huldy, you see, thought all the world of the minister, and she was 'most afraid to laugh; but she told me she couldn't, for the life of her, help it when his back was turned, for he wuzzled things up in the most singular way. But Huldy, she'd jest say 'Yes, sir,' and get him off into his study, and go on her own way.

"'Huldy,' says the minister one day, 'you ain't experienced out doors; and, when you want to know anything, you must come to me.

“‘Yes, sir,’ says Huldy.

“‘Now, Huldy,’ says the parson, ‘you must be sure to save the turkey eggs, so that we can have a lot of turkeys for Thanksgiving.’

“‘Yes, sir,’ says Huldy; and she opened the pantry-door, and showed him a nice dishful she’d been a savin’ up. Wal, the very next day the parson’s hen-turkey was found killed up to old Jim Scroggs’s barn. Folks said Scroggs killed it; though Scroggs, he stood to it he didn’t; at any rate, the Scroggses, they made a meal on’t, and Huldy, she felt bad about it ‘cause she’d set her heart on raisin’ the turkeys; and says she, ‘Oh, dear! I don’t know what I shall do. I was just ready to set her.’

“‘Do, Huldy?’ says the parson: ‘why, there’s the other turkey, out there by the door; and a fine bird, too, he is.’

“‘Sure enough, there was the old tom-turkey a struttin’ and a sidlin’, and a quitterin’, and a floutin’ his tail-feathers in the sun, like a lively young widower, all ready to begin life over again.

“‘But,’ says Huldy, ‘you know *he* can’t set on eggs.’

“‘He can’t? I’d like to know why,’ says the parson. ‘He *shall* set on eggs, and hatch ’em too.’

“‘O doctor!’ says Huldy, all in a tremble; ‘cause, you know, she didn’t want to contradict the minister, and she was afraid she should laugh—‘I never heard that a tom-turkey would set on eggs.’

“‘Why, they ought to,’ said the parson, getting quite ’arnest: ‘what else be they good for? you just bring out the eggs, now, and put ’em in the nest, and I’ll make him set on ’em.’

“‘So Huldy, she thought there wern’t no way to convince him but to let him try; so she took the eggs out, and fixed ’em all nice in the nest; and then she come back and found old Tom a skirmishin’ with the parson pretty lively, I tell ye. Ye see, old Tom, he didn’t take the idee at all; and he flopped and gobbled, and fit the parson; and the parson’s wig got ’round so that his cue stuck straight out over his ear, but he’d got his blood up. Ye see, the old doctor was used to carryin’ his p’int o’ doctrine; and he hadn’t fit the Arminians and Socinians to be beat by a tom-turkey; and finally he made a dive and ketched him by the neck in spite o’ his floppin’, and stroked him down, and put Huldy’s apron ’round him.

“‘There, Huldy,’ he says, quite red in the face, ‘we’ve got him now ;’ and he travelled off to the barn with him as lively as a cricket.

“Huldy came behind, jist chokin’ with laugh, and afraid the minister would look ’round and see her.

“‘Now, Huldy, we’ll crook his legs, and set him down,’ says the parson, when they got him to the nest : ‘you see he is getting quiet, and he’ll set there all right.’

“And the parson, he sot him down ; and old Tom, he sot there solemn enough, and held his head down all droopin’, as long as the parson sot by him.

“‘There : you see how still he sets,’ says the parson to Huldy.

“Huldy was ’most dyin’ for fear she should laugh. ‘I’m afraid he’ll get up,’ says she, ‘when you do.’

“‘Oh no he won’t!’ says the parson, quite confident. ‘There, there,’ says he, layin’ his hands on him as if pronouncin’ a blessin’. But when the parson riz up, old Tom, he riz up too, and began to march over the eggs.

“‘Stop, now!’ says the parson. ‘I’ll make him get down agin : hand me that corn-basket ; we’ll put that over him.’

“So he crooked old Tom’s legs, and got him down agin ; and they put the corn-basket over him, and then they both stood and waited.

“‘That’ll do the thing, Huldy,’ said the parson.

“‘I don’t know about it,’ says Huldy.

“‘Oh, yes, it will, child ! I understand,’ says he.

“Just as he spoke, the basket riz right up and stood, and they could see old Tom’s long legs.

“‘I’ll make him stay down,’ says the parson.

“‘You jist hold him a minute, and I’ll get something that’ll make him stay, I guess ;’ and out he went to the fence, and brought in a long, thin, flat stone, and laid it on old Tom’s back.

“‘Oh, my eggs!’ says Huldy. ‘I’m afraid he’s smashed ’em !’

“And sure enough, there they was, smashed flat enough under the stone.

“‘I’ll have him killed,’ said the parson, ‘we won’t have such a critter ’round.’

"Wal, next week Huldy, she jist borrowed the minister's horse and side-saddle, and rode over to South Parish to her Aunt Bascome's,—Widder Bascome's, you know, that lives there by the trout-brook,—and got a lot o' turkey-eggs o' her, and come back and set a hen on 'em, and said nothin'; and in good time there was as nice a lot o' turkey-chicks as ever ye see.

"Huldy never said a word to the minister about his experiment, and he never said a word to her; but he sort o' kep' more to his books, and didn't take it on him to advise so much.

"But not long arter he took it into his head that Huldy ought to have a pig to be a fatten' with the buttermilk. Mis' Pipperidge set him up to it; and jist then old Tim Bigelow, out to Juniper Hill, told him if he'd call over he'd give him a little pig.

"So he sent for a man, and told him to build a pig-pen right out by the well, and have it all ready when he came home with his pig.

"Huldy said she wished he might put a curb round the well out there, because in the dark, sometimes, a body might stumble into it; and the parson he told him he might do that.

"Wal, old Aikin, the carpenter, he didn't come till 'most the middle of the arternoon; and then he sort o' idled, so that he didn't get up the well-curb till sundown; and then he went off and said he'd come and do the pig-pen next day.

"Wal, arter dark, Parson Carryl, he driv into the yard, full chizel, with his pig.

" 'There, Huldy, I've got you a nice little pig.'

" 'Dear me!' says Huldy, 'where have you put him?'

" 'Why, out there in the pig-pen, to be sure.'

" 'Oh dear me!' says Huldy: 'that's the well-curb; there ain't no pig-pen built,' says she.

" 'Lordy massy!' says the parson: 'then I've thrown the pig in the well!'

"Wal, Huldy, she worked and worked, and finally she fished piggy out in the bucket, but he was dead as a door-nail; and she got him out o' the way quietly, and didn't say much; and the parson he took to a great Hebrew book in his study.

"Arter that the parson set sich store by Huldy that he come

to her and asked her about everything, and it was amazin' how everything she put her hand to prospered. Huldý planted mari-golds and larkspurs, pinks and carnations, all up and down the path to the front door, and trained up mornin' glories and scarlet runners round the windows. And she was always gettin' a root here, and a sprig there, and a seed from somebody else : for Huldý was one o' them that has the gift, so that ef you jist give 'em the leastest sprig of anything they make a great bush out of it right away ; so that in six months Huldý had roses and geraniums and lilies, sich as it would a took a gardener to raise.

"Huldý was so sort o' chipper and fair spoken, that she got the hired men all under her thumb : they come to her and took her orders jist as meek as so many calves ; and she traded at the store, and kep' the accounts, and she hed her eyes everywhere, and tied up all the ends so tight that there wa'n't no gettin' 'round her. She wouldn't let nobody put nothin' off on Parson Carryl 'cause he was a minister. Huldý was allers up to anybody that wanted to make a hard bargain ; and, afore he knew jist what he was about, she'd got the best end of it, and everybody said that Huldý was the most capable girl they ever traded with.

"Wal, come to the meetin' of the Association, Mis' Deakin Blodgett and Mis' Pipperidge come callin' up to the parson's all in a stew, and offerin' their services to get the house ready ; but the doctor, he jist thanked 'em quite quiet, and turned 'em over to Huldý ; and Huldý she told 'em that she'd got everything ready, and showed 'em her pantries, and her cakes, and her pies, and her puddin's, and took 'em all over the house ; and they went peekin' and pokin', openin' cupboard-doors, and lookin' into drawers ; and they couldn't find so much as a thread out o' the way, from garret to cellar, and so they went off quite discontented. Arter that the women set a new trouble a brewin'. They begun to talk that it was a year now since Mis' Carryl died ; and it r'ally wasn't proper such a young gal to be staying there, who everybody could see was a settin' her cap for the minister.

"Mis' Pipperidge said, that so long as she looked on Huldý as the hired gal, she hadn't thought much about it ; but Huldý was raily takin' on airs as an equal, and appearin' as mistress o' the house in a way that would make talk if it went on. And

Mis' Pipperidge she driv' 'round up to Deakin Abner Snow's, and down to Mis' 'Lijah Perry's, and asked them if they wasn't afraid that the way the parson and Huldy was a goin' on might make talk. And they said they hadn't thought on't before, but now, come to think on't, they was sure it would ; and they all went and talked with somebody else, and asked them if they didn't think it would make talk. So come Sunday, between meetin's there warn't nothin' else talked about ; and Huldy saw folks a noddin' and a winkin', and a lookin' arter her, and she begun to feel drefful sort o' disagreeable. Finally Mis' Sawin she says to her, 'My dear, didn't you never think folk would talk about you and the minister?'

"'No : why should they?' says Huldy, quite innocent.

"'Wal, dear,' says she, 'I think it's a shame ; but they say you're tryin' to catch him, and that it's so bold and improper for you to be courtin' of him right in his own house,—you know folks will talk,—I thought I'd tell you 'cause I think so much of you,' says she.

"Huldy was a gal of spirit, and she despised the talk, but it made her drefful uncomfortable ; and when she got home at night she sat down in the mornin'-glory porch, quite quiet, and didn't sing a word.

"The minister he had heard the same thing from one of his deakins that day ; and when he saw Huldy so kind o' silent, he says to her, 'Why don't you sing, my child?'

"He hed a pleasant sort o' way with him, the minister had, and Huldy had got to likin' to be with him ; and it all come over her that perhaps she ought to go away ; and her throat kind o' filled up so she couldn't hardly speak ; and, says she, 'I can't sing to-night.'

"Says he, 'You don't know how much good your singin' has done me, nor how much good you have done me in all ways, Huldy. I wish I knew how to show my gratitude.'

"'O sir !' says Huldy, 'is it improper for me to be here?'

"'No, dear,' says the minister, 'but ill-natured folks will talk ; but there is one way we can stop it, Huldy—if you'll marry me. You'll make make me very happy, and I'll do all I can to make you happy. Will you?'

“Wal, Huldy never told me just what she said to the minister ; gals never does give you the particulars of them 'are things jist as you'd like 'em—only I know the upshot, and the hull on't was, that Huldy she did a consid'able lot o' clear starchin' and ironin' the next two days ; and the Friday o' next week the minister and she rode over together to Dr. Lothrop's in Oldtown ; and the doctor, he jist made 'em man and wife.”

MAXIMS.

I JUDGE OV a man's virtew entirely bi his pashions—it iz a grate deal eazier tew be a good dove, than a decent sarpent.

Thare are menny ways to find out how brave and how honest a man may be, but thare aint no way to find out the extent ov hiz vanity.

A lie iz like a cat, it never cums to yu in a straight line.

Natur iz a kind mother. She couldn't well afford to make us perfekt, and so she made us blind to our failings.

Studdy the heart if yu want to learn human natur ; there ain't no human natur in a man's head.

Friendship iz simply the gallantry of self interest.

Beware ov the man with half-shut eyes—he ain't dreaming.

Experience makes more timid men than it duz wise ones.

Advice iz a drug in the market ; the supply alwus exceeds the demand.

One ov the safest and most successful tallents I kno ov iz to be a good listener.

Fools are the whet-stones ov society.

Better make a weak man your enemy than your friend.

Curiosity iz the instinct ov wisdom.

Thoze who becum disgusted, and withdraw from the world, musn't forgit one thing, that the world will forgit them, a long time before they will forgit the world.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Oliber Wendell Holmes.

THE MUSIC GRINDERS.

THERE are three ways in which men take
One's money from his purse,
And very hard it is to tell
Which of the three is worse ;
But all of them are bad enough
To make a body curse.

You're riding out some pleasant day,
And counting up your gains ;
A fellow jumps from out a bush,
And takes your horse's reins.
Another hints some words about
A bullet in your brains.

It's hard to meet such pressing friends
In such a lonely spot ;
It's very hard to lose your cash,
But harder to be shot :
And so you take your wallet out,
Though you would rather not.

Perhaps you're going out to dine,—
Some odious creature begs
You'll hear about the cannon-ball
That carried off his pegs,
And says it is a dreadful thing
For men to lose their legs.

He tells you of his starving wife,
His children to be fed,
Poor little, lovely innocents
All clamorous for bread,

And so you kindly help to put
A bachelor to bed.

You're sitting on your window-seat,
Beneath a cloudless moon ;
You hear a sound that seems to wear
The semblance of a tune,
As if a broken fife should strive
To drown a cracked bassoon.

And nearer, nearer still, the tide
Of music seems to come,
There's something like a human voice,
And something like a drum ;
You sit in speechless agony,
Until your ear is numb.

Poor "home, sweet home" should seem to be
A very dismal place ;
Your "auld acquaintance" all at once
Is altered in the face ;
Their discords sting through Burns and Moore,
Like hedgehogs dressed in lace.

You think they are crusaders, sent
From some infernal clime,
To pluck the eyes of Sentiment,
And dock the tail of Rhyme,
To crack the voice of Melody,
And break the legs of Time.

But hark ! the air again is still,
The music all is ground,
And silence, like a poultice, comes
To heal the blows of sound ;
It cannot be,—it is,—it is,—
A hat is going round !

No ! pay the dentist when he leaves
A fracture in your jaw,
And pay the owner of the bear
That stunned you with his paw,
And buy the lobster that has had
Your knuckles in his claw ;

But if you are a portly man,
Put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable
To turn them out of town ;
Then close your sentence with an oath,
And shut the window down !

And if you are a slender man,
Not big enough for that,
Or, if you cannot make a speech,
Because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop
A button in the hat !

THE DEMON OF THE STUDY.

THE Brownie sits in the Scotchman's room,
And eats his meat and drinks his ale,
And beats the maid with her unused broom,
And the lazy lout with his idle flail ;
But he sweeps the floor and threshes the corn,
And hies him away before the break of dawn.

The shade of Denmark fled from the sun,
And the Cock-lane ghost from the barn-loft cheer,
The fiend of Faust was a faithful one,
Agrippa's demon wrought in fear,
And the devil of Martin Luther sat
By the stout monk's side in social chat.

The Old Man of the Sea, on the neck of him
Who seven times crossed the deep,
Twined closely each lean and withered limb,
Like the nightmare in one's sleep.
But he drank of the wine, and Sinbad cast
The evil weight from his back at last.

But the demon that cometh day by day
To my quiet room and fireside nook,
Where the casement light falls dim and grey
On faded painting and ancient book,
Is a sorrier one than any whose names
Are chronicled well by good king James.

No bearer of burdens like Caliban,
No runner of errands like Ariel,
He comes in the shape of a fat old man,
Without rap of knuckle or pull of bell ;
And whence he comes, or whither he goes,
I know as I do of the wind which blows.

A stout old man with a greasy hat
Slouched heavily down to his dark red nose,
And two grey eyes enveloped in fat,
Looking through glasses with iron bows.
Read ye, and heed ye, and ye who can
Guard well your doors from that old man !

He comes with a careless "How d'ye do?"
And seats himself in my elbow-chair ;
And my morning paper and pamphlet new
Fall forthwith under his special care ;
And he wipes his glasses and clears his throat,
And, button by button, unfolds his coat.

And then he reads from paper and book,
In a low and husky asthmatic tone,
With the stolid sameness of posture and look
Of one who reads to himself alone ;

And hour after hour on my senses come
That husky wheeze and that dolorous hum.

The price of stocks, the auction sales,
The poet's song and the lover's glee,
The horrible murders, the seaboard gales,
The marriage list, and the *jeu d'esprit*,
All reach my ear in the selfsame tone,—
I shudder at each, but the fiend reads on!

Oh, sweet as the lapse of water at noon,
O'er the mossy roots of some forest tree,
The sigh of the wind in the woods of June,
Or sound of flutes o'er a moonlight sea,
Or the low soft music, perchance, which seems
To float through the slumbering singer's dreams,—

So sweet, so dear, is the silvery tone
Of her in whose features I sometimes look,
As I sit at eve by her side alone,
And we read by turns from the selfsame book,—
Some tale perhaps of the olden time,
Some lover's romance or quaint old rhyme.

Then when the story is one of woe,
Some prisoner's plaint through his dungeon-bar,
Her blue eye glistens with tears, and low
Her voice sinks down like a moan afar;
And I seem to hear that prisoner's wail,
And his face looks on me worn and pale.

And, when she reads some merrier song,
Her voice is glad as an April bird's;
And, when the tale is of war and wrong,
A trumpet's summons is in her words,
And the rush of the hosts I seem to hear,
And see the tossing of plume and spear!—

Oh pity me then, when, day by day,
The stout fiend darkens my parlour door;

And reads me perchance the selfsame lay
Which melted in music, the night before,
From lips as the lips of Hylas sweet,
And move like twin roses which zephyrs meet !

I cross my floor with a nervous tread,
I whistle and laugh and sing and shout,
I flourish my cane above his head,
And stir up the fire to roast him out ;
I topple the chairs, and drum on the pane,
And press my hands on my ears, in vain !

I've studied Glanville and James the wise,
And wizard black-letter tomes which treat
Of demons of every name and size
Which a Christian man is presumed to meet,
But never a hint and never a line
Can I find of a reading fiend like mine.

I've crossed the Psalter with Brady and Tate,
And laid the Primer above them all,
I've nailed a horseshoe over the grate,
And hung a wig to my parlour wall,
Once worn by a learned Judge, they say,
At Salem court in the witchcraft day.

" *Conjuro te, sceleratissime,*
Abire ad tuum locum !"—Still
Like a visible nightmare he sits by me,—
The exorcism has lost its skill ;
And I hear again in my haunted room
The husky wheeze and the dolorous hum !

Ah !—commend me to Mary Magdalen
With her sevenfold plagues,—to the wandering Jew,—
To the terrors which haunted Orestes when
The furies his midnight curtains drew ;
But charm him off, ye who charm him can,
That reading demon, that fat old man !

Mark Twain.

THE ASCENT OF THE RIGI.

From "A Tramp Abroad."

THE Rigi-Kulm is an imposing Alpine mass, 6,000 feet high, which stands by itself, and commands a mighty prospect of blue lakes, green valleys, and snowy mountains—a compact and magnificent picture three hundred miles in circumference. The ascent is made by rail, or horseback, or on foot, as one may prefer. I and my agent panoplied ourselves in walking costume one bright morning, and started down the lake on the steamboat; we got ashore at the village of Wäggis, three-quarters of an hour distant from Lucerne. This village is at the foot of the mountain.

We were soon tramping leisurely up the leafy mule-path, and then the talk began to flow, as usual. It was twelve o'clock noon, and a breezy, cloudless day; the ascent was gradual, and the glimpses, from under the curtaining boughs, of blue water, and tiny sailboats, and beetling cliffs, were as charming as glimpses of dreamland. All the circumstances were perfect—and the anticipations, too, for we should soon be enjoying, for the first time, that wonderful spectacle, an Alpine sunrise—the object of our journey. There was (apparently) no real need to hurry, for the guide-book made the walking distance from Wäggis to the summit only three hours and a quarter. I say "apparently," because the guide-book had already fooled us once—about the distance from Allerheiligen to Oppenau—and for aught I knew it might be getting ready to fool us again. We were only certain as to the altitudes—we calculated to find out for ourselves how many hours it is from the bottom to the top. The summit is 6,000 feet above the sea, but only 4,500 feet above the lake. When we had walked half an hour, we were fairly into the swing and humour of the undertaking, so we cleared for action; that is to say, we got a boy whom we met to carry our alpenstocks, and satchels, and overcoats and things, for us; that left us free for business.

I suppose we must have stopped oftener to stretch out on the

grass in the shade and take a bit of a smoke than this boy was used to, for presently he asked if it had been our idea to hire him by the job or by the year. We told him he could move along if he was in a hurry. He said he wasn't in such a very particular hurry, but he wanted to get to the top while he was young. We told him to clear out then, and leave the things at the uppermost hotel and say we should be along presently. He said he would secure us a hotel if he could, but if they were all full he would ask them to build another one and hurry up and get the paint and plaster dry against we arrived. Still gently chaffing us, he pushed ahead up the trail, and soon disappeared. By six o'clock we were pretty high up in the air, and the view of lake and mountains had greatly grown in breadth and interest. We halted a while at a little public-house, where we had bread and cheese and a quart or two of fresh milk, out on the porch, with the big panorama all before us—and then moved on again.

Ten minutes afterwards we met a hot red-faced man plunging down the mountain, with mighty strides, swinging his alpenstock ahead of him and taking a grip on the ground with its iron point to support these big strides. He stopped, fanned himself with his hat, swabbed the perspiration from his face and neck with a red handkerchief, panted a moment or two, and asked how far it was to Wäggis. I said three hours. He looked surprised and said—

“Why, it seems as if I could toss a biscuit into the lake from here, it's so close by. Is that an inn there?”

I said it was.

“Well,” said he, “I can't stand another three hours, I've had enough for to-day; I'll take a bed there.”

I asked—

“Are we nearly to the top?”

“Nearly to the *top*! Why, bless your soul, you haven't really started yet.”

I said we would put up at the inn, too. So we turned back and ordered a hot supper, and had quite a jolly evening of it with this Englishman.

The German landlady gave us neat rooms and nice beds, and when I and my agent turned in, it was with the resolution to be up early and make the utmost of our first Alpine sunrise. But of

course we were dead tired, and slept like policemen ; so when we awoke in the morning and ran to the window it was already too late, because it was half-past eleven. It was a sharp disappointment. However, we ordered breakfast and told the landlady to call the Englishman, but she said he was already up and off at daybreak—and swearing mad about something or other. We could not find out what the matter was. He had asked the landlady the altitude of her place above the level of the lake, and she had told him fourteen hundred and ninety-five feet. That was all that was said ; then he lost his temper. He said that between ——— fools and guide-books, a man could acquire ignorance enough in twenty-four hours in a country like this to last him a year. Harris believed our boy had been loading him up with misinformation ; and this was probably the case, for his epithet described that boy to a dot.

We got under way about the turn of noon, and pulled out for the summit again with a fresh and vigorous step. When we had got about two hundred yards, and stopped to rest, I glanced to the left while I was lighting my pipe, and in the distance detected a long worm of black smoke crawling lazily up the steep mountain. Of course that was the locomotive. We propped ourselves on our elbows at once to gaze, for we had never seen a mountain railway yet. Presently we could make out the train. It seemed incredible that the thing should creep straight up a sharp slant like the roof of a house—but there it was, and it was doing that very miracle.

In the course of a couple of hours we reached a fine breezy altitude where the little shepherd-huts had big stones all over their roofs to hold them down to the earth when the great storms rage. The country was wild and rocky about here, but there were plenty of trees, plenty of moss, and grass.

Away off on the opposite shore of the lake we could see some villages, and now for the first time we could observe the real difference between their proportions and those of the giant mountains at whose feet they slept. When one is in one of those villages it seems spacious, and its houses seem high and not out of proportion to the mountain that overhangs them—but from our altitude, what a change ! The mountains were bigger and grander than

ever, as they stood there thinking their solemn thoughts with their heads in the drifting clouds, but the villages at their feet—when the painstaking eye could trace them up and find them—were so reduced, so almost invisible, and lay so flat against the ground, that the exactest simile I can devise is to compare them to ant-deposits of granulated dirt overshadowed by the huge bulk of a cathedral. The steamboats skimming along under the stupendous precipices were diminished by distance to the daintiest little toys, the sail-boats and row-boats to shallops proper for fairies that keep house in the cups of lilies and ride to court on the backs of bumble-bees.

Presently we came upon half a dozen sheep nibbling grass in the spray of a stream of clear water that sprang from a rock wall a hundred feet high, and all at once our ears were startled with a melodious “Lul . . . l . . . l . . . lul-lul-*la*hee-o-o-o!” pealing joyously from a near but invisible source, and recognised that we were hearing for the first time the famous Alpine *jodel* in its own native wilds. And we recognised, also, that it was that sort of quaint commingling of baritone and falsetto which at home we call “Tyrolese warbling.”

The jodling (pronounced *yodling*—emphasis on the *o*) continued, and was very pleasant and inspiriting to hear. Now the jodler appeared—a shepherd boy of sixteen—and in our gladness and gratitude we gave him a franc to jodel some more. So he jodeled, and we listened. We moved on presently, and he generously jodeled us out of sight. After about fifteen minutes, we came across another shepherd boy who was jodling, and gave him half a franc to keep it up. He also jodled us out of sight. After that, we found a jodler every ten minutes; we gave the first one eight cents, the second one six cents, the third one four cents, the fourth one a penny, contributed nothing to Nos. 5, 6, 7, and during the remainder of the day hired the rest of the jodlers, at a franc apiece, not to jodel any more. There is somewhat too much of this jodling in the Alps.

About the middle of the afternoon we passed through a prodigious natural gateway, called the Felsenthor, formed by two enormous upright rocks, with a third lying across the top. There was a very attractive little hotel close by, but our energies were not conquered yet, so we went on.

Three hours afterward we came to the railway track. It was planted straight up the mountain with the slant of a ladder that leans against a house, and it seemed to us that a man would need good nerves who proposed to travel up it or down it either.

During the latter part of the afternoon we cooled our roasting interiors with ice-cold water from clear streams, the only really satisfying water we had tasted since we left home, for at the hotels on the Continent they merely give you a tumbler of ice to soak your water in, and that only modifies its hotness, doesn't make it cold. Water can only be made cold enough for summer comfort by being prepared in a refrigerator or a closed ice-pitcher. Europeans say ice-water impairs digestion. How do they know?—they never drink any.

At ten minutes past six we reached the Kaltbad station, where there is a spacious hotel with great verandahs which command a majestic expanse of lake and mountain scenery. We were pretty well fagged out now, but as we did not wish to miss the Alpine sunrise, we got through with our dinner as quickly as possible and hurried off to bed. It was unspeakably comfortable to stretch our weary limbs between the cold damp sheets. And how we did sleep!—for there is no opiate like Alpine pedestrianism.

In the morning we both awoke and leaped out of bed at the same instant and ran and stripped aside the window curtains, but we suffered a bitter disappointment again: it was already half-past three in the afternoon.

We dressed sullenly and in ill spirits, each accusing the other of over-sleeping. Harris said if we had brought the courier along, as we ought to have done, we should not have missed these sunrises. I said he knew very well that one of us would have had to sit up and wake the courier; and I added that we were having trouble enough to take care of ourselves on this climb, without having to take care of a courier besides.

During breakfast our spirits came up a little, since we found by the guide-book that in the hotels on the summit the tourist is not left to trust to luck for his sunrise, but is roused betimes by a man who goes through the halls with a great Alpine horn, blowing blasts that would raise the dead. And there was another consoling thing: the guide-book said that up there on the summit the

guests did not wait to dress much, but seized a red bed-blanket and sailed out arrayed like an Indian. This was good ; this would be romantic : two hundred and fifty people grouped on the windy summit, with their hair flying and their red blankets flapping, in the solemn presence of the snowy ranges and the messenger splendours of the coming sun, would be a striking and memorable spectacle. So it was good luck, not ill luck, that we had missed those other sunrises.

We were informed by the guide-book that we were now 3,228 feet above the level of the lake—therefore full two-thirds of our journey had been accomplished. We got away at a quarter past four P.M. ; a hundred yards above the hotel the railway divided ; one track went straight up the steep hill, the other one turned square off to the right, with a very slight grade. We took the latter, and followed it more than a mile, turned a rocky corner, and came in sight of a handsome new hotel. If we had gone on, we should have arrived at the summit, but Harris preferred to ask a lot of questions—as usual, of a man who didn't know anything—and he told us to go back and follow the other route. We did so. We could ill afford this loss of time.

We climbed and climbed ; and we kept on climbing ; we reached about forty summits ; but there was always another one just ahead. It came on to rain, and it rained in dead earnest. We were soaked through, and it was bitter cold. Next a smoky fog of clouds covered the whole region densely, and we took to the railway ties to keep from getting lost. Sometimes we slopped along in a narrow path on the left-hand side of the track, but by-and-by, when the fog blew aside a little and we saw that we were treading the rampart of a precipice, and that our left elbows were projecting over a perfectly boundless and bottomless vacancy, we gasped, and jumped for the ties again.

The night shut down, dark, and drizzly, and cold. About eight in the evening the fog lifted and showed us a well-worn path which led up a very steep rise to the left. We took it, and as soon as we had got far enough from the railway to render the finding it again an impossibility, the fog shut down on us once more.

We were in a bleak unsheltered place now, and had to trudge right along in order to keep warm, though we rather expected to

go over a precipice sooner or later. About nine o'clock we made an important discovery—that we were not in any path. We groped around a while on our hands and knees, but could not find it ; so we sat down in the mud and the wet scant grass to wait. We were terrified into this by being suddenly confronted with a vast body which showed itself vaguely for an instant, and in the next instant was smothered in the fog again. It was really the hotel we were after, monstrously magnified by the fog, but we took it for the face of a precipice, and decided not to try to claw up it.

We sat there an hour, with chattering teeth and quivering bodies, and quarrelled over all sorts of trifles, but gave most of our attention to abusing each other for the stupidity of deserting the railway track. We sat with our backs to that precipice, because what little wind there was came from that quarter. At some time or other the fog thinned a little ; we did not know when, for we were facing the empty universe and the thinness could not show ; but at last Harris happened to look around, and there stood a huge, dim, spectral hotel where the precipice had been. One could faintly discern the windows and chimneys, and a dull blur of lights. Our first emotion was deep, unutterable gratitude, our next was a foolish rage, born of the suspicion that possibly the hotel had been visible three-quarters of an hour while we sat there in those cold puddles quarrelling.

Yes, it was the Rigi-Kulm hotel—the one that occupies the extreme summit, and whose remote little sparkle of lights we had often seen glinting high aloft among the stars from our balcony away down yonder in Lucerne. The crusty portier and the crusty clerks gave us the surly reception which their kind deal in in prosperous times, but by mollifying them with an extra display of obsequiousness and servility we finally got them to show us to the room which our boy had engaged for us.

We got into some dry clothing, and while our supper was preparing we loafed forsakenly through a couple of vast cavernous drawing-rooms, one of which had a stove in it. This stove was in a corner, and densely walled around with people. We could not get near the fire, so we moved at large in the arctic spaces, among a multitude of people who sat silent, smileless, forlorn, and shivering—thinking what fools they were to come, perhaps. There

were some Americans, and some Germans, but one could see that the great majority were English.

We lounged into an apartment where there was a great crowd, to see what was going on. It was a memento magazine. The tourists were eagerly buying all sorts and styles of paper-cutters, marked "*Souvenir of the Rigi*," with handles made of the little curved horn of the ostensible chamois; there were all manner of wooden goblets and such things, similarly marked. I was going to buy a paper-cutter, but I believed I could remember the cold comfort of the Rigi-Kulm without it, so I smothered the impulse.

Supper warmed us, and we went immediately to bed; but first, as Mr. Baedeker requests all tourists to call his attention to any errors which they may find in his guide-books, I dropped him a line to inform him that when he said the foot journey from Wäggis to the summit was only three hours and a quarter, he missed it by just about three days. I had previously informed him of his mistake about the distance from Allerheiligen to Oppenau, and had also informed the Ordnance Department of the German Government of the same error in the Imperial maps. I will add, here, that I never got any answer to these letters, or any thanks from either of those sources; and what is still more discourteous, these corrections have not been made, either in the maps or the guide-books. But I will write again when I get time, for my letters may have miscarried.

We curled up in the clammy beds, and went to sleep without rocking. We were so sodden with fatigue that we never stirred nor turned over till the blasts of the Alpine horn aroused us. It may well be imagined that we did not lose any time. We snatched on a few odds and ends of clothing, cocooned ourselves in the proper red blankets, and plunged along the halls and out into the whistling wind bare-headed. We saw a tall wooden scaffolding on the very peak of the summit, a hundred yards away, and made for it. We rushed up the stairs to the top of this scaffolding, and stood there, above the vast outlying world, with hair flying and ruddy blankets waving and cracking in the fierce breeze.

"Fifteen minutes too late, at least!" said Harris, in a vexed voice. "The sun is clear above the horizon."

"No matter," I said, "it is a most magnificent spectacle, and we will see it do the rest of its rising, anyway."

In a moment we were deeply absorbed in the marvel before us, and dead to everything else. The great cloud-barred disk of the sun stood just above a limitless expanse of tossing white-caps—so to speak—a billowy chaos of massy mountain domes and peaks draped in imperishable snow, and flooded with an opaline glory of changing and dissolving splendours, whilst through rifts in a black cloud-bank above the sun radiating lances of diamond dust shot to the zenith. The cloven valleys of the lower world swam in a tinted mist which veiled the ruggedness of their crags and ribs and ragged forests, and turned all the forbidding region into a soft and rich and sensuous paradise.

We could not speak. We could hardly breathe. We could only gaze in drunken ecstasy and drink it in. Presently Harris exclaimed—

"Why, —— nation, it's going *down* !"

Perfectly true. We had missed the *morning* horn-blow, and slept all day. This was stupefying. Harris said,—

"Look here, the sun isn't the spectacle—it's *us*—stacked up here on top of this gallows, in these idiotic blankets, and two hundred and fifty well-dressed men and women down here gawking up at us and not caring a straw whether the sun rises or sets, as long as they've got such a ridiculous spectacle as this to set down in their memorandum-books. They seem to be laughing their ribs loose, and there's one girl there that appears to be going all to pieces. I never saw such a man as you before. I think you are the very last possibility in the way of an ass."

"What have *I* done?" I answered with heat.

"What have you done? You've got up at half-past seven o'clock in the evening to see the sun rise, that's what you've done."

"And have you done any better, I'd like to know? I always used to get up with the lark, till I came under the petrifying influence of your turgid intellect."

"*You* used to get up with the lark ! Oh, no doubt ; you'll get up with the hangman one of these days. But you ought to be ashamed to be jawing here like this in a red blanket, on a forty-foot

scaffold on top of the Alps. And no end of people down here to boot ; this isn't any place for an exhibition of temper."

And so the customary quarrel went on. When the sun was fairly down, we slipped back to the hotel in the charitable gloaming, and went to bed again. We had encountered the horn-blower on the way, and he had tried to collect compensation, not only for announcing the sunset, which we did see, but for the sunrise, which we had totally missed, but we said no, we only took our solar rations on the "European plan"—pay for what you get. He promised to make us hear his horn in the morning, if we were alive.

He kept his word. We heard his horn and instantly got up. It was dark and cold and wretched. As I fumbled around for the matches, knocking things down with my quaking hands, I wished the sun would rise in the middle of the day, when it was warm and bright and cheerful, and one wasn't sleepy. We proceeded to dress by the gloom of a couple of sickly candles, but we could hardly button anything, our hands shook so. I thought of how many happy people there were in Europe, Asia, and America, and everywhere, who were sleeping peacefully in their beds and did not have to get up and see the Rigi sunrise—people who did not appreciate their advantage, as like as not, but would get up in the morning wanting more boons of Providence. While thinking these thoughts I yawned, in a rather ample way, and my upper teeth got hitched on a nail over the door, and whilst I was mounting a chair to free myself, Harris drew the window curtain and said—

"Oh, this is luck ! We shan't have to go out at all ; yonder are the mountains, in full view."

That was glad news, indeed. It made us cheerful right away. One could see the grand Alpine masses dimly outlined against the black firmament, and one or two faint stars blinking through rifts in the night. Fully clothed, and wrapped in blankets, we huddled ourselves up, by the window, with lighted pipes, and fell into chat, while we waited in exceeding comfort to see how an Alpine sunrise was going to look by candle-light. By-and-by a delicate, spiritual sort of effulgence spread itself by imperceptible degrees over the loftiest altitudes of the snowy wastes—but there the effort seemed to stop. I said, presently—

"There is a hitch about this sunrise somewhere. It doesn't seem to go. What do you reckon is the matter with it?"

"I don't know. It appears to hang fire somewhere. I never saw a sunrise act like that before. Can it be that the hotel is playing anything on us?"

"Of course not. The hotel merely has a property interest in the sun, it has nothing to do with the management of it. It is a precarious kind of property, too; a succession of total eclipses would probably ruin this tavern. Now what can be the matter with this sunrise?"

Harris jumped up and said—

"I've got it! I know what's the matter with it! We've been looking at the place where the sun *set* last night!"

"It is perfectly true! Why couldn't you have thought of that sooner! Now we've lost another one. And all through your blundering. It was exactly like you to light a pipe and sit down to wait for the sun to rise in the west."

"It was exactly like me to find out the mistake, too. You never would have found it out. I find out all the mistakes."

"You make them all, too, else your most valuable faculty would be wasted on you. But don't stop to quarrel now; maybe we are not too late yet."

But we were. The sun was well up when we got to the exhibition ground—

"On our way up we met the crowd returning—men and women dressed in all sorts of queer costumes, and exhibiting all degrees of cold and wretchedness in their gaits and countenances. A dozen still remained on the ground when we reached there, huddled together about the scaffold with their backs to the bitter wind. They had their red guide-books open at the diagram of the view, and were painfully picking out the several mountains, and trying to impress their names and positions on their memories. It was one of the saddest sights I ever saw.

Two sides of this place were guarded by railings, to keep people from being blown over the precipices. The view, looking sheer down into the broad valley, eastward, from this great elevation—almost a perpendicular mile—was very quaint and curious. Counties, towns, hilly ribs and ridges, wide stretches of green meadow,

great forest tracts, winding streams, a dozen blue lakes, a flock of busy steamboats—we saw all this little world in unique circumstantiality of detail—saw it just as the birds see it—and all reduced to the smallest of scales, and as sharply worked out and finished as a steel engraving. The numerous toy villages, with tiny spires projecting out of them, were just as the children might have left them when done with play the day before; the forest tracts were diminished to cushions of moss; one or two big lakes were dwarfed to ponds, the smaller ones to puddles—though they did not look like puddles but like blue ear-drops which had fallen and lodged in slight depressions, conformable to their shapes, among the moss-beds and the smooth levels of dainty green farm-land; the microscopic steamboats glided along as in a city reservoir, taking a mighty time to cover the distance between ports which seemed only a yard apart; and the isthmus which separated two lakes looked as if one might stretch out on it and lie with both elbows in the water, yet we knew invisible wagons were toiling across it and finding the distance a tedious one. This beautiful miniature world had exactly the appearance of those “relief maps” which reproduce nature precisely, with the heights and depressions and other details graduated to a reduced scale, and with the rocks, trees, lakes, &c., coloured after nature.

I believed we could walk down to Wäggi or Vitznau in a day, but I knew we could go down by rail in about an hour, so I chose the latter method. I wanted to see what it was like, anyway. The train came along about the middle of the forenoon, and an odd thing it was. The locomotive boiler stood on end, and it and the whole locomotive were tilted sharply backward. There were two passenger cars, roofed, but wide open all around. These cars were not tilted back, but the seats were; this enables the passenger to sit level while going down a steep incline.

There are three railway tracks; the central one is cogged; the “lantern wheel” of the engine grips its way along these clogs, and pulls the train up the hill or retards its motion on the down trip. About the same speed—three miles an hour—is maintained both ways. Whether going up or down, the locomotive is always at the lower end of the train. It pushes in the one case, braces back in the other. The passenger rides backwards going up, and facks forward going down.

We got front seats, and while the train moved along about fifty yards on level ground, I was not the least frightened ; but now it started abruptly down-stairs, and I caught my breath. And I, like my neighbours, unconsciously held back, all I could, and threw my weight to the rear, but of course that did no particular good. I had slidden down the balusters when I was a boy, and thought nothing of it, but to slide down the balusters in a railway train is a thing to make one's flesh creep. Sometimes we had as much as ten yards of almost level ground, and this gave us a few full breaths in comfort ; but straightway we would turn a corner and see a long steep line of rails stretching down below us, and the comfort was at an end. One expected to see the locomotive pause, or slack up a little, and approach this plunge cautiously, but it did nothing of the kind ; it went calmly on, and when it reached the jumping-off place it made a sudden bow, and went gliding smoothly down-stairs, untroubled by the circumstances.

It was wildly exhilarating to slide along the edge of the precipices after this grisly fashion, and look straight down upon that far-off valley which I was describing a while ago.

There was no level ground at the Kaltbad station ; the rail-bed was as steep as a roof ; I was curious to see how the stop was going to be managed. But it was very simple ; the train came sliding down, and when it reached the right spot it just stopped—that was all there was “to it”—stopped on the steep incline, and when the exchange of passengers and baggage had been made, it moved off and went sliding down again. The train can be stopped anywhere, at a moment's notice.

There was one curious effect, which I need not take the trouble to describe, because I can scissor a description of it out of the railway company's advertising pamphlet, and save my ink :—

“On the whole tour, particularly at the Descent, we undergo an optical illusion which often seems to be incredible. All the shrubs, fir-trees, stables, houses, &c., seem to be bent in a slanting direction, as by an immense pressure of air. They are all standing awry, so much awry that the chalets and cottages of the peasants seem to be tumbling down. It is the consequence of the steep inclination of the line. Those who are seated in the car-

riage do not observe that they are going down a declivity of 20° to 25° (their seats being adapted to this course of proceeding and being bent down at their backs). They mistake their carriage and its horizontal lines for a proper measure of the normal plane, and therefore all the objects outside, which really are in a horizontal position, must show a disproportion of 20° to 25° declivity, in regard to the mountain."

By the time one reaches Kaltbad he has acquired confidence in the railway, and he now ceases to try to ease the locomotive by holding back. Thenceforward he smokes his pipe in serenity, and gazes out upon the magnificent picture below and about him with unfettered enjoyment. There is nothing to interrupt the view of the breeze; it is like inspecting the world on the wing. However, to be exact, there is one place where the serenity lapses for a while; this is while one is crossing the Schnurrtobel Bridge: a frail structure which swings its gossamer frame down through the dizzy air, over a gorge, like a vagrant spider strand.

One has no difficulty in remembering his sins while the train is creeping down this bridge; and he repents of them, too; though he sees, when he gets to Vitznau, that he need not have done it—the bridge was perfectly safe.

So ends the eventful trip which we made to the Rigi-Kulm to see an Alpine sunrise.

WIZE men laff every good chance they kan git. Laffing is only a weakness in phools.

I giv the world credit for a grate deal more honesty than it can show.

Whenever i find a real handsom woman engaged in the "wimmins' rights bizzness," then i am going to take mi hat under mi arm and jine the procession.

JOSH BILLINGS.

Charles Leland.

[Mr. Leland, known chiefly by his poems written as "Hans Breitmann," is also the author of some most interesting articles on gipsy lore, with which he is well acquainted.]

HANS BREITMANN'S * "BARTY."

HANS BREITMANN gif a barty ;
Dey hat biano-blayin',
I fell'd in luf mit a 'Merican frau,
Her name vas Madilda Yane.
She hat haar ash prown ash a pretzel, †
Her eyes vas himmel-plue, ‡
Und ven dey looket indo mine,
Dey shplit mine heart in doo.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty,
I vent dere, you'll be pound ;
I valtz't mit Madilda Yane,
Und vent shpinnen' roundt und roundt
Der pootiest Fraulein in der hause,
She yayed 'pout doo hoondred poundt
Und efery dime she gif a shoomp
She make der vinders sound.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty,
I dells you, it cosht him dear ;
Dey rolled in more ash sefen kecks
Of foost-rate lager-peer.
Und venefer dey knocks der shpicket in
Der Deutschers gifs a cheer
I dinks dat so vine a barty
Nefer coom to a het dis year.

[* BREITMANN, "broad (or huge) man," has the hint in it of a big swaggerer or burly boaster. HANS is the commonest of all Christian names in Germany, being equivalent to our JOHN.]

† "Brezel," or "Bretzel," a cracknel or bun in the shape of a letter B (or nearer still to the figure 8), flavoured with salt.

‡ "Himmel-blau :" heavenly, or sky-blue.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty ;
 Dere all vash Souse undt Brouse,*
 Ven der sooper comed in, de gompany
 Did make demsels to house ;
 Dey ate das Brot und Gensy-broost,†
 Der Bratwurst und Braten vine,‡
 Undt vash der Abendessen § down
 Mit vour parrels ov Neckarwein.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty ;
 Ve all cot troonk as bigs.
 I poot mine mout' to a parrel of peer
 Undt emptied it oop mit a schwigs ;
 Und den I giss'd Madilda Yane
 Und she schlog me on der kop, ¶
 Und der gompany vighted mit duple-lecks
 Dill der coonshtable mate oos shtop.

Hans Breitmann gif a barty—
 Where ish dat barty now ?
 Where ish der lufly colden gloud
 Dat float on der moundain's prow ?
 Where ish de himmelstrahlende stern—||
 De shtar of de shpirit's light ?
 All gon'd afay mit der lager-peer—
 Afay in de ewigkeit ! * *

* "Saus und Braus : " *Ger.* Riot and Bustle.

† " Das Brot und Gensy-broost : " *Ger.* " Das Brod und Gänsebrust " (bread and white meat of the goose, the latter cut from the breast, and cured by smoking).

‡ " Der Bratwurst und Braten vine : " sausages and roast meats fine.

§ " Abendessen : " *Ger.* Supper.

¶ " Schlog me on der kop," for " Schlag mich auf den Kopf : " struck me on the head.

|| " Himmelstrahlende stern : " *Ger.* " Heavenly-shining star."

* * " Ewigkeit : " *Ger.* " Eternity ; " " gone for ever."

Charles Dudley Warner.

[A graceful writer, chiefly known by his short sketches. Mr. Warner is, with Mark Twain, the joint author of "The Gilded Age."]

ON GARDENING.

(From "*Pusley*.")

I KNOW that there is supposed to be a prejudice against the onion ; but I think there is rather a cowardice in regard to it. I doubt not that all men and women love the onion ; but few confess their love. Affection for it is concealed. Good New-Englanders are as shy of owning it as they are of talking about religion. Some people have days on which they eat onions,—what you might call "retreats," or their "Thursdays." The act is in the nature of a religious ceremony, an Eleusinian mystery ; not a breath of it must get abroad. On that day they see no company ; they deny the kiss of greeting to the dearest friend ; they retire within themselves, and hold communion with one of the most pungent and penetrating manifestations of the moral vegetable world. Happy is said to be the family which can eat onions together. They are, for the time being, separate from the world, and have a harmony of aspiration. There is a hint here for the reformers. Let them become apostles of the onion ; let them eat, and preach it to their fellows, and circulate tracts of it in the form of seeds. In the onion is the hope of universal brotherhood. If all men will eat onions at all times, they will come into a universal sympathy. Look at Italy. I hope I am not mistaken as to the cause of her unity. It was the Reds who preached the gospel which made it possible. All the Reds of Europe, all the sworn devotees of the mystic Mary Ann, eat of the common vegetable. Their oaths are strong with it. It is the food, also, of the common people of Italy. All the social atmosphere of that delicious land is laden with it. Its odour is a practical democracy. In the churches all are alike : there is one faith, one smell. The entrance of Victor Emanuel into Rome is only the pompous proclamation of a unity which

garlic had already accomplished ; and yet we, who boast of our democracy, eat onions in secret.

I now see that I have left out many of the most moral elements. Neither onions, parsnips, carrots, nor cabbages, are here. I have never seen a garden in the autumn before, without the uncouth cabbage in it ; but my garden gives the impression of a garden without a head. The cabbage is the rose of Holland. I admire the force by which it compacts its crisp leaves into a solid head. The secret of it would be priceless to the world. We should see less expansive foreheads with nothing within. Even the largest cabbages are not always the best. But I mention these things, not from any sympathy I have with the vegetables named, but to show how hard it is to go contrary to the expectations of society. Society expects every man to have certain things in his garden. Not to raise cabbage is as if one had no pew in church. Perhaps we shall come some day to free churches and free gardens, when I can show my neighbour through my tired garden, at the end of the season, when skies are overcast, and brown leaves are swirling down, and not mind if he does raise his eyebrows when he observes, " Ah ! I see you have none of this, and of that." At present, we want the moral courage to plant only what we need ; to spend only what will bring us peace, regardless of what is going on over the fence. We are half ruined by conformity ; but we should be wholly ruined without it ; and I presume I shall make a garden next year that will be as popular as possible.

And this brings me to what I see may be a crisis in life. I begin to feel the temptation of experiment. Agriculture, horticulture, floriculture,—these are vast fields, into which one may wander away, and never be seen more. It seemed to me a very simple thing, this gardening ; but it opens up astonishingly. It is like the infinite possibilities in worsted-work. Polly sometimes says to me, " I wish you would call at Bobbin's, and match that skein of worsted for me when you are in town." Time was I used to accept such a commission with alacrity and self-confidence. I went to Bobbin's and asked one of his young men, with easy indifference, to give me some of *that*. The young man, who is as handsome a young man as ever I looked at, and who appears to own the shop, and whose suave superciliousness would be worth

everything to a cabinet minister who wanted to repel applicants for place, says, "I haven't an ounce : I have sent to Paris, and I expect it every day. I have a good deal of difficulty in getting that shade in my assortment." To think that he is in communication with Paris, and perhaps with Persia ! Respect for such a being gives place to awe. I go to another shop, holding fast to my scarlet clew. There I am shown a heap of stuff, with more colours and shades than I had supposed existed in all the world. What a blaze of distraction ! I have been told to get as near the shade as I could ; and so I compare and contrast, till the whole thing seems to me about of one colour. But I can settle my mind on nothing. The affair assumes a high degree of importance. I am satisfied with nothing but perfection. I don't know what may happen if the shade is not matched. I go to another shop, and another, and another. At last a pretty girl, who could make any customer believe that green is blue, matches the shade in a minute. I buy five cents' worth. That was the order. Women are the most economical persons that ever were. I have spent two hours in this five cent business ; but who shall say they were wasted, when I take the stuff home, and Polly says it is a perfect match, and looks so pleased, and holds it up with the work, at arm's-length, and turns her head on one side, and then takes her needle, and works it in ? Working in, I can see, my own obligingness and amiability in every stitch. Five cents is dirt cheap for such a pleasure.

The things I may do in my garden multiply on my vision. How fascinating have the catalogues of the nurserymen become ! Can I raise all those beautiful varieties, each one of which is preferable to the other ? Shall I try all the kinds of grapes, and all the sorts of pears ? I have already fifteen varieties of strawberries (vines) ; and I have no idea that I have hit the right one. Must I subscribe to all the magazines and weekly papers which offer premiums of the best vines ? Oh that all the strawberries were rolled into one, that I could enclose all its lusciousness in one bite ! Oh for the good old days when a strawberry was a strawberry, and there was no perplexity about it ! There are more berries now than churches ; and no one knows what to believe. I have seen gardens which were all experiment, given over to every new thing, and

which produced little or nothing to the owners except the pleasure of expectation. People grow pear-trees at great expense of time and money, which never yield them more than four pears to the tree. The fashions of ladies' bonnets are nothing to the fashions of nurserymen. He who attempts to follow them has a business for life; but his life may be short. If I enter upon this wide field of horticultural experiment, I shall leave peace behind; and I may expect the ground to open and swallow me and all my fortune. May Heaven keep me to the old roots and herbs of my forefathers! Perhaps, in the world of modern reforms, this is not possible; but I intend now to cultivate only the standard things and learn to talk knowingly of the rest. Of course, one must keep up a reputation. I have seen people greatly enjoy themselves, and elevate themselves in their own esteem, in a wise and critical talk about all the choice wines, while they were sipping a decoc-tion, the original cost of which bore no relation to the price of grapes.

JOSH BILLINGS' PHILOSOPHY.

THE higher up we git, the more we are watched—the rooster on the top ov the church-steeple is ov more importance, altho' he is tin, than two roosters in a barn-yard.

If men are honest they will tell yu that their suckcess in life iz more ov a wonder tew them than it iz to you.

Take all the pride out ov this world, and mankind would be like a bob-tailed pekok, anxious to hide under sumbody's barn.

I think the heft ov people take az mutch comfort in bragging ov their misfortunes, az they do ov their good luk.

Call a man a thief, and yu license him tew steal.

A sekret ceases tew be a sekret if it iz once confided—it iz like a dollar bill, once broken, it iz never a dollar agin.

All fights, tew produce enny moral advantage, should end in viktory tew one side, or the other. Yu will alwus see dorgs renew a drawn battle, every time they meet.

Thare iz a grate difference between holding a hi offis, or having a hi offis hold us.

If a man iz full ov himself, don't tap him, but rather plugg him up, and let him choke tew deth or bust.

Laws are not made out ov justiss, they are made out ov necessity.

The man who kant find enny virtew in the human heart haz probably given us a faithful sinopsiss ov his own.

I don't think that Fortune haz got enny favourites, she was born blind, and i notis them who win the oftenest, go it blind, too.

It iz a safer thing enny time, to follow a man's advice, than hiz example.

The heart is wife ov the head, and we (who hav tried it) all kno how purswasiv the wife iz—espeshily when she wants sum-thing.

I konsider a weak man more dangerous than a malishus one, malishus men hav sum karakter, but weak ones don't have enny.

I hav notissed one thing, that the most virtewous and diskreet folks we hav amungst us, are thozе who hav either no pashuns at all, or verry tame ones—it iz a grate deal eazier tew be a good dove than a decent serpent.

The man who takes a dollar iz a thief, but if he steals a millyun he iz a genius.

Virtew haz no pride in it, nor sin enny humility.

Owls are grave, not on account ov their wisdom, but on account ov their gravity.

He who duz a good thing sekretly, steals a march on heaven.

Hunting after health, iz like hunting after fleas, the more yu hunt them, the more the flea.

Take the selfishness out ov this world, and thare would be more happeness than we should kno what to do with.

When a man gits so reduced that he kant help ennyboddy else, then we vote him a pension for the rest ov his days, by calling him a "*poor devil*."

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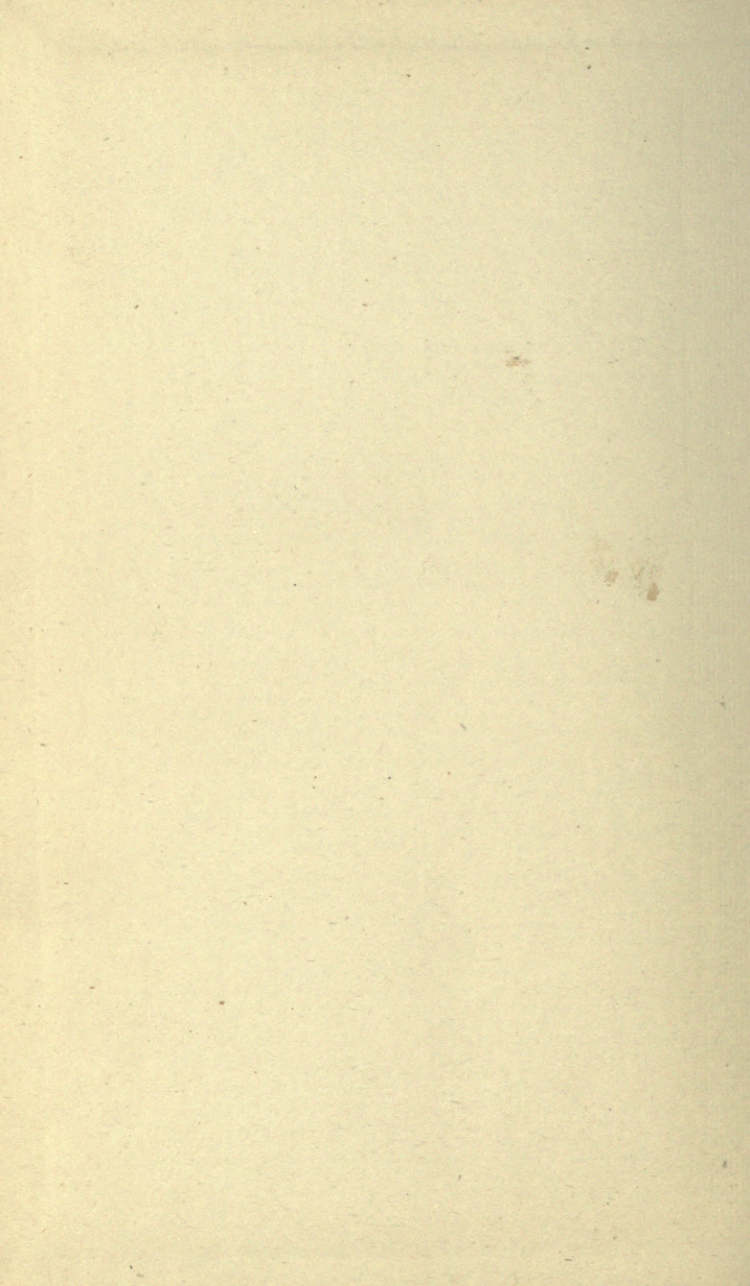
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